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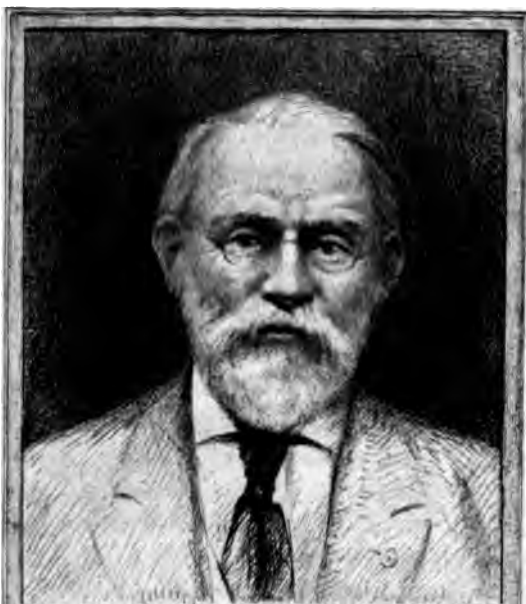
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VOL. I, PART I.

JANUARY 1877.

**D**  
**Cymmrodor**  
*Embodying the*  
**Transactions**  
*of the*  
**Cymmrodorion Society**  
**of London,**  
*etc.*

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EDITED BY THE  
REV. ROBERT JONES, B.A.  
CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, NOTTINGHAM

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# P Cymmrodor.

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Dictionary.





Whitworth & Parr, London. The Clock Tower, Machynlleth.

See p. 37

**CASTLEREACH TOWER  
MACHYNLLETH.**



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Y  
CYMMRODOR,  
EMBODYING THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF THE  
CYMMRODORION SOCIETY  
OF LONDON,  
ETC.

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REV. ROBERT JONES, B.A.,  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY have to apologise for diverging from the Prospectus in the second section of the first part of "Y Cymmrodor". To have strictly carried out their original plan would, in this instance, have delayed the publication for several months. The preparation necessary to the proper editing of the important MSS. they are about to embody in their transactions, required a far longer time than had been given to the Editor, seeing that the date of his appointment is coincident only with the issue of the Prospectus. They have now to inform the Members that the second section of the next part of "Y Cymmrodor" will enter on the publication of valuable MSS of the fourteenth and succeeding centuries, taking up the work where the Myfyrian Archæology had left off. The first volume will be one of poetry: it being well known to Cymric scholars that the poetical effusions of those centuries are replete with illustrations of history, and elucidate in a remarkable manner such events as the wars of the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

This delay, however, is not without its benefit; it enables the Council to publish a short Sketch of the history of the Cymmrodorion, with the Constitutions of the Society as settled in 1755. Although these are not the Constitutions of the present Society, they form a code of laws and propound subjects for discussion of a suggestive and important character, to which the Council invite earnest attention. The list of the first Members, with their place of residence and of birth, will be interesting not only to genealogists, but to the several descendants of those Members now interspersed through the counties of Wales.

The Proceedings of the Society, with an account of its Meetings, Lectures, Musical Entertainments and Conversazioni, will be given in an Appendix, which will be published at the end of the year, to be bound up with "Y Cymmrodor". The Appendix will also contain the Society's annual Financial Statement.

7, Queen Victoria Street, London, 1876.



# D Cymrodor.

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AN ELEGIAC POEM  
IN MEMORY OF THE REV. GORONWY OWEN,  
BY  
LEWIS MORRIS, Esq., OF PENBRYN.<sup>1</sup>

---

FRIEND, dead and gone so long !  
Was it not well with thee, while yet thy tread  
Gladdened this much-loved land of thine and ours ?  
Came not thy footsteps sometimes through life's flowers ?  
Knew'st thou no crown but that which bears the thorn ?  
Amid the careless crowd, obscure, forlorn ;  
Who sittest now among the blessed dead  
Crowned with immortal song ?

A humble peasant boy,  
Reared amid penury through youth's fair years,  
The fugitive joys of youth thou didst despise,  
Ease, sport, the kindling glance of maiden's eyes ;  
Thou knew'st no other longing but desire,  
With young lips parching with the sacred fire,  
To drink deep draughts of knowledge mixed with tears—  
A dear-bought innocent joy.

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by the Rev. Robert Jones's *Life and Works of the Rev. Goronwy Owen*.

The treasure-house of Time  
Lay open to thy young and passionate thought :  
The bard who sang the tale of Troy divine,  
The tragic pomps, the Athenian fancies fine,  
The stately Roman, marching to the swell  
Of his own verse,—all these thou lovedst well ;  
And yet it was no one of these that taught  
The secret of thy rhyme.

For to the ancient tongue  
Thou didst attune thy lyre. Thou hadst no choice  
To what fair measures thou shouldst fit thy song,  
But to the bardic numbers sweet and strong,  
The old melodious Cymric accents deep,  
Didst wed the winged thoughts that might not sleep,  
Singing as sings the thrush, with clearer voice  
Than ever bard had sung.

And for a fitting meed  
What was 't thy country gave thee ? Thou didst give  
Thy life to serve the Master ; yet didst ask  
No high reward or guerdon for thy task,  
No alien mitre for thy patriot head,  
Only assurance of thy children's bread,  
The things that perish for the words that live,—  
'Twas a poor wage indeed !

Yet not even this was thine ;  
The great ones of thy land took little heed  
For souls like thine, pent by the vulgar crowd ;  
Hungering for pelf and place with clamour loud,  
What care had peer or prelate for thy lays ?  
Thou wouldst not stoop to crown with venal praise  
Souls gross with pride and sunk in vulgar greed,  
Through thy sweet verse divine.

Then hope deferred too long  
Sickening the heart—the bard's too sensitive brain—  
These seizing thee, drove thee at last to seek  
Oblivion of the pain thou couldst not speak,  
Forgetfulness of failure, brief surcease  
Of long solitudes, which is not peace !  
There is a joy with deadlier tooth than pain,  
A self-inflicted wrong !

And hadst thou then no friend  
To mark, to chide, to cherish, and to praise ?  
Aye ! one thou hadst, whose dear and honoured name  
Gains added lustre from thy greater fame,  
Who knew the voice of genius, and who knew  
The long steep path between it and its due ;  
He with wise bounty smoothed the anxious days  
Which only death might end.

And thou, bright soul, in turn,  
Didst with such grateful song thy friend requite,  
That through all future days of bards to be  
He lives immortal in thy Elegy ;  
He lives a poet in a poet's verse  
Whose praises still his country shall rehearse,  
When in high congress, 'in the eye of light',  
The bardic accents burn.

Two poets from one isle,  
The greater thou, and he, though great, the less,  
'The Lion of Mona'. In the ranks of song  
Learning nor fame avails ; nought but the strong  
Sweet inspiration which the rapt soul knows,  
When with the fire of heaven the swift lyre glows  
And wakes the strain which joyless lives shall bless,  
Making life's desert smile.

What though thy pitiless lot  
Drove thee an exile o'er the Atlantic sea,  
Far, far, from thy beloved land, and set  
Where alien fortunes lured thee to forget  
Thy too cold mother ; yet thy soul would yearn  
For thy dear Wales,—unchanged thy verse would burn  
In the old tongue thy birthright gave to thee—  
Sweet accents unforgot !

What though an exile's grave  
Holds thee, yet thou art blest. Great God ! is it more  
To have crept to the grave, to have crawled a slave from birth,  
Leaving nought richer but the charnel-earth,  
A lump of grosser clay, rotten with ease,  
Surfeit with gold, sodden with luxuries,  
And pine in vain before heaven's close-shut door  
Bearing no pain to save ?

Than to have known indeed  
The sweet creative pang ; and to have heard  
The accents of the gods ; and climbed with pain,  
As thou didst, all thy journey,—nor in vain,  
But seen as thou didst, on the summits white  
Clear rays, though broken, of the Eternal Light,  
And those dread gates open without a word  
For the heart and knees that bleed ?

Rest, tranquil, happy ghost ;  
Thou art blest indeed, whate'er thy earthly ills !  
The worldlings who once passed thee in life's race  
Lie in dishonour ; no man knows their place,  
Faded and gone ; their very names have fled ;  
No memory keeps the undistinguished dead ;  
Thy fame still green thy grateful country fills—  
Fame never to be lost !

---

## WELSH PARTICLES.

BY PROFESSOR PETER, OF BALA.

---

PARTS of speech are advantageously classified into Words, Presentive and Symbolical (Earle's *Philology of the English Tongue*, p. 220). Presentive words are vocables which denote objective realities, whether as existences, attributes, or actions. Symbolical words are vocables which denote relations of the same, as subjectively conceived by the mind. Presentive words are the matter of language, and symbolical the form. The former are conveniently treated in the dictionary; the latter in the grammar. Inflections are nearly related to symbolical words.

One of the excellences of language is an abundance of Verbs, Nouns, and Adjectives, to express outward objects; but its highest excellence is the perfection of its formal element, so as to express the conceptions and emotions of the mind. The Welsh language, like the Greek, is rich in that class of symbolical words called Particles. These particles were noticed by Dr. Davies and even by Edeyrn Dafod Aur, but it was Arfonwyson who first proposed to raise them to the rank of a part of speech. They are peculiar to the Cymric branch of the Celtic languages, and are very delicate in their functions, being used to point out the exact relation to one another of the phrases or parts of the sentence, while conjunctions denote the relations of complete sentences, and prepositions connect words. This may not be a strictly accurate definition of their functions, but it may provisionally serve to give the student an idea of the mutual relations of these allied parts of speech.



The Welsh language has several contrivances for indicating the emphatic words of a sentence. The copula, or verb *bod*, possesses in the present tense four different forms, the use of which depends mostly on the place of the emphasis. In like manner the particles above enumerated serve to denote the different members of the sentence when they have been disturbed by emphasis out of their natural order of verb, subject, object (Zeuss, 924). I shall endeavour to illustrate this function of the particles in the present paper.

The particle *yn* is used to form phrases having the nature of adverbs. Under this general idea, we have three particular cases:—1. *Yn* changes the adjective following it into a simple adverb. 2. It points out the predicate, whether a noun or an adjective, when joined to the subject by the copula. 3. It is used with verbs requiring two objects, such as verbs of calling, appointing, making, etc., to distinguish the secondary from the direct object. That the vocable is really the same in all these three capacities is indicated by its governing always the same initial mutation, and that mutation being the middle sound proves that *yn* originally ended in a corresponding consonant, which was dropped after these mutations were developed in the language. On the other hand, the cognate forms, as well as the government of *yn* preposition, show that it has always ended in a nasal, while the government of the *yn* before the infinitive points to a third different root, and proves that it ended in an *s* sound. This third *yn*, however, may have been only a variation of the preposition (like *traws* and *tra*, or *os* and *o*, *nas* and *na*, *nis* and *ni*; as, ‘*os cefais yn awr ffafr*’—Gen. xviii, 3. ‘*O chefais yn awr ffafr*’—1 Samuel xxvii, 5. ‘*Ac ni chefais neb*’—Psalm lxix, 20. ‘*Ceisiais ef, ac nis cefais*’—Song of Sol. iii, 1).

The following examples will illustrate the use of this particle in modifying adjectives into adverbs:—‘*a bod ei ddig yn rhwygo yn wastudol*, a’i fod yn cadw ei lid *yn draggywy-*

*ddol'*—Amos i, 11. 'Wedi imi ddilyn pob peth *yn ddyfal* o'r dechreuad'—Luke i, 3. 'O na chawn i fwynhau'r bwyst-filod a barottowyd i mi, y rhai y chwenychwn i eu cael *yn gyflym*, y rhai a lithiaf i'm traffyngcu' *n fuan*; ac nad arbed-out fi, megis yr ofnasant rai eraill, mi a'u cymhellaf hwynt oui's gwnant *yn rhwydd'*—Ch. Edwards' Y Ffydd Ddiffuant, t. 62, arg. 1856. '*In tywill* heb canvill'—Four An. Books, p. 11. 'Ban diholer taguistil *inhir* o tir guinet'—*ib.*, p. 23. 'Guledic deduit an gunel *inrit* erbin dit braud'—*ib.*, 14. 'Ac ar hyny y disgynnawd or nef post o dan y ryngthunt 'ell deu *yn gynaruthret* ac y deifyawd eu taryanau'—Greal, p. 114. 'Ynteu ae hannoges wy y bechu *yn varwawl* drwy chwant'—*ib.*, p. 127.

Let the following examples illustrate the use of *yn* in the predicate:—1. With nouns; and 2. With adjectives. 1. With nouns, 'Yna y byddant *yn fywyd* i'th enaid, ac *yn ras* i'th wddf'—Prov. iii, 22. 'Bydded eu bord hwy *yn rhwyd*, ac *yn fagl* ac *yn dramgwydd*, ac *yn daledigaeth* iddynt'—Rom. xi, 9. 'Ac a'n gwnaeth ni *yn frenhinoedd* ac *yn offeiriad* i Dduw a'i Dad ef'—Rev. i, 6. 'Dyn *yn Dduw*, a Duw *yn dilyn'*—Ann Griff. Hymn. 'Gvnaeth duw trvgar gardaud, *in evr* coeth. kyvoeth y trindawd'—Four An. Books, p. 15. 'A dyuawd yny yttoed *yn brenn* mawr tec'—Greal, p. 128. 2. With adjectives: 'Sydd oll *yn ogoneddus'*—Psalm xlv, 13. 'Gan ei fod *yn gyfiawn'*—Math. i, 19. 'Duu y env *in deu*, duyauwl y kyffreu, Duu y env *in tri* duyuuawl y inni, Duu y env *in vn*, Duu paulac annhun'—Four An. Books, p. 13. 'Eissyoes y dyrnawt adisgynnawd ar y march yny vyd y march *yn dcu dryll'*—Greal, p. 117.

The predicate is also indicated by the middle mutation without *yn*; as, 'Elias oedd *ddlyn'*—James v, 17. This form cannot be used with the copula *mae*, *oes*, or *yw*, but it often follows *sydd*. With other tenses than the present of the verb *Bod* both forms may be used indifferently; or perhaps

with a shade of difference in the emphasis rather than in the meaning. In the above example, the subject, Elias, is emphatic; but if *yn* be placed before the predicate—*yn ddyn*—the latter receives the emphasis. However, this change requires another, namely, that the verb precede the subject, so that the order becomes 'yr oedd Elias yn ddyn'.

Verbs signifying 'to appear' have the same construction as *bod*, e.g., 'Ac yna hi a ymddangoses *yn* Widdones'—Iolo MSS., p. 177. Other examples of verbs of naming, installing, etc., will be found further on, illustrating the use of the particle *y*.

The particles *a* and *yr* are joined with the verb, when the verb is preceded by any other word or part of the sentence.<sup>1</sup> When the preceding word or phrase is the subject or object of the verb, or when both precede it, then *a* is joined to the verb, as 'a Duw *a* ddywedodd'—Gen. i, 3. 'A Iob *a* atebodd, ac *a* ddywedodd'—Job xxxiii, 1. 'A'r Iesu *a* safodd, ac *a* archodd ei alw ef'—Mark x, 49. 'Periw new *a* peris idi'—Four An. Books, p. 15. 'A gwedy eu mynet y gysgu ef *a* doeth y drws morwyn ieuanc yr honn aelwis ar galaath'—Greal, p. 118. (Observe that the former part of this example is at least doubtful, as the phrase preceding the verb is neither the subject nor the object of it, the *a* being inserted by the influence of the preceding particle *fe*.) 'A Phaul *a* adwaen'—Acts xix, 15. When both nominative and objective precede the verb the language is mostly rhetorical, but the verb is still attended by *a*, as, 'Gofyn im', a mi it *a*'i rhydd'—Psalter, ii, 8. 'Y Benywaid mi *a*'u cadwaf yn ddefaid mammogion'—Iolo MSS., p. 181. 'Pan gwr, ei ffrynd yn ganmlwydd wr *a* gladd'—(Messiah) Y Golygydd (1850), p. 38. It seems to me that the *a* of interrogation is, in modern

<sup>1</sup> *Yn* relates the verb to the words following it, and *a* and *y* relate it to the words preceding. The order of the words depends upon the emphasis, the emphatic words being placed first in the sentence, as stated above.

Welsh at least, a different word, although it governs the same mutation; as, 'A gymmeri di, O Caisar, dy lwfrhau gan wag ymffrost barbariaid?'—Drych y Prif Oesoedd, p. 49. 'Eto, bernwch chwi a fu achos gan wyr Rhufain fostio mai hwy a gawsant y trechaf yn y diwedd?'—*ib.*, p. 49. 'A ddwg da drwg gynghor?'—Myv. Arch., 838. But the following example seems decisive, the particle being used with the present of bod, 'a ydym ni fwy rhagorol?'—Rom. iii, 9.

The *a* as relative is still nearer in force to the particle, if not identical with it. 'A gyfodes *a* golles ei le'—Myv. Arch., p. 839. 'A gatwer *a* geir wrth raid'—*ib.* 'A'r son a ddaeth i ben yr Arglwydd hynny, am *a* glywyd ar lafar ysprydol megis o'r nef'—Iolo MSS., p. 180.

When the part of the sentence preceding<sup>1</sup> the verb is an adverb, an adverbial phrase, or any other assemblage of words qualifying or affecting the verb, the particle *yr* or (before a consonant) *y* is used. Adverbial phrases are generally formed by means of a noun and preposition, and therefore the participle is in this respect treated as an adverb, since it consists of the infinitive (equivalent to a noun) and the preposition *yn* expressed or understood. Some conjunctions also, having the force of adverbs, are included; as, *fel*, *hyd*, *gan*, *megis*, *tra*.

The following are illustrations of *yr* dependent on a simple adverb: 'Heddyw *y* daeth iechydwriaeth i'r ty hwn'—Luke xix, 9. 'Yna *y* cyfododd Dafydd a'i wyr'—1 Samuel xxiii, 13. 'Yma *y* canlyn rhyw ychydigyn o honi'—Drych y Prif Oesoedd (1863), t. 119. 'Ac yna *y* dyallawd peredur panyw y llew oed y porthawr'—Mab., i, 263. 'Megys *y* bydynt wy yn ymdidan uelly nachaf pump marchawc urdawl y wreic yn dyuot'—Greal, p. 206. 'Ena *e* deueyt e kefreith'—Laws of H. Dda, 2, 1, 33 (Zeuss, 420).

<sup>1</sup> To precede the verb in Welsh means also to be emphatic, so that when adverbial phrases are placed before the verb, but are not emphatic, they lose their influence upon the particle.

Adverbial phrases, or phrases equivalent in function to adverbs, are variously formed. The most usual construction is a noun with a preposition, with or without adjuncts, of which the following sentences are examples: 'Yn y dechreuad *y* creodd Duw y nefoedd a'r ddaear'—Gen. i, 1. 'Gan dystiolaethu, *y* dystiolaetha iddynt'—1 Sam. viii, 9. 'Canys nid i'r cyssegr o waith llaw, portreaid *y* gwir gyssegr, *yr* aeth Crist i mewn'—Heb. ix, 24. 'Kany's oth achaws di *yd* ymroessum i yn y perigyl hwenn'—Greal, 113. 'Ac ym mynws *y* coet *y* gwelei tei duon mawr anuanawl eu gweith'—Mab., i, 262. 'Dec inlinet (mlinet?) adev ugein iny gein anetwon *it* vif inymteith gan willeith agwillon'—Four An. Books, i, 20.

Adverbial phrases (or sentences rather) are also formed by means of a finite verb with a conjunction or adverb; as 'Pan ddychwelo'r Arglwydd gaethiwed ei bobl, *yr* ymhyfryda Jacob, ac *y* llawenha Israel'—Psalm xiv, 7. 'Pan adeilado'r Arglwydd Sion, *y* gwelir ef yn ei ogoniant'—*ib.*, cii, 16. 'Gwalchmei heb ef, hyspys yw gennyfi *y* deuy di ac ef herwyd *y* awvynau'—Mab. i, 259.

Perhaps this is the proper place to mention the peculiarity of verbs of naming, appointing, and deeming, the office or title being considered as an adverbial phrase. The following may serve as examples: 'A Chyfaill Duw *y* galwyd ef'—James ii, 23. 'Peredur uab efrawc *ym* gelwir i heb ef a thithen pwy wyt. Gwalchmei *ym* gelwir i heb ynteu'—Mab., i, 261 (Zeuss, 421). 'Yn llai na dim, ac na gwagedd *y* cyfrifwyd hwynt ganddo'—Isaiah xl, 17. 'Dauyd Sant *y* gelwir'—Cambro. Brit. Saints, p. 110.

So also adjectives, when used descriptively, and when preceding the verb, take *y* to join them to the verb, as, 'Noeth *y* daethum o groth fy mam, a noeth *y* dychwelaf yno'—Job i, 20. 'Ystyrwech mor astud *y* dylech fod'—Ordination Service. And generally, when any word or phrase approaching the

nature of an adverb introduces the sentence, the same particle is used; thus an infinitive with its preposition: 'Ag o'i glywed *y* bu mawr ei dristwch'—Iolo MSS., p. 180.

Certain interrogative particles are also treated similarly, as if the nouns joined to them were preceded by prepositions,<sup>1</sup> as 'Paham *y* tyni yn ei hol dy law, sef dy ddeheulaw'—Psalm lxxiv, 11: 'Paham *y* terfysga'r cenhedloedd, ac *y* myfyria'r bobloedd beth ofer'—Psalm ii, 1.

But in other cognate cases the presence of the particle is explained by transposition; as 'Pa beth *yr* aethoch allan i'w weled'—Math. xi, 7. This construction may be explained by transposing the infinitive: 'I weled pa beth *yr* aethoch allan'.

When the verb of an adjective sentence is followed by its object, and the object qualified by a possessive pronoun, the verb is preceded by *y*,<sup>2</sup> as, *câr i'r hwn y torrasai* Pedr ei glust'—John xviii, 26. So also when the object is an infinitive instead of a noun, as, 'A'r neb *y* mynno'r Mab ei ddatguddio iddo'—Luke x, 22. But the following is evidently irregular, 'Y rhai *a* dorwyd eu pennau am dystiolaeth Iesu'—Rev. xx, 4.

If a nominative or an objective, accompanied by an adverb, precede the verb, the adverb loses its force, as, 'Oed Crist, 840, *y* bu farw Escob Mynyw...Oed Crist 843, Rhodri Mawr ab Merfryn Frych *a* ddechreuwyd wladychu ar y Cymry'—Myv. Arch., p. 687.

'A chyda'r dydd ehedydd hoywdon  
A gân yn drylwyn fwyn bennillion.'

Iolo MSS., p. 228.

When the sentence containing the verb is dependent, and

<sup>1</sup> There are a few instances of an interjection being followed by *y*, as: 'A chyn eu dyuod *y'r* gynulleitua, nachaf *y*, gwelynt yn dyuot yn eu herbyn gwreic gwedy maru y hun mab'.—Camb. Brit. Saints, p. 111.

<sup>2</sup> When *y* is joined to a personal or possessive pronoun it is often changed improperly into the simple possessive form, as, 'Eithr pan eich (*y'e*) rhoddant'.—Matth. x, 29 (Beibl. 1727).

the object of another verb or sentence, the governed verb is introduced by different particles and words. When the verb is in the preterite, or rather when the meaning is in the past time, the infinitive is used, either of the verb itself with the prepositional pronoun *ohonaf*, etc., or of the auxiliary *darfod* with *imi*, etc., and the infinitive. To express future time under similar circumstances the auxiliary *bod* with *imi* is used sometimes. But the most usual construction for the present, future, and conditional tenses is the use of the verb in its proper form, preceded by *y*.<sup>1</sup> The following are examples:—‘Canys ysgrifenydd *y* rhydd efe orchymyn i’w angylion am danat’—Math. iv, 6. ‘Gan wybod hyn yn gyntaf, *y* daw yn y dyddiau diweddaŵ watwarwyr’—2 Peter iii, 3 (present). ‘Ac wrth hyn *y* gwyddom *yr* adwaenom ef’—1 John ii, 3. ‘A’r modd *yr* ysgrifenydd am Fab *y* dyn *y* dioddefai lawer o bethau, ac *y* dirmygid ef’—Mark ix, 12. The imperative mood takes no particle before it, as ‘Brysia, diangc yno’—Gen. xix, 22.

The following sentences are anomalous: 1. *Y* after the object, ‘Serch *y* rhoddais’—Iolo MSS., p. 232. 2. *A* after an adverbial phrase, ‘A’r modd *a*’i gwnaethum’—*ib.*, p. 183. 3. *Y* after an infinitive, ‘A llywygu gan ei ofn *y* gwnaeth hi’—*ib.*, p. 179. 4. *Y* after an adjective as predicate, ‘A mawr iawn *y* bu’r llawenydd’—*ib.*, p. 179. 5. *Y* without an adverb preceding, ‘Ac *y*d anuones Dewi *yr* eil ran o’r bara *y* vran’—Camb. Brit. Saints, p. 109. Ac *y* dechreuawd hi wediaw, ac *y* dywawt val hyn’—*ib.*, p. 229. 6. *A* in a relative sentence before an adverbial phrase, ‘*Y* mae efe yn rhoddi adref *yr* hyn *a* lafuriodd am dano’—Job xx, 18.

The remaining particles, *mi*, *fe* (*e*), *fo* (*o*), may be disposed of in a few paragraphs. When the verb begins the sentence, which is a common and idiomatic construction in Welsh

<sup>1</sup> This construction requires the verb to be emphatic. When any other element of the dependent sentence is emphatic, it is introduced by the conjunction *mai*.

(Zeuss, 924), it requires no particle to determine its relations; as '*Dywedodd yr ynyd...ymlygrasant*, a gwnaethant ffaidd anwiredd...*Edrychodd Duw i lawr o'r nefoedd...Ciliasai pob un o honynt*'—Psalm liii, 1-3. '*Canasom bibau i chwi*, ac ni ddawnsiasoch; *cwynfanasom i chwi*; ac nid wylasoch. Canys *daeth Ioan Fedyddiwr heb na bwytta bara*, nac yfed gwin...*Daeth Mab y dyn yn bwytta ac yn yfed*'—Luke vii, 32-34. However, in these and similar cases, we often find the verb preceded by the above particles. That they are particles and not pronouns may appear from the following considerations. They are never used with negatives; they have no antecedents; they are used with impersonal verbs; and, to a certain extent, they may be indifferently joined with all persons and numbers of the verb.

Several eminent grammarians have treated them as auxiliary affirmative pronouns, and it is not worth discussing by what term they should be denoted, but it is important that their true nature and function should be clearly understood. This, like all other grammatical questions, must be decided by the true interpretation of authoritative examples; the choosing of the examples and the interpretation of them depending on the judgment of the writer and appealing to the judgment of the reader. The practice of laying down a rule, and making patterns to correspond, is quite useless in a doubtful case like the present, and in all cases, indeed, it is but a slovenly way of producing examples.

As my first proposition is generally admitted, and as, being negative, it is impossible to present examples to illustrate it, I shall consider it as proved until the opposite is affirmed.

The same remarks must serve in regard to my second proposition, that these particles have no antecedents, as all pronouns of the third person have. With regard to the third proposition, that these particles are used with impersonal



verbs, I have not as yet succeeded in finding more than one or two good examples, although the construction is familiar enough, as—‘*Fe* genir ac *fe* genir, yn nhragwyddoldeb maith’—Llyfr Hymnau a Thonau Cynulleidfaol Stephens a Jones, Hymn 308, verse 2; ‘*Fe*’m ganwyd i lawenydd’—Llyfr Hymnau y Meth. Calf., Hymn 600.

The following examples will serve to prove and illustrate my fourth proposition, that these particles are joined to verbs of all persons and numbers indiscriminately :

‘*Fe*’i rhof yn bwn i orphwys  
Ar ysgwydd Brenin nen ;  
*Fe*’i gwela’n crynu danynt  
Wrth farw ar y pren.’

Aberth Moliant, Hymn 432.

‘*Fe*’m siomwyd gan y ddegar  
*Fe*’m siomwyd gan y byd  
*Fe*’m siomwyd gan fy nghalon.’

Llyfr S. R. Hymn 613.

‘*Fe* garaf bellach tra fwyf byw.’—Llyfr y Meth. Calf., Hymn 162.

‘*Fe*’m boddwyd mewn syndod yn lan.’—*Ib.*, Hymn 338.

‘*Fe*’m golchir yn fy nghystudd trwm.’—*Ib.*, Hymn 812.

‘*Fe*’m llyncwyd i fynu.’—*Ib.*, Hymn 332.

‘*Fe* a’m poenir.’—Luke xvi, 24.

‘Ond *fo*’m lluddiwyd i hyd yn hyn.’—Rom. i, 13.

‘*Fe*’ a’n ceir hefyd yn gau-dystion i Dduw.’—1 Cor. xv, 15.

‘Colofnau’r ty ddatodir  
*Fe*’u cwmpir oll i lawr.’

Aberth Moliant, Hymn 421.

‘*Fe* rwygwyd murian cedyrn  
*Fe* ddrylliwyd dorau pres.’

*Ib.*, Hymn 400.

‘*Fe* gân tiffeddion gras.’—Llyfr Meth. Calf., Hymn 267.

‘*Fe* gân, Y gwaredigion fawr a mân.’—*Ib.*, Hymn 381.

I am aware that the examples with passive verbs may be objected to, but not without asserting the impersonal construction of such verbs. Originally the Welsh language had a true passive inflection, but now it has entirely disappeared,

and the genius of the language treats these forms rather as impersonal verbs, whether they be transitive or intransitive. However the matter may be decided, the examples will be of value. This is why I have been careful not to substitute patterns for examples, as is too often the custom of grammarians. Examples are facts, while patterns are at best only theories embodied in a sentence manufactured for the purpose.

In the old pamphlet 'Seren tan Gwmwl', p. 45 (cover), there is an instance of *mi* used with a third person of the verb. 'Mi fydd yr awdwr yn llwyr ddiolchgar'—Edward Charles.

The popular phrase, 'Cadw *mi* gei', is an instance of *mi* with the second person singular (*vide* the programme of Wrexham Eisteddvod, p. 22, where it is grammaticised into 'Cadw ti a gai').

The fact is, that *fe* is the favourite particle in South Wales, and *mi* in North Wales. Both, however, have been much tampered with by grammarians and translators (*vide* Dr. Pughe's Dictionary, *sub voc. fe, mi*). The influence of theories and of foreign languages is sooner felt by the literary than by the popular language of a country; and it is now admitted that the spoken dialects are the only real existence, while the written language is only a sham. The one is a growth; the other a manufacture. We cannot study geology in railway embankments, and we should not study language from grammars and dictionaries, except as models of nature.

The verb *Bod* takes *yr* instead of *fe* in the present and imperfect tenses, as 'Y mae'r Iuddewon er ys talm yn achwyn'—Drych y Prif Oesoedd, p. 33; 'Yr oedd yr ysbryd ymddial hwn yn fwy anesgusodol'—*ib.*, p. 55.

These particles (*mi, fe*) are related to the personal pronouns, however, in the following particulars:

1. They are used with the other particle *a*, as '*Fe a* faddeuir iddo'—Math. xii, 32; 'Wedi hynny *fo a* weles Pawl afon fawr greulon'—Iolo MSS., p. 191; 'Ac ar vrig y prenn

hwnnw *ef a wrthtyfawd kaingc hyt y llawr*'—Camb. Brit. Saints, p. 14. When *fe*, *fo*, or *mi* thus precedes the verb with its particle, it always requires *a* to follow rather than *y*.

2. They are usually distinguished as to persons, *mi* being oftener used with the first person, and *fe* with the third.

3. They are undoubtedly etymologically derived from the pronouns.

However, it is misleading to call them auxiliary pronouns, as Richards and others have done. The only connection in which the term auxiliary is customarily used, is to denote verbs which help to form the different inflections of other verbs. But these particles do not help the inflection of the pronouns at all; therefore, analogy is against their being called auxiliary. It is also difficult to conceive how these, or any of the other particles, can be called expletives by grammarians who at the same time have undertaken to explain their functions. Moreover, that such meaningless vocables as are denoted by expletives can exist in any language is perfectly incredible.

It has been already stated that no particles are admissible with the true<sup>1</sup> imperative mood. It must also be noted that they cannot accompany verbs when qualified by negatives. In negative phrases, the place of *a* is supplied by *na* (*nad*, *nas*), and the place of *y* by *ni* (*nid*, *nis*). For examples, see Zeuss, p. 421.

In conclusion, I would plead with all Welsh writers on behalf of our beautiful little particles, that they be henceforth neither neglected nor abused. When properly handled, they add much to the precision, lucidity, and beauty of our language.

<sup>1</sup> The Welsh has two forms for the third person singular of the imperative, which are both well illustrated in the following example: '*Duw a drugarhao wrthym, ac a'n bendithio; a thywyned ei wyneb arnom.*'—Psalm lxxvii, 1. One precedes, and the other follows, its subject.

ON NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS,  
WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FORMATION OF A CENTRAL MUSEUM  
IN WALES.

By F. W. RUDLER, F.G.S.,  
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[Read before the Cymmrodorion.]

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WHEN I had the honour of being invited to read a paper before the Cymmrodorion Society, I cast about me for some subject which should not only fall in with my own line of pursuits by being scientific, but should also bear in some way upon the welfare of Wales, and thus be brought fairly within the sympathies of this Society. The subject which I have been led to select fulfils both these conditions. Having for many years been officially connected with a large museum in London, I have naturally taken much interest in the formation and arrangement of collections, and have seized every opportunity of studying natural history museums—metropolitan, provincial, and continental. In this way I have been led to carefully note the characteristics of a large number of public collections, and to compare what appear to me to be their respective merits and demerits. On coming to Wales, I was of course anxious to learn something of the local museums. “When a naturalist goes from one country to another”, said the late Professor Edward Forbes, “his first inquiry is for local collections. He is anxious to see authentic and full cabinets of the productions of the region he is visiting.” Such collections, however, not only exhibit the natural productions of the province in which they are situated, but they may be taken as standards by which to gauge the scientific

spirit of the neighbourhood. Wales possesses, I am pleased to find, many scientific collections; but, at the same time, I am bound to add that those which I have yet had an opportunity of visiting fall far short of what local museums should really be, when measured by the present advanced state of natural science. It has, therefore, occurred to me that a few suggestions on the formation and arrangement of a central museum, to illustrate Cambrian natural history, might not be without interest to those who are anxious to see the educational institutions of Wales not a whit behind those of the most advanced type.

In forming such a museum, the one great object to be steadily kept in view must be that of collecting, arranging, and exhibiting all the natural productions of the Principality. Every animal and vegetable, whether recent or fossil, every mineral and rock, to be found within the limits of Wales, must be adequately represented, so that the museum shall ultimately form a complete exponent of Welsh natural history. But I would go beyond this. Not only should the indigenous productions be exhibited, as presented in their original condition, but the application of these products to the arts of life should equally be illustrated. In other words, the purely scientific department should be supplemented by a technological collection, exhibiting the uses which we make of the natural resources at our command. Such a collection might even be extended with advantage to the local application of foreign raw materials; and would thus completely illustrate the industries which are carried on within the limits of the Principality. Nor should the art and archæology of Wales be neglected; but these are wide subjects, which lie far beyond my present scope.

Whilst we should patriotically aspire to render the local collections as perfect as possible, I would not, by any means, have the usefulness of the museum stop here. Comparing

any local collection with a general collection, it will of course be found that many important groups of animals, vegetables, and minerals are but imperfectly represented, whilst others are altogether blank. There is, consequently, great danger of very limited and inadequate notions of the great system of nature being formed by the student who confines his attention to local natural history. It was the fundamental fault of Werner's system of geology, that he supposed all the world to be modelled after the pattern of the kingdom of Saxony. A student confining his studies to Welsh natural history would be in danger of contracting equally narrow and vitiated views. To counteract such a tendency, it is eminently desirable to form, under proper conditions, a *general* collection which will give the visitor some notion of, at any rate, the larger groups in which natural bodies are classified. Just as every scientific man should strive to acquire a mastery over some special branch of science, however small, and, at the same time, have a general knowledge of science as wide as possible; so, it seems to me, every provincial museum should aim at illustrating thoroughly the natural history of its locality, whilst it offers, as far as its resources allow, a superficial though sound view of nature in its entirety. There should consequently be two departments to our central museum—one *local*, and the other *general*—each with distinct aims, and each appealing to a distinct class of visitors. Differing thus in their objects, it would be well to keep the two departments entirely apart, as is done, for example, in the Worcester Museum, where a special room is devoted to the illustrations of the natural history of the county. Whilst our local collection would certainly give value to the museum in the eyes of genuine students of science, who would be attracted thither by the opportunity of taking a complete survey of Welsh natural history, it is probable, on the other hand, that the general collection would form the chief source of interest

to the casual visitor and less-advanced student. But this general collection must be kept within moderate limits. The investigator, who has occasion to study with thoroughness any particular group of natural objects, will assuredly resort to the great metropolitan collections; and it would be absurd for a provincial museum to endeavour to illustrate with completeness any natural group, unless it happen to be indigenous. All that we should attempt in the general collection is to convey to the visitor, who uses it educationally, some broad, though clearly defined, notions of the larger groups of natural bodies. This may be done, and indeed best done, by the display of only a limited number of typical specimens, provided that they are selected with judgment, and displayed with intelligence. We have no need of a multitude of objects, tending to bewilder rather than to enlighten. Nor should we covet rare specimens, which always cost much, and often teach little. Neither should we seek pretty and attractive things, such as are to be found in some museums, heaped together in bower-birdish fashion, where they gratify the senses, without nourishing the intellect. Let us by all means have rare and pretty specimens, if they can claim educational value, but not simply for sake of their rarity or their beauty. What we really want is a moderate number of comparatively common objects, judiciously selected, accurately classified, well displayed, and fully illustrated, where necessary, by preparations and diagrams. Such a collection, though small, would have far higher educational worth, and would command greater respect from scientific authorities, than the large heterogeneous collections of unassorted donations which frequently form the bulk of museums of old-fashioned type. "Unfortunately", says Professor Edward Forbes,<sup>1</sup> "not a few country

<sup>1</sup> "On the Educational Value of Museums." Being the Introductory Lecture at the Metropolitan School of Science (now the Royal School of Mines) for the Session 1853-54.

museums are little better than raree-shows. They contain an incongruous accumulation of things curious or supposed to be curious, heaped together in disorderly piles, or neatly spread out with ingenious disregard of their relations. The only label attached to nine specimens out of ten is, 'Presented by Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so'; the object of the presentation having been either to cherish a glow of generous self-satisfaction in the bosom of the donor, or to get rid—under the semblance of doing a good action—of rubbish that had once been prized, but latterly had stood in the way. Curiosities from the South Seas, relics worthless in themselves, deriving their interest from association with persons or localities, a few badly stuffed quadrupeds, rather more birds, a stuffed snake, a skinned alligator, part of an Egyptian mummy, Indian gods, a case or two of shells, the bivalves usually single and the univalves decorticated, a sea urchin without its spines, a few common corals, the fruit of a double cocoa-nut, some mixed antiquities, partly local, partly Etruscan, partly Roman and Egyptian, and a case of minerals and miscellaneous fossils—such is the inventory and about the scientific order of their contents." These words were spoken more than twenty years ago. During that time, science has grown rapidly in this country, fostered chiefly by the Department of Science and Art; whilst local museums have multiplied under the Public Libraries Act of 1855.<sup>1</sup> Yet there are too many provincial collections to which Professor Forbes's language may still be fitly applied. Hence, a word on the principles of classification and the method of exhibition to be carried out in a local scientific museum may not be out of place.

<sup>1</sup> An Act for further promoting the Establishment of Free Public Libraries and Museums in Municipal Towns, and for extending it to Towns governed under Local Improvement Acts and to Parishes. 18 and 19 Vict., c. 70. It is understood that Mr. Mundella intends to introduce a Bill for extending this Act.



The common division of all natural objects into animals, vegetables, and minerals, is one which admits of scientific application; and consequently our museum must contain at least a zoological, a botanical, and a mineralogical collection. Let us seek to define what each of these separately should contain, and how it should be arranged, commencing with the *zoological* department.

The popular notion of a zoological collection is that of an assemblage of stuffed animals, butterflies, and shells—pretty, curious or rare. Viewed, however, from a purely scientific standpoint, such a collection presents the smallest possible value, since it fails to impart sound notions, either of the essential structure of the organisms which are represented, or of those relations between different organisms on which modern classification is grounded. The more closely the attention is confined to external forms, the less scientific will be the arrangement of any zoological collection. What would be thought, for example, of a library in which the books were never opened, but were got together, and placed on the shelves, solely with reference to the characteristics of their binding? Yet, in collecting shells without reference to the structure of the creatures that inhabit them, or in exhibiting stuffed animals without seeking to illustrate their internal organisation, we are simply amusing ourselves with the binding without troubling to read the contents of the volumes. It is true, the lettering on the back of a book generally gives some clue to the character of the work; but it is one thing to know a book by its cover, and quite another to be familiar with its contents. As long as we look merely on the outside, our acquaintance with the animal kingdom must needs be superficial and unsound. External characters always give inadequate notions of structure, whilst in some cases they even mislead by suggesting false analogies: every one knows that this is the case, for example, with the group of whales.

As comparative anatomy has advanced, the systematic zoologist has been led to look less at the exterior, and more at the interior; less at the surface, and more at the substance. Supposing we had occasion to classify a collection of watches, it would clearly be but a poor arrangement to put all those with gold cases into one group, all with silver cases in another, with pinchbeck in a third, and so on. We know, in fact, that the case is but the secondary part of a watch, and that the essence of its structure is to be found in that assemblage of wheels which we call the "movement". To understand its structure, therefore, we must open each watch; and we can then place together those which are really similar in essence. We might thus form several groups, according as the escapement is a verge, or horizontal, or duplex, or lever. Such an arrangement would certainly commend itself to the watchmaker, though the *dilettante* might rest satisfied with the primitive method of classification by cases. In like manner, to satisfactorily illustrate and classify a zoological collection, it is necessary to expose as fully as possible the internal organisation of the creatures which are represented. Thus, each stuffed specimen belonging to the great group of back-boned animals should be accompanied by its skeleton; or, failing that, by the skull and other typical parts. And, if possible, the characters and disposition of the viscera, or internal organs, should also be exhibited by means of preserved specimens, by models, and by diagrams. Even where dissections are introduced, they will afford but little information to the inexperienced visitor, unless accompanied by corresponding drawings with clear references to the several organs. Without this, a stranger standing in front of a preparation usually fails to see anything but a flabby mass of confused parts dangling in a bottle of spirit; in other words, the most careful dissection needs popular interpretation. Those animals which are destitute of an internal

skeleton will of course be represented by such other hard parts as they may possess; but these should stand side by side with preparations, casts, and diagrams, illustrating their internal economy.

Let it not be supposed that in advocating as perfect a mode of illustration as can possibly be attained, I am also advocating the accumulation of many individual specimens. It seems sufficient, indeed, to exhibit merely a few types of the larger groups and sub-groups. But the selection of an average representative of a group as a type may lead to too high a notion of the sharpness of division between the several groups; may lead, in fact, to the false impression that nature is as sharply cut into sections as is suggested by our classification, which by necessity is in large measure artificial. It must be remembered that in nature we often pass, by the most gradual transition, from one group of organic forms to another; and it becomes, therefore, highly instructive to exhibit in a collection such transitional forms as will help to give a philosophical view of nature, without attracting too much attention to our confessedly arbitrary landmarks. Hence, in addition to an average specimen from each group, there should be exhibited judiciously selected aberrant forms—forms which would serve to mark a passage from one group to another: that is to say, each group should be represented by the most typical and by the least typical example which can be found; by a specimen taken from the centre, and a specimen or two from near the circumference of the group, where it is conterminous with another, or even overlaps it. Thus, the great group of Carnivora might be represented, not only by a dog and a cat, and if possible by a bear, as central types, but also by a seal, which would be taken as it were from one of the margins of the group where it abuts upon the whales.

But whilst a collection such as that here sketched out

might satisfy the requirements of the scientific student, it would be well to appeal to our practical instincts by illustrating the uses of animals to man in the shape of a collection of Economic Zoology ; that is to say, a collection showing the application of animal products to industrial purposes, similar to the well-known series of the Department of Science and Art at Bethnal Green. As an example of the importance of these animal products, one might refer to the information which would be given to the public by exhibiting a series illustrating the manufacture of textile fabrics from raw materials derived from animal sources, such as woollen and silken goods.

In that section of our natural history museum which deals with the *vegetable* kingdom, this technological division would be much more important than the corresponding part of the animal series. So large a proportion of the objects with which we daily come in contact are derived from vegetable sources, that a department of Economic Botany can hardly fail to attract even those who have no pretensions to scientific education. Who, with a healthy spirit of inquiry, does not care to learn something about the sources and mode of preparation of those vegetable substances which are used as articles of food or of medicine, as materials for textile industries, or for constructive art ? The admirable Museum of Economic Botany at Kew has attained, under Dr. Hooker, to a state not far removed from perfection ; and thus offers a model which other museums might seek to imitate in humble measure. But an immense amount of information can be imparted to an intelligent visitor by the exhibition of a very unambitious collection, got together with comparative ease and at moderate cost.

The strictly scientific portion of the botanical department would of course be represented by an Herbarium, which ought to contain a complete illustration of the Flora of Wales.

But a well-filled Herbarium, though valuable to the student who wishes to consult a typical collection, scarcely forms a feature in a public museum; and the dried specimens hidden in their cabinet appeal but little to the ordinary visitor. To give, however, a popular insight into plant-structure, a few large sectional models might be advantageously exhibited in the general collection. Thus, the flower of a buttercup and a rose, a dandelion and an oak, would illustrate respectively the large divisions of thalamifloral and calycifloral, monopetalous and apetalous exogens; whilst a lily and a grass might severally represent the petaloid and glumaceous groups of endogens. The larger divisions of the flowering plants being thus represented, it would remain for a few models and diagrams to convey some general notions of cryptogamic structure. The display of diagrams, or large drawings, should indeed be encouraged in all departments; and an intelligent curator will thus utilise every foot of wall-space. Where resources are not limited, an attempt should be made to illustrate the local flora by a collection of living specimens. A botanical garden becomes, in fact, as valuable an adjunct to the vegetable department as an aquarium to the animal department; but there are few museums in this country so fortunately situated as to secure such an association.

Turning to the *mineral* section of our typical museum, it is necessary to somewhat expand our view. For, in order to give anything like a fair notion of the mineral kingdom, it is absolutely necessary to exhibit a tolerably large series of the more commonly occurring species. Especial attention should of course be paid to those minerals which are either of interest to the geologist as rock-constituents, or of importance to the technologist. But the selection of a few representative species could hardly be satisfactorily effected, since mineral species are less easily grouped around typical centres than are either animals or plants. In fact, the classification

of minerals, on natural history principles, is a task that bristles with difficulties; and it can hardly be said that a thoroughly satisfactory natural system has yet been framed. Seeking, therefore, a classification which shall be useful in practice, rather than philosophical in principle, we are led to advocate such a method as shall enable the visitor to find with readiness any given mineral that he may happen to be seeking. The iron-master from South Wales, who visits the museum, will naturally desire to find in one group all the mineral substances with which he may feed his furnaces. Without doubt, it is perfectly justifiable, on scientific grounds, to place the specimens of red hæmatite by the side of the ruby and sapphire. But the practical convenience of keeping the hæmatite with the other ores of iron, whilst the ruby and sapphire take their place among kindred gems, is obviously of sufficient weight to overrule more refined considerations, such as those derived from the isomorphism of ferric oxide and alumina.

In the mineral department, the technological side would admit of very extensive development. The fine collections exhibited in the Museum of Practical Geology in London sufficiently show how the application of mineral bodies to industrial uses may be efficiently illustrated. As a large proportion of the mineral substances which are brought to light by mining operations have to pass through chemical processes for the extraction of the metal which they may contain, it is obvious that a *metallurgical* collection will form a necessary adjunct to the mineralogical series. In a country having command of such rich mineral resources as Wales, this department ought to be very thoroughly represented. How coal and metalliferous minerals occur in nature, and by what methods they are extracted, should be taught by means of models and diagrams; whilst the successive stages through which the ores pass in the processes of smelting should be

illustrated by specimens taken from the dressing-floor and the furnace. Assuredly, an appeal for such specimens would not be unanswered by those who are at the head of the vast mining and metallurgical industries of Wales.

Our technological museum might receive further extension in its mineral department by exhibiting the application of clays, sands, and other mineral substances to the manufacture of pottery, porcelain, and glass; whilst another section might be well devoted to specimens illustrating the preparation of pigments and other chemical substances from raw materials supplied by the mineral kingdom.

Such collections would admit of great extension, and the more extensive they could be made the more interesting would they become to the visitor. But even a small technological collection may convey a vast amount of information if the arrangement is under an intelligent and well-trained head. This is admirably illustrated in the Technological Gallery of the Crystal Palace, under the excellent curatorship of Dr. David Price. Here the resources are comparatively limited, yet by a judicious system of arrangement, and by means of full descriptive labels, they form an extremely neat and instructive collection—a collection, however, which is too often neglected by the visitor to the Palace, bent solely on pleasure.

From minerals and their applications, it is an easy step to those aggregations of minerals which constitute *rocks*, and thus form the solid crust of the earth. To recognise with precision the various kinds of rock met with in the course of geological exploration is by no means an easy task; and a special study, born of mineralogy and geology, has latterly grown up under the name of *petrology* or *lithology*. A petrological collection is absolutely necessary in any museum; and in the special museum under discussion it should comprise a well-selected series of specimens, uniform in size,

illustrating with fulness the various sedimentary, eruptive, and metamorphic rocks of the Principality. A knowledge of mineralogy is absolutely necessary, as a preliminary to the study of petrology; but it often happens that the constituent minerals of a rock are so minutely developed, and so confusedly aggregated together, that the ordinary mineralogist finds himself unequal to the task of their separation and discrimination. Hence, of late years, the microscope has been placed in the hands of the petrologist, who has used it with singularly good effect in unravelling the constitution of the more fine-grained and apparently compact forms of rock. This young branch of science, which I may perhaps call "Mineral Histology", should be encouraged in every possible way; and it would be well to accompany specimens of crystalline rocks by enlarged drawings, showing their minute structure as opened out under the microscope. The technological side of the rock-collection would find expression in the display of a series of rocks applied to industrial uses, either as building-stones, such as our sandstones and limestones, or as ornamental materials, such as our marbles and granites. The slate quarries of North Wales would furnish abundant materials for an interesting series in this section. Nor should the Welsh marbles and other ornamental stones be neglected.

Whilst many rocks clearly betray, by their mineral constitution and mode of occurrence, an igneous origin, more or less similar to that of our modern volcanic products, a large proportion of our rocks as clearly show, on the other hand, that they are made up of fragmentary materials which were originally deposited from water in the form of sand, mud, and other sedimentary matter. Such clastic or sedimentary rocks should of course be duly exhibited in the petrological collection, whilst many of them have further claims upon our attention by their high economic value. But their special



interest lies in the fact that they frequently contain the shells, bones, and other hard remains of animals, and occasionally the leaves and other parts of plants, representing in both cases the relics of organisms which lived in or near the waters from which the original sediments were thrown down. A collection of such *fossils*, constituting a *palæontological* department, must form an important feature in every natural history museum. Strictly speaking, it might be well to arrange the fossils in their proper zoological and botanical order, alongside the recent forms of life, thus showing the continuity that subsists between the several groups. But to the geologist it is manifestly so important to classify the extinct forms of life according to the succession of the beds in which they occur, that practically a stratigraphical arrangement will always rule over one founded on purely zoological grounds. The most convenient arrangement, therefore, appears to be that followed in the galleries of the Museum of Practical Geology, which contain the finest collection of British fossils in the world. The fossils are there arranged stratigraphically in ascending order, with a subordinate zoological classification; that is to say, all the fossils, from one set of strata constituting a "formation", are placed together; but this large group is broken up into a number of smaller groups, each containing fossils which are related among themselves by zoological characters. It should be our aim in the central museum to gather together as typical a collection as possible of Welsh fossils—a collection which would be peculiarly rich in many of the oldest known forms of life, since the rocks containing these ancient remains are typically developed in certain parts of the Principality. The remarkably successful labours of Mr. Hicks among the older Welsh rocks sufficiently show what may be done, even now-a-days, in the discovery of fossils in beds reputed to be well-nigh barren of such remains.

Not only should the geological department contain characteristic specimens of the rocks, minerals, and fossils of Wales, but it should also exhibit such illustrations of the geological structure of the country as are afforded by accurate maps and sections. Fortunately, the national survey of the entire Principality has long since been completed, thanks to the indefatigable labours of Professor Ramsay, the present Director-General of the survey. The results of this great work are comprised in about twenty sheets on the scale of one inch to the mile, and these sheets, when placed together, form a splendid geological map of Wales. Surely, the available wall-space in the geological room could not be better occupied than by this map, and the explanatory sections. For purposes of public exhibition, these sections might be advantageously enlarged, so as to form bold diagrams; especial prominence being given to such as illustrate the structure of our Cambrian coal-fields.

In addition, however, to the large official map and sections, it would be instructive to exhibit a series of smaller maps, each coloured in part only, so as to show at a glance the exact area of a particular formation. This principle is carried out with excellent effect in the Leeds Museum, under its accomplished curator, Professor Miall. In our Welsh Museum, the collection of fossils from the Cambrian formation should be accompanied by a map showing the distribution of Cambrian rocks, and these only; in like manner, the case of Silurian fossils would be associated with a map exhibiting the range of the Silurian rocks; and so with the other formations. For this purpose, use might be made of small but accurate maps, such as that which forms the frontispiece to Professor Ramsay's well-known *Memoir on the Geology of North Wales*.

At the head of the palæontological collection, among the fossils of the uppermost, and therefore the most recent, deposits, will be found the remains of our own species. The

earliest of such relics take the form of rudely-chipped implements of stone, found chiefly in river-gravels and in bone-caves. The limestones of both South and North Wales are in many localities rich in ossiferous caverns, and many of these have been explored with fruitful results. The Museum of the Royal Institution of South Wales, at Swansea, for example, contains a valuable collection of specimens from the well-known caves in the peninsula of Gower; whilst in North Wales, the Caves of Perth-i-Chwareu, Cefn, and Plas Heaton have been explored with signal success by the Rev. D. R. Thomas, Professor T. McKenna Hughes, Professor Boyd Dawkins, and other scientific investigators.

Within the last few years, the study of the early remains of man,—remains which are safely assignable to periods far beyond the reach of historical records in Western Europe,—has attracted a large number of students, and has acquired considerable popularity under the name of *prehistoric archaeology*. Every natural history museum should certainly contain a collection of these archaic remains. How such a collection can be advantageously exhibited may be realised by any one who has visited the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury, where the munificence of Mr. William Blackmore has not only erected one of the most elegant museums in England, but has furnished it with a splendid garniture of specimens, all bearing directly or indirectly upon this one branch of study.

The stone implements which form the earliest relics of man's handiwork separate themselves into two groups—the one series rude and unpolished, the other more highly finished—representing the successive phases of culture which correspond respectively to Sir John Lubbock's *palæolithic* and *neolithic* ages. The use of stone was followed by that of metal; and, according to the Northern antiquaries, whose classification is generally followed by modern archaeologists,

the use of bronze preceded that of iron. A local museum is surely a fit resting-place for such archaic objects as throw light upon the early history of the surrounding country, and it would be well if those who discover objects of this kind were sufficiently public-spirited to place them in a museum, where they would minister to the instruction of the people and the advancement of science, rather than retain them in private collections, where they are hidden from most students, and are oftentimes in danger of being forgotten and neglected. The prehistoric relics of Wales would form an interesting series, which ought to attain to considerable magnitude. But many types of implement would probably be unrepresented in such a series, and these missing forms should consequently be exhibited in the general collection. An appeal to curators of public museums and to private collectors would probably secure casts of typical specimens, and a student gains almost as much instruction from a cast as from the original. The section of prehistoric archæology should also include models of cromlechs, menhirs, and other megalithic monuments; or, if not models, at least plans and sketches of such structures.

As an aid in interpreting the use of archaic implements, and in throwing light upon the successive phases of early civilisation, it is of great importance to study the implements of existing savages. An *ethnological* collection, illustrating the manners and customs of savage races, so far as they are reflected in their industrial arts, is always an attractive feature in a museum; but too often it becomes merely a centre of vulgar curiosity. That there is, however, another and a higher way of viewing such a collection is sufficiently evident by examining the remarkable collection of Colonel Lane Fox, at present exhibited in the Bethnal Green Museum. This large assemblage of objects has been collected and classified with the definite purpose of illustrating the evolution of cul-

ture ; and it strikingly shews what lessons may be taught by the philosophical arrangement of a special collection. It would, however, be almost impossible, and perhaps unadvisable, to imitate such an arrangement in a general museum ; and for ordinary purposes it will be sufficient to follow a geographical arrangement, such as that adopted in most museums, and notably in the magnificent Christy Collection. When it is remembered that this collection is under the guardianship of Mr. A. W. Franks, it is needless to add that its arrangement presents all that can be desired, and might be well imitated in a provincial museum.

Ethnology and prehistoric archæology have brought us to a point where Science shades off into Art and historic Archæology. Interesting as it would be to trace the connexion between Science and Art, it would be trespassing far beyond the special province of this paper. Nor is there need to thus transgress ; for the taste for Art is so much more widely-diffused than that for Science, that the claims of Art will assuredly not fail to find other and far abler advocates.

Assuming, however, the desirableness of establishing a central museum for Welsh natural history, it remains to inquire where it should be placed. This is too important a question to be lightly answered. It is a matter of frequent observation that the success of a provincial museum too often depends upon the enthusiasm of a few individuals, sometimes even of one. Who can fail to mark, for example, the impress left by Professor Henslow on the Ipswich collections ? And I could name many provincial museums in England which, at the present time owe their success to local scientific men and collectors still living. It is, however, a dangerous thing for a public museum to depend thus upon the support or interest of a single individual, or even on a few amateurs, such as form our local natural history clubs ; and it has indeed often happened that when the leading scientific spirit of

a locality has been removed, the museum has degenerated, and lapsed into a state of neglect. It is obvious that a central museum should not be exposed to such a contingency. Hence it seems in the highest degree desirable to affiliate it to some large educational establishment. Such an institution will always possess on its staff individuals whose duty it is to have an intelligent acquaintance with natural history. When one scientific teacher quits his post, another supplies his place; and thus the locality is never left without the presence of a trained student of science, who could assist and advise the professional curator of the museum.

Such considerations alone would lead me to suggest Aberystwith as a suitable locality, and to advocate its affiliation with the University College of Wales. But many other reasons tend in the same direction. Dr. Hooker, whose great experience entitles his opinion on such matters to be received with the greatest respect, has pointed out the importance of selecting an eligible site for a museum: "a main object being to secure cleanliness, a cheerful aspect, and space for extension."<sup>1</sup> All these conditions are well fulfilled in the college buildings at Aberystwith. With the sea on one side, and an open space with grass and trees on the other, the museum would be placed in a clean and cheerful situation; whilst the unfinished portion of the building offers ample room for extension. In addition to the educational advantages which it would present to the students, it would become a means of instruction and recreation to the thousands of visitors who are attracted to Aberystwith during the season from all parts of the kingdom. The museum would thus enlist much wider sympathies than if placed in a town with a more fixed population; and the more widely the museum becomes known,

<sup>1</sup> Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Delivered at Norwich, August 19th, 1868, by Joseph D. Hooker, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc.

the greater will be the number of donations. Moreover, Aberystwith, by its central position, is well placed to receive contributions alike from North and South Wales, and thus to represent the entire Principality. But another consideration, not without considerable weight in determining the selection of a site, is to be found in the fact that the nucleus of a collection is already formed at Aberystwith. It must be confessed that, at present, the collections are but small. Yet the fact that donations are constantly being received shows that the museum, though young, is by no means friendless, and needs only to be better known in order to be better supported. Bearing in mind the efforts which have recently been made in the cause of liberal education in Wales, we may well believe that the museum, as an educational agent, will not be overlooked.

There can be no doubt that Wales does not at present possess a natural history museum which can be compared with those of many of the larger centres of population in England, say Liverpool or Manchester, Leeds or Bristol. But I believe that such a want needs only to be pointed out in order to be supplied. Emboldened by what has been done in the past, we are warranted to look hopefully to the future; confidently believing that, either at Aberystwith or elsewhere, we shall in the fulness of time possess a museum worthy of Wales, and of the fine possibilities that yet lie latent in the Principality.

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## THE CASTLEREAGH TOWER OF MACHYN- LLETH.

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ONE of the principal aims of the Society of Cymmrodorion must necessarily be the development of the fine arts in their practical uses and bearing upon the Principality. Among these, the architecture of our towns holds a prominent place. There are historic relics of a rare kind to be preserved from the Vandalism of the day, such as the so-termed Parliament Houses of Dolgelley and Machynlleth, the bridge of Inigo Jones at Llanrwst, the castles of Flint, Harlech, and Caernarfon, with other interesting objects. We do not mean, be it understood, that the Cymmrodorion presume to take these things under their charge. That would involve an expenditure which should be national. But they intend to exercise a moral guardianship by bringing their influence to bear, and by calling on the nation at large to join them, wherever the work of destruction or disfigurement is intended.

But it is with the Society's objects in the present that we have now to deal. It is, therefore, with no common pride that we notice the completion and inauguration of a beautiful clock-tower in the centre of the town of Machynlleth, which has been named the "Castlereagh Tower", in commemoration of the coming of age of the viscount of that name, the eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry.

The site of the tower is that on which the old Town Hall formerly stood—a building the demolition of which it is impossible to regret. It was neither ornamental nor useful. A nobler site could not have been chosen. The graceful structure consequently stands at the point of junction of the



three principal streets, and commands their length. Upwards of ninety feet in height, the tower rises from four elegant arches supported by columns of dove-coloured Anglesea marble. From these the shaft, perforated with loop-holes, springs upward to support the faces of the clock, and its ornamentation is rich and varied. At the sides of the clock faces are circular pinnacles finished with terminals. The tower is crowned with a spirelet surmounted by a vane. Our space will not allow us to enter further into the detail of the architecture. We can only add, that the whole is a beautiful and a graceful object in a by no means ordinary Welsh town.

The foundation stone was laid in 1874, and the completed building inaugurated on the 31st of August last. A Committee of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood had been formed to carry out the object, Mr. Howell of Dolguog being the Chairman.

The day of inauguration was one of continuous rain and storm, but the ardour of the men of Machynlleth was not to be damped. At the appointed hour a large company was assembled, among whom were the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Viscount Castlereagh, Lady Edwards, Mr. Howell representing the Committee, and others.

During a pause in the storm, Mr. Howell, addressing Viscount Castlereagh, alluded, in a concise and yet most telling oration, to a former meeting, when his Lordship laid the foundation stone of the tower they were that day met to inaugurate. He said that the Committee had aimed at two things—the erection of a building that would be of general utility to the inhabitants, and, at the same time, an ornament to the town, and he trusted that the Committee had attained both these objects.

The Viscount Castlereagh, in a speech of considerable feeling and eloquence, and amid loud and protracted cheering,

declared the inauguration complete. The Marquis of Londonderry afterwards addressed the assembly, and his address was received with great applause. The proceedings came to an end with a dinner in the Town Hall, over which the noble Marquis presided.

We congratulate Mr. Howell and his Committee on the happy termination of their protracted labours. They have set an example, in the beautifying of Machynlleth, which they, to whom the care of our large towns has been committed, will do well to follow. Not only have they erected a Town Hall, which, with its central and commodious market-place, is an edifice which few places with a similar population possess; but the wealthier inhabitants are vying with each other in the erection of a better class of private residence not at all out of keeping with the general character of the place. This is well. The last quarter of the nineteenth century has overtaken us, and the selfishness that prompted men to look well to their own property and homes, while they neglected the general order and beauty of their towns, will no longer be tolerated. The clock tower at Machynlleth stands as a beacon, not only to warn, but to light them on to similar efforts and success. It is not every town that may possess a Marquis of Londonderry or a David Howell; but a united effort, and an unselfish spirit, will of themselves work a great revolution.

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## THE INVOCATION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Answer me, burning Stars of night !  
 Where is the spirit gone  
 That past the reach of human sight,  
 Even as a breeze has flown ?

And the Stars answered me—" We roll  
 " In light and power on high,  
 " But of the never-dying Soul  
 " Ask things that cannot die."

O many toned and chainless Wind !  
 Thou art a wanderer free :  
 Tell me if thou it's place can find  
 Far over mount and sea ?

And the Wind murmur'd in reply,  
 " The blue deep I have cross'd ;  
 " And met it's barks and billows high,  
 " But not what Thou hast lost."

Ye Clouds that gorgeously repose  
 Around the setting Sun,  
 Answer, have ye a home for those  
 Whose earthly race has run ?

The bright Clouds answered, " We depart,  
 " We vanish from the sky ;  
 " Ask what is deathless in thy heart,  
 " For that which cannot die."

Speak then, thou voice of God within,  
 'Thou of the deep low tone!  
 Answer me through life's restless din,  
 Where has the spirit flown ?

And the voice answered, " Be thou still !  
 " Enough to know is given,  
 " Clouds, Winds, and Stars, *their* task fulfil,  
 " Thine is to trust to Heaven."

FEL. HEMANS, *June* 1826.Copied *July* 23, 1826.—W. O. P.

## Y GORALWANT.

TRANSLATED BY IDRISON (DR. W. OWEN PUGH).

Attebwch, danllyd Ser y nos,  
Yr Ysryd pa ei dra,  
Tu hwnt i dremiant dynol os  
Ehedodd fal y chwa?

Y Ser attebynt, "Ban mewn gwawl  
"A gallu treiglwn ni;  
"Ond am yr Enaid, oes di dawl,  
"Bytholion hola di."

Ti Wynt amrylef, eang daith  
A wyddost ti ei gor,  
Ei le, a pha ei drwydded maith  
Yn bell dros dir a mor?

Y Gwynt godyrddai ateb crwn,  
"Bum dros y dulas li,  
"Cyhyrddais donau uchel hwn,  
"Ond nid a gollaist ti."

Chychwi Gymylau, eirian blaid,  
O gylch machludiad haul,  
A feddwch gartref rhai o raid  
Y daeth eu rhed i draul?

Y cain Gymylau, hyn eu gwed,  
"O nen diflanwn ni,  
"I yn dy galon fythawl ged  
"Am ddiranc ceisia di."

Mynega yna, mew nawl lais,  
Er Duw mor ddwfn dy lef!  
O ddwys draferthion byd o drais,  
I ysryd pa ei dref?

Y llais atebai—"Taw! O Ner  
"Iawn wybod yw dy fri;  
"Ynt iawn Gymylau, Gwynt, a Ser;  
"Ar Nef hydera di."

CYFIEITHIAD IDRISON.

## THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD FOR 1876, AT WREXHAM.

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THE long-anticipated Eisteddfod has passed into the domain of history, and, in fulfilment of our promise, we record some of its more prominent features and work. The pavilion, erected at a cost of some eight hundred pounds, enfolded beneath its canvas an audience of at least eight thousand people. To enhance its acoustic properties an artistically-formed sounding-board had been erected over the platform. With its aid the voice of the speaker could be thrown into the farthest corners of the edifice. Mottoes, such as usually grace the pavilion of the Eisteddfod, floated above and around. And when the large area was filled, as on the chair-day under the presidency of Sir W. W. Wynn, it formed a scene of almost overwhelming grandeur. Something, it was felt, was wanting in the proportions of the structure. It was not so graceful as that of the previous year at Pwllheli. It lacked the elliptic arching that gave so distinctive a character to the Carnarvonshire pavilion; but its vastness and adaptation to its intended purpose amply compensated for its want of structural beauty.

Estyn, Mynyddog, and Llew Llwyfo conducted the proceedings. The principal instrumentalists were Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. John Thomas. Among the higher vocalists were Mesdames Edith Wynne, Patey, Kate Wynne Matheson, Misses Mary Davies, Lizzie Evans, Harries, Mary Jane Williams, Marian Williams, Maggie Jones Williams, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Eos Morlais, Sauvage, Lewis Thomas, etc.; the conductor being Mr. Mills

of Llanidloes. Where all were excellent, it seems invidious to point out particular persons. Madame Edith Wynne, however, seemed to excel herself, especially in her duets with the charming Madame Patey. Miss Mary Davies's winsome appearance and sweet vocalisation, Miss Lizzie Evans's rich voice, Miss Mary Jane Williams's sweet, modest demeanour and excellent singing, and Miss Marian Williams's execution, deserve all praise. Had we space we would lavish a panegyric on that excellent rising vocalist, Mr. James Sauvage. But Messrs. Lewis Thomas, Edward Lloyd, and Eos Morlais need no praise of ours. Neither will we attempt to speak of the three great instrumentalists. It will be enough to say that they fully sustained their high reputation. We must, however, add that Mr. Mills, as conductor, showed great talent and power.

The Gorsedd opened its proceedings on the morning of Tuesday, the 22nd of August, under the presidency of the Rev. T. Lloyd (Estyn), as Chief Druid, who delivered the opening address, and was succeeded by Mr. Brereton of Mold (Andreas o Fon), who moved the following resolution in behalf of the University College of Wales, viz. :—

“That in the opinion of the Welsh people in National Gorsedd assembled, the time has arrived for the recognition of the claims of higher or university education in Wales, by a Government grant to the National University College of Aberystwyth, and that a petition to that effect be presented to the Premier.”

Mr. Brereton added :—

Fellow countrymen—I appear before you this day as the exponent of an idea which finds an echo in every heart. We are, I think, pretty well agreed as to the want of a national university for Wales. And that it is expedient, without loss of time, to meet that want is an idea which has, long ago, commended itself to the great majority of my compatriots. The only difference of opinion which has occurred in dealing with the question has been as to the manner in which that want should be met. Two proposals have been submitted for public approval—one of which is a scheme for creating a university by

affiliating Lampeter and Brecon Colleges with the College at Aberystwyth,—and the other is a proposal so to increase the College of Aberystwyth as to make it worthy to take its place and able to discharge its duty as a National University, without affiliating with it any other colleges or schools whatever. And this latter scheme is the proposal which commends itself to my friends and me, and which by my resolution, I now ask this great meeting to adopt and approve. I think it essential to the efficiency of a Welsh national university that it should be kept clear of all political or theological strife, and the difficulty I feel in accepting the affiliation scheme arises from this—if we are to commence adding to our university such theological seminaries as Lampeter and Brecon, which belong to one particular church, why should we not add two colleges apiece for every other church in Wales? And if sects now existing are to be, as sects, represented at the University Board, how are we to exclude the Latter Day Saints, or any other new sect that may hereafter be introduced into Wales? I think that the more statesmanlike course to take is to eschew all hazard of introducing the *odium theologicum*, by founding our national university on the broad basis of science, literature, and art, leaving it to graduates therein, after taking their degree in literature and art, to perfect themselves for their respective professions by attending the inns of court, hospitals, or theological institutes, where law, medicine, and theology are made objects of special study. (Applause.)

Y Thesbiad (Mr. J. R. Elias, Pentraeth) seconded the resolution in a Welsh speech:—

He thought the resolution a good one and a reasonable one. They were entitled to such a recognition at the hands of the Prime Minister. Who was it that taught Alfred the Great his letters? A Welshman named Asher. Who was it that now attempted to keep the Welsh people out of the benefits of higher education? The Gorsedd and Eisteddfod had existed as educational means long before Oxford or Cambridge were known, and before memory the institution had existed, moulding the customs, habits, and literature of the people.

At this point of an excellent speech, the band heading the Corporation interrupted the speaker, who brought it to a close by quoting a number of very poetical Welsh lines.

Yr Estyn then introduced Mr. T. M. Williams, Inspector of Schools under the London School Board:—

Who announced that the resolution which had been proposed to the Gorsedd would be incorporated in a petition which would be taken as read, and would be at the Museum for signature during the Eisteddfod. He anticipated that now the Eisteddfod had identified itself with the cause of education, we might expect for it a far more glorious existence even than it had hitherto had, though he believed that the high culture and literary tastes of Welshmen were due to the influence of the Eisteddfod. For his own part, he did not found his reason for supporting the resolution, as did Y Thebiad, on our right to it; nor, on the other hand, as he had heard Mr. Henry Richard stating, "because we were a nice people." If we went to Parliament with such a plea as that, they would merely put us off with a well-turned compliment, and tell us that as we were such a very nice people we did not want a university. He advocated it on account of our being in need of it. The best Government is that which helps those who help themselves. We have already helped ourselves, and we want the grant to give the institution a public character. As one of the sons of the University College at Aberystwith, he could assure them that the work done there was efficient.

Yr Estyn then conferred the degree of Ovates upon Alarch Glan Dyfi and Ab Afon, after which the procession to the pavilion was formed, which was reached by ten o'clock. The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph took his seat as chairman of the day. An illuminated address was read and presented to him by Dr. Eyton Jones, the Mayor, who took the opportunity of bidding a hearty welcome to the congregated thousands before him to their good old town of Wrexham. The Bishop, in reply, spoke as follows:—

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen—I very sincerely thank the committee for the address and the kind words in which it is conveyed to me. It is very gratifying upon an occasion of this kind to have such words addressed to me. At the same time, I must acknowledge that, though gratifying, they fill me with the deepest humility; for I cannot but at once recall the memories of those great men who have filled this office before me with such distinction, with so much advantage to the Church and benefit to society at large. There were among them men who were not acquainted with our language, at whose feet I should have been content to sit to the last day of my life. When I remember that Beveridge once filled this seat; when I remember my immediate predecessor; or when I remember that learned and distinguished man who for many a



year wrote for the benefit of England as well as Wales, I mean Bishop Horsley; and when I go back to that great man referred to in your address, namely Bishop Morgan, with whom you might have coupled Bishop Richard Davies, who was himself a translator of a great portion of the Old Testament, and of a portion of the New into our language—and you are all aware that the translation we now have by Bishop Morgan is an incomparable translation, and that he has laid the Cymry under an obligation that they never should forget—I thank you very sincerely for the address which you have read to me.

It is a sound principle in the government, it is a sound principle in the management of the affairs of any country, not to sever the present from the past. There are countries now existing that have entirely broken with the past and they are reaping the sad results of their mistake; but the ancient Cymry give you an illustration here this day of the fixedness of this principle in their minds and of their determination to act upon it as long as divine Providence may continue to bless them as a people upon this earth. What we see here this day existed, shall I say, eighteen hundred years ago? I go still further back; it is said that bardism, as a part of the Eisteddfod, actually existed 750 years before the Christian era. (Cheers.) It has had its light and its shade—its bright and its dark side. We know that during the time of the Roman dominion the bards characteristically opposed any such intrusion into their land, and for that reason the Eisteddfod was put down, and the bards were silenced. We come further on and find a gleam of light breaking once more upon this ancient people; and we find that no sooner did that power begin to wane than the bard and the Eisteddfod once more came into view. And it is somewhat remarkable that when Arthur was anxious to resuscitate the energy and the zeal of his people, he called to his assistance Kentigern, founder of the see of St. Asaph, and also Dyfrig, or Dubritius, who was then Archbishop of Caerleon. It was at that time he established that remarkable institution of the Vord Gron, or the round table, and we know that for many a long year the Eisteddfod flourished and did much good. Again, the time came when our country was subjugated, and lost entirely its independence, and the Eisteddfod once more was placed in the shade, for, during the reign of Edward and his successors, such was the antagonism to the bards, and to the Gorsedd, that they were from that time put down, and persecuted, until the Tudor family came into power, when once more the bard, the druid, and ovate, and the Eisteddfod came to the front. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I think it is evident that Dr. William Morgan was a bard, for if he had not been one I hardly know how to account for the beauty which is so manifest in the whole of that incomparable translation of the Scriptures.

(Loud applause.) From that day to this the Eisteddfod has been going on, and is usefully employed for the advancement of the country. If we look into the principles and objects of the Eisteddfod we shall find it contains much deserving of our support, respect, and gratitude. (Hear, hear.) Its object, even in very early times, was to perpetuate the recollections of ancient traditions, usages, and historical facts, which otherwise would here, as in many other countries, have sunk into oblivion. Hence arose the practice of writing on the *Coelbren*, *Peithynen*, and the *Plagawd*. And, if we look round us at the mottoes of the Eisteddfod, we shall find that they embody the principles which it has been at all times anxious to inculcate and act upon towards the country to which it belongs. However, valuable as it is, highly as we esteem it, it has left much undone, and, to quote one of our mottoes, "Nid da lle gellir gwel", "Nothing is truly good that may be excelled." You must not rest satisfied, therefore. Let us for a moment glance at the present condition of our country in relation to the Eisteddfod. It is true that it has encouraged Welsh poetry: true that it has discovered native talent: true that it has developed that talent; and that there are many distinguished in literature and in many other respects who never could have come to the surface had it not been for the Eisteddfod. But granting all that, there is something still wanting. For if we look at it in relation to the nation to which we belong, we see that it has encouraged and promoted the cultivation of the Welsh language to an astonishing degree, indeed we cannot open a Welsh volume published in the present day without feeling thankful that men who had never had the opportunities of high culture vouchsafed to our brethren in England, can write so well, so clearly, and ably upon the subjects that they take in hand. However, we must admit this, standing as we now do in the close proximity of two Dykes—Offa's Dyke and Watt's Dyke—that there are dykes still existing, severing us as Welshmen from the great British nation, one which ought certainly to disappear. (Loud applause.) To illustrate what I mean, I will take Watt's Dyke as representing the idiosyncracies of the Cymry, their peculiar temperament, and, if you will, their customs and their habits. These possibly you can never efface. I believe that as long as the Cymry exist, you cannot utterly destroy their national characteristics. (Applause.) But there is another far deeper, far more difficult to get over, for crossing which at the present day we have not the appliances. I mean the disparity between the educational advantages possessed by the Principality, and those long enjoyed by our brethren in England. (Hear, hear.) We stand alone as compared with England; we stand alone as compared with Scotland; and we stand alone as compared even with Ireland. Their advantages are a hundredfold greater than those which we possess. It

is true that we are hedged round by our language; but our language need not stand in our way. We ask for no consideration being made in our National Schools for the Welsh lads or girls on account of their language. (Loud cheers.) Let them stand in open competition with any scholars throughout the length or breadth of England who are placed in similar circumstances, and I am not afraid of the results. (Applause.) Not only are they able to compete with them — (renewed applause)—but let them have the same opportunities in our national, British, or any other schools, and I maintain the Welsh lad and the Welsh girl will not only speak their own language, but they will be able to speak even the English language more correctly than those similarly situated in English counties. (Loud applause.) We ask for no advantage of that kind, but what we do plead for, what we do desire, is that we shall be enabled to efface Offa's Dyke between us and England, and that no disparity shall exist in that respect. (Applause.) We must have higher education, in order that Welshmen — (loud applause)—may have the same opportunities of learning as our brethren in England, Scotland, and Ireland. (Renewed applause.) Who are they who occupy the highest positions in our Government from time to time? Who now fills the highest post in the upper house of the Legislature? Who is so distinguished for his sound judgment and high official capacities as the present Lord Chancellor? And he received his education in Ireland, and enjoyed advantages denied to us in the Principality. Now, my friends, we not only stand in close proximity to these two dykes, the difference between us and our neighbours, but we also stand at no great distance from the site of an ancient institution, at which the Cymry became learned, and lighted their candles so as to be able to hold out a light to surrounding nations. I refer to Bangor Iaycoed, an educational institution at which upwards of two thousand people were at the same time residing. We have long been content to live amongst the debris of ancient institutions. His lordship then spoke a few sentences in Welsh, remarking that some of the Welsh mottoes would help them to carry this out. One was, "Nothing is truly good which can be excelled", and in their attempts to better themselves they should remember the old motto, "Heart to heart." They should work together. His lordship, resuming in English, said: I therefore sincerely hope that we shall be prepared to sink minor differences, and that we shall labour heart and hand to obtain for our own country those inestimable advantages of a higher education; and I trust that we shall thus advance in knowledge and virtue, and that in all we attempt, we shall not forget this important motto, "Gair Duw yn uchaf." (Loud applause.)

The awarding of prizes then followed. A list of which, with the names of the successful competitors, will be found further on.

During the morning's sitting, the large assembly stood up at the request of Canon Griffith, of Neath, to express their deep sympathy with the family of Mr. Johnes, of Dolycothi. That worthy and patriotic gentleman had fallen on the previous day by the hand of an assassin—his own butler.

Later on the President called on the Rev. D. Howell, the Vicar of Wrexham, to address the audience. He spoke as follows:—

My Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen—I cannot resist the request of the committee to say a few words on an occasion of such deep interest as the present to all well-wishers of Cymru, Cymro, a Chymraeg. We, of the clergy, are sometimes made to feel how hard it is to speak with any degree of interest, even on the best of all subjects, to an array of empty benches. On the other hand, such a scene as I have now before me—such a splendid spectacle of Cymric nationality, and, if I were twenty years younger I would add, of Cymric beauty—is more than sufficient to fire the heart and inspire the tongue of every patriotic Welshman, however humble his gifts may be. Such a scene, I think I may venture to say, could hardly be witnessed in any other part of the civilised world. For where else, except in dear old Wales—the land of the harp, the muse, and the mountains—could an assembly of several thousands, mostly of the working population—colliers, miners, quarrymen, and farm labourers—be brought together from long and weary distances to take part in a musical and literary competition, or to take an interest in those who so compete? Surely this of itself is a sufficient justification of our Eisteddfod. (Applause.) And, if anything more be wanted, it is fully supplied in the fact that the Eisteddfod brings the different sections of society together to one common platform, without the slightest sacrifice of either religious or political principle. (Applause.) In this respect it is doing a great and good work in bringing together Welshmen of all creeds and classes, religious and political, to unite in one common effort for the common good of our common country. And not only does the Eisteddfod do this, but it also brings the people and their representatives in the various departments of national life into happy contact with each other. And was there ever a time, I would ask, when it was more important that the people and their

leaders should be brought into frequent intercourse with each other than in this our own day? Half the estrangements between individuals and classes are simply the result of mutual ignorance of each other. (Hear, hear.) And again, I know few things so stimulating to the youth of a nation as to be brought face to face with those whose names have been household words to them from their very childhood. During this Eisteddfod week the youth of Wales will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing men who, as the descendants of some of the most honoured names in British history, or as illustrious senators, or as eminent in law and literature, in music and sculpture, in science and art, have written their names imperishably on the annals of the times. (Applause.) And I venture to think that an institution that does this in a manner so pleasing and interesting, is, in the truest sense, an elevating agency well deserving of encouragement from the great and good of our land. These, however, are only some of the indirect and secondary results of the Eisteddfod; and yet are they such as to claim the active sympathy and goodwill of all who are interested in the welfare of Wales. Moreover, does not the Eisteddfod serve to direct the ideas and tastes of the people in at least a healthy and innocent direction? Will it be said that an institution which brings into healthy rivalry in the different departments of literature, music, science, and manufactures, as is the case on the present occasion, no less than 2,270 competitors, is not doing a good work among the people of Wales? Regard it, if you will, simply as a means of popular recreation, and it is surely not undeserving of support at a time when debasing and sensual pleasures are more than ever the bane of our land. (Hear, hear.) In this respect it will, I think, bear a favourable comparison with the recreations of some of our neighbours over the border—not only with the dog-fights and cock-fights of the Midland counties, but with the more aristocratic exercises of pigeon-shooting and horse-racing. Granted, if you will, that there is much in the Gorsedd proceedings which is, to say the least, peculiarly primitive, and, perhaps, of questionable utility; but are not the ceremonies and mysteries of Freemasonry equally so to the uninitiated? And I will go further, and ask if a Gorsedd procession is not as edifying a spectacle as a Lord Mayor's show, for which the traffic of the greatest city in the world is interrupted during some of the busiest hours of the day? But it should never be forgotten that the Gorsedd, venerable and venerated as it is by many now present, is not a necessary part of the proceedings of an Eisteddfod, though usually associated with it. The Gorsedd, I believe, has reference to literature only; but the Eisteddfod, at least in its modern form, is intended to foster art, science, and manufactures, as well as music and poetry. And I need hardly remind you that some

of the most eminent of the friends and advocates of the Eisteddfod in recent times have been persons in no way connected with the Gorsedd. Standing here, on the platform of the Wrexham Eisteddfod, is it possible to forget that most able and eloquent defence of the Eisteddfod delivered from the platform of an Eisteddfod held in Wrexham some fifty-five years ago by that "Mitred Minstrel", whose honoured name will ever be associated with Wrexham, as having written in this place, and in the vicarage house in which it is my happiness to dwell, that missionary hymn—"From Greenland's icy Mountains"—which is known wherever the language and religion of England are known—need I say that I refer to the seraphic and sainted Bishop Heber? And need I recall the unanswerable arguments with which the Eisteddfod was advocated a few years later at the gatherings of the Cymreigyddion at Abergavenny under the auspices of the late Lord Llanover, of honoured memory, and of his happily still surviving lady, the most patriotic, the most eminently and fervently patriotic, Gwenynen Gwent? Some of you may still remember how the late Chevalier Bunsen, Hallam the historian, and others of illustrious memory, there pleaded with irresistible eloquence the claims of this time honoured Olympic of Wales. And at this, the first National Eisteddfod held since his deeply lamented decease, it would be unpardonable not to remember, and that with the deepest gratitude, the ever memorable speech delivered at the Swansea Eisteddfod some few years ago by that most enlightened, large-hearted, and liberal minded prelate, the late Bishop Thirlwall—who not only mastered the language of Wales, as he mastered everything he took in hand, with a marvellous degree of perfection—such perfection that I have myself heard him preach a Welsh sermon with much greater effect than he had just preached the same sermon in English—who not only, I say, acquired the language of Wales, but who studied and fostered the literature of Wales, and who, to my knowledge, was one of the most ready and bountiful benefactors which the poor literary men of Wales ever had. (Applause.)

The Vicar then addressed the audience in Welsh as follows:—

Gymry a Chymryesau.—Y mae yn bleser ac yn hyfrydwch o'r mwyaf genyf gael yr anrhydedd o gyfarch cynulleidfa mor lluosog o feibion a merched Cymru ag sydd yma yn bresennol yn Eisteddfod Gwreccsam. Y mae yn hysbys i'r byd mai nodweddion hynotaf ein hen genedl ni, y Cymry, yn mhob oes yw ein gwladgarwch, ein cenedlgarwch, a'n crefydd. Ac wrth weled y canoedd a'r miloedd sydd yn dylifo o bob parth o'r wlad—o eithafoedd Mon, ac o eithafoedd Gwent, Morganwg, a Dyfed—i gadw gwyl Eisteddfod Gwreccsam, ni a allwn haeru yn

ngwyneb byd a fu cariad y Cymry at eu gwlad, eu hiaith, a'u defodau, erioed yn wresocach, os mor wresog, ag yn ein hoes a'n hamser ni. Anaml y gwelir cenedl y Cymry i fwy mantais nag ar amser Eisteddfod fel y presennol. Yn mha fan arall o'n byd y ceir miloedd ar filoedd o'n dosbarth gweithiol—crefftwyr, mwnwyr, llafurwyr, a bwthynwyr tref a gwlad,—yn aberthu eu cyflogau, ac yn teithio ugeiniau o filldiroedd, i fwynhau peroriaeth, cerddoriaeth, a llenyddiaeth, fel y gwelir yr wythnos hon yn Ngwreccsam? Yn mha fan arall o'n byd, ond yn hen wlad anwyl y mynyddau, y delyn, a'r beirdd, y ceir 2,270 o gystadleuwyr ar byngciau llenyddol, cerddorol, a chelfyddydol, y mwyafrif o honynt o blith gwerin ein gwlad? Ac eto, fe geir yn Nghymru, ie, fe geir rhai Cymry, nad oes ganddynt braidd un amser air da i'r Eisteddfod, am ei bod, fel y tybiant, yn wrthwynebol i'r iaith Saesonaeg. Fe geir rhai yn Nghymru a fynant gysylltu pob rhinwedd a phob rhagoriaeth yn y nefoedd ac ar y ddaear a dysgu yr iaith Saesonaeg. Ond ai gwir yw fod y rhanau Seisnig o Gymru yn fwy moesol a rhinweddol na'r rhanau Cymreig o honi? Ai gwir yw fod sir Faesyfed, a'r parthau Seisnig o o sir Fynwy a sir Benfro, yn fwy euwog o ran addysg, masnach, a chrefydd, na'r siroedd gwir Gymreig, megys Meirionydd, Caernarfon, a Mon? Y gwir yw fod cryn nifer i'w cael yn Nghymru sydd fel wedi haner feddwi ar Saisaddoliaeth. Y mae genyf barch calon i bob Sais rhinweddol, ac i bob peth teilwng a berthyn i'r genedl Seisnig, ac nid oes neb o fewn cylch y deyrnas yn fwy awyddus na mi am i'r Cymry o Fon i Fynwy ddysgu Saesnaeg. Ac wrth ddysgu Saesnaeg a oes angenrheidrwydd i'r Cymro i wadu ac anghofio ei hen Gymraeg? Y mae hen ddywediad yn sir Forganwg i'r perwyl hwn, mai "gwell dau nag un i bob peth ond i fwyta bara pan y mae yn brin." Ac onid yw yn fantais i filwr ar faes y gwaed fod ganddo ddwy saeth at ei fwa, a dau offeryn wrth ei law? Cofiwn, gyfeillion, mai nid peth dibwys yw difrodi iaith sydd yn un o ieithoedd henaf y byd, iaith sydd wedi bod, ac yn para i fod, yn iaith yr un genedl am fwy na dwy fil o flynyddau—iaith sydd wedi bod yn gyfrwng addoliad a mawli i filiynau sydd uchaf heddyw yn y drydedd nef—iaith fu am ganrifoedd yn iaith yr orsedd a iaith y bwthyn, iaith y brenin a iaith y cardotyn—yr iaith drwy yr hon y gwefreiddiwyd Cymru ag ysbryd yr efengyl—iaith pregethau Llangeitho a iaith hymnau Pantycelyn—na, na, ond o waelod calon dywedwn, "Tra mor tra Brython."—"Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg." (Applause.)

#### THE EVENING CONCERT.

At half-past five o'clock, under most favourable circumstances, the first grand miscellaneous concert was held in the Eisteddfod pavilion.

The President, Sir Robert Cunliffe, on rising, said :—

When I look at the very long programme which is before us this afternoon, I feel sure it would not be the wish of the committee, and I cannot think it is yours, that I should detain you at any length ; but it is in the programme that I am to make an address, therefore I shall say a few words. I must, at the outset, congratulate you on the great success of this meeting, and the numbers by which it is attended (hear, hear). When I hear of the thousands that attended here this morning to do honour to the Welsh language and the ancient traditions of the country, I am reminded of that prophecy which pointed out that the Welsh people would have their will, that they would praise their speech, that they would keep their land, and that they would lose nothing except wild Wales. They have kept their speech, as we have seen to-day, and they have kept wild Wales, though it may be said Wales is not so wild as it used to be. The English railways have been laid down in many parts of the Principality, and we are now made to mingle with our English neighbours, which is well for both countries—(applause)—for the English have found that Wales has some very valuable commodities. Before I pass on any further, I have much pleasure in congratulating you on the successes of this Eisteddfod, and let me say a word concerning Eisteddfodau in general. I do not think that at a meeting like this, in the most important town in Denbighshire, we ought to pass over the mention of that Denbighshire worthy, Owen Jones—(loud applause)—who edited the *Myvyrian Archæology*, and it was the one scheme of his life to give permanence and publicity to the treasures of his national literature. He was, as you know, a man with a devout love of the Welsh language and poetry, and although a man of comparatively humble circumstances, the idea of spending much of his time in collecting together the remains of the ancient literature of his country was his love. He went to London, where he remained for about forty years, when he devoted his attention to preparing his *Myvyrian Archæology*, which is a most important collection of the national treasures of Wales. Having mentioned his name I will say a word or two about the Eisteddfod. Some eight or ten years ago the *Times* contained a leading article of a rather vicious nature on Eisteddfodau, and it said they were mischievous and selfish pieces of sentimentalism, and that its language was a curse to Wales. It is possible perhaps to make the Eisteddfod a matter of prejudice to the country, and it would be possible for people to attach too great importance to one side of the matter. What I want to say is that we are able to preserve and honour the Welsh language and at the same time to diffuse throughout the Principality a thorough knowledge of the English. (Applause.) That is a proposition which I hope will meet with your cordial assent, and it ought to go forth that



we do not occupy a hostile position to the English language, but that we wish it to live side by side with that more ancient one. These Eisteddfodau are valuable, and encourage a desire for most honourable tastes, and I trust they will encourage our English friends who do not know much about the Welsh language to study Celtic literature, for it is a part of scientific knowledge which has not been thoroughly searched into and explored. I will quote from Morley, an able English critic, who said "The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit, in which it has one of its sources. The Celts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed populations. But without the early, frequent, and various contact with the race that, in its half barbarous days, invented Oriain dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the northmen's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." English literature has been, so scholars tell us, in no slight degree influenced by the Celtic blood and literature. It has been said by those competent to express an opinion on the subject, that even rhyme, as one of the most important parts of modern poetry, has originated in Celtic literature. Now let me remind you that we are indebted not only to the English, but to the Welsh language also, for that which Shakespeare and Milton wrote. It is most desirable that the world in general should know that here in Wales we do not claim exclusively the Welsh language, but wish it may continue side by side with the English. (Applause.)

### WEDNESDAY.

The Druid at the Gorsedd this morning was the Rev. David Roberts of Wrexham. Degrees were again conferred. After which the Rev. Richard Parry (Gwalchmai) addressed the meeting. His excellent oration shall be given on a future occasion.

A procession was again formed, and at ten o'clock Major Cornwallis West, the appointed president, took his seat. Mr. John Jones (Solicitor) read the address. When this had been presented, the President, who was loudly applauded, spoke in the following terms:—

I assure you it is with no common feelings that I rise to thank you for the cordial manner in which you have received the remarks contained in the address, made, I am afraid, in a rather too flattering

manner by my friend Mr. John Jones. He has, in that address, alluded to my connection with a very ancient Welsh family. I do not deny that I am proud of that connection as much as any Welshman is proud of his ancient lineage; but at the same time I cannot forget, and none of you should forget, that in the days in which we live there is more than ancient lineage, birth, wealth, and position required to ensure for us success in life. (Applause.) There are numbers of Welshmen, and I have no doubt there are many present, who know that a successful career in life can only be secured by plodding industry, coupled with a cultivation of their talents. (Hear, hear.) I need not go far to find one who in my opinion is a typical Welshman—(applause)—and he is present—(renewed applause)—when I cast my eyes upon him I am very glad that after his many laborious and arduous duties in and out of Parliament he is present with us. I am glad to see him as one of those typical Welshmen who has worked his way, I may say, to the top of the tree, and who has got into a foremost place, and who is an example to a great many others. (Applause.) I will not, at this time, enter into the very recondite points which are so constantly touched upon from this platform. It is sufficient for me that this institution exists. I have heard an address this morning which—I am told, for unfortunately I could not comprehend it—enters in the most learned way into the whole subject of Eisteddfodau. I will not do so; it is sufficient for me that an institution of a perfectly unique character exists, and an institution which I believe exists simply that there may be that spurring on and that development of the intellect and culture of Welshmen which we are all here to-day to do our best to promote. (Applause.) The principal subjects dealt with at an Eisteddfod are, as you all know, music, literature, and the fine arts. With regard to the first, there cannot be a question of the success of this institution. We are all here to witness it, and we believe that there has been an immense amount of good done to the musical profession, and those who take to it. With regard to the literary efforts of those who come forward upon this occasion, I would suggest this, that the prize essays should be published, and not only published in the Welsh language, but I hope in the English language too. (Applause.) With regard to the third point, perhaps I shall have more to say, but in a very few words, because I am not going to detain you one moment longer than I can possibly help. There has been a number of pictures and other works of art, so called, sent for competition, and you will hear from the lips of Mr. Chaffers, the superintendent of the Art Treasures Exhibition, what the committee of that exhibition consider is worthy of a prize. But I would just like to say this, that I hope and trust, without giving

offence to anybody, that we shall see the standard of excellence in that department very much raised. (Applause.) There is one word that I should like to say with regard to that wonderful exhibition which, although I have had a very humble share in, has been brought to this town. (Applause.) I do hope and trust that every Welshman who has it in his power will visit that Exhibition—(applause)—and that it will not be said that contributors have sent their treasures of art to Wales in vain. I believe that an immense deal of humanising good can be done to every single man in Wales if he can only find time to visit the exhibition to see the wonderful produce of industry and mental power which is to be seen there. I am not going to say one word more except this, that I hope this meeting will not be prolonged to that extent that these meetings usually are. (Applause.) There is a motto up there, "He that hath anything to say let him speak," and there is an English motto, which is equally appropriate, "Brevity is the soul of wit." (Applause.) I trust that the gentlemen who have anything to say will confine their remarks to the smallest possible compass. In conclusion I would say, that I believe this institution is one that we should all support, because I believe that it is for the promotion of the devotion to self-culture which has so much to do with the interests and prosperity of individuals and nations. (Applause.)

The Rev. Robert Jones, Rotherhithe, remarked that—

History often repeats itself, and in this case he begged to recite the following englyn, written on a similar occasion more than fifty years ago—

"Omeriaid dyma ein mawrwaith—Eisteddfod  
*Wael* addfwyn y dalaith,  
 Gwalia 'n foneddig eilwaith,  
 Oes y byd o hyd i'n hiaith."

Prizes were then awarded to the successful competitors. After which Mr. Osborne Morgan, Q.C., M.P., was called upon by the President to speak. He said :—

I assure you I was quite unprepared for the unexpected call which has been made upon me ; nevertheless I will obey it. It gives me very great pleasure to be able to congratulate you on the appearance which this pavilion presents to-day. There were not a few persons who when the Eisteddfod was first proclaimed in Wrexham, doubted if Wrexham was not too English a soil for an Eisteddfod ; they thought we had got on the wrong side of Offa's Dyke, and prophesied that an Eisteddfod in Wrexham could not succeed. But I am very glad these prophets of evil are likely to turn out false—(hear, hear, and applause)—and I

am not sorry to see so many of my English friends here to-day, for they may both learn, and I may also be allowed to say, unlearn, something. I say 'unlearn', because there is a prevalent idea amongst the Sassenach that an Eisteddfod is held for the purpose of encouraging the Welsh and of discouraging the English language. A writer in a London paper, referring to Eisteddfodau, said they were used to galvanise a dying language and to retard the growth of a living one. If that were the chief object of Eisteddfodau I could not conceive an object more unpatriotic as well as more chimerical, because I am sure that any person who diligently sets to work to exclude our Welsh children from a knowledge of the language which has produced the clearest literature in the world—that of Milton, Shakespeare, Bolingbroke, and Burke—a language without which no man in these islands can aspire to fame or acquire wealth and power, would be a very false patriot; and let me tell you that if the Welsh language be really doomed, not all the bards and Eisteddfodau will avail to resuscitate it; but if the Welsh language is really the moribund thing which it is sometimes described to be, then, as Charles II said of himself, it is "an unconscionably long time in dying." I am not altogether a chicken, as you will allow, and I can recollect Wales for more than forty years, during which time the English language has been sedulously taught in every parish school. English capital has been poured like water into the very heart of the Principality; English colonies have sprung up in the neighbourhood of our railway stations and watering places, and yet I can confidently assert that if the numbers of persons who speak English in Wales are multiplied, the number of those who speak Welsh have not diminished. (Applause.) But I will observe that so far from any artificial stimulus having been used to keep up the Welsh language, the inducements, such as they were, were all the other way. I must say, as I have before, that the spread or decay of a language is really quite independent of artificial influences. Without going the length of my friend Professor Max Müller, who thought he could deduce the religious belief of a nation from the structure of their language, I maintain that a man is no more responsible for the language he speaks than for the colour of his hair, or the size of his skull. Viewed from this point, the Welsh language is only the natural outcome of the Welsh character—of that deep nationality which God has written in the hearts and minds of our countrymen, with a hand as legible as that with which He has traced the green windings of our gentle slopes, or the fantastic forms of our rugged mountains. The extinction of a language which has struck its roots so deep, and which is protected by such natural barriers, can only be the work of generations, if not of centuries. There are many people

who think it would be well to translate the Eisteddfod into English, and put on it a Saxon dress; but that would be like putting a tail coat on the Apollo Belvedere, or dressing up the Venus de' Medici in a tied-back skirt. The best agriculturist is the man who understands what his soil will produce; if the soil will produce nothing but leeks, why, then you must make the best of the leeks. (Loud applause.) Let me tell you, too, that your leeks are not a bad thing in their way. I venture to think that the Eisteddfod is the most humanising, aye, and the most elevating form of entertainment that any people have invented for themselves since the days of the ancient Greeks. (Applause.) It knows that it has its weak side, at which our English friends are quite welcome to laugh if they please. I see many representatives of the English press before me. I hope they will take what I am going to say in good part, as it is certainly meant in good part, because I know if they don't I shall be the worse for it. (Laughter.) But I venture to say that so long as our English contemporaries are obliged to keep a kicking column in order to chronicle the assaults of husbands upon wives, aye, and the assaults of wives upon husbands, I think we Welshmen may thank God that our eccentricities do not run in that direction. (Applause.) We have our revenge in the charges of every judge who enters North Wales, and who tells you that when he crosses the Dee he passes from darkness to light. (Laughter and applause.) We have our revenge in the state of our prisons, where, I believe, the warders sometimes out-number the prisoners. (Applause.) I recollect the condition of two county prisons not long ago. The one in Merionethshire had its gates standing wide open; the other had one prisoner, but she was an Irish woman. (Loud laughter.) That fortunate old lady actually monopolised for six months the tender attentions of a governor, a chaplain, a matron, and a whole army of minor officials. (Loud cheers.) Point to me, if you can, any section of her Majesty's dominions where working classes so fully appreciate the blessings of a sound education. Point to me, if you can, any section of her Majesty's dominions where the working men, like the quarrymen of Festiniog, club together their hard earnings to found a scholarship for clever boys. (Applause.) Point to me, if you can, a single section of her Majesty's dominions where a national university is supported, not like the universities of Scotland and Ireland by the National Exchequer, but literally by the pence of the people. I hold in my hand an interesting document, it is the report of the University College of Wales for last year. (Applause.) It tells you that the temporary sustentation fund collected chiefly, but not entirely, in Nonconformist chapels in Wales in the month of October last actually amounted to the sum of £3,138 17s. 6d. But that is not all.

Of that sum considerably more than half was collected in sums under 2s. 6d. from nearly one hundred thousand persons. And I am right in saying that our university, unlike even the Scotch universities, about which Scotchmen boast, and rightly boast so much, is literally supported by the pence of the people. (Applause.) Well, you may say, what has all this got to do with the Eisteddfod? I think it has a good deal to do with the Eisteddfod, because it is the Eisteddfod which has cultivated in the hearts of Welshmen that sense of self-culture which makes them prize education, and makes them willing to make sacrifices for it. A great French philosopher once said that he preferred to judge of the natural character of a people by their amusements rather than by their laws, because their laws were often made for them, whereas they made their amusements themselves. Now, I wish Montaigne could come into this pavilion, and then walk through the streets of an English town on a fair day. I remember, not long ago—I have told the story before, but if you will allow me, I will tell it again, because it has the advantage of being true, which all stories have not—going through the suburbs of a large English town on a bank holiday, I took a note of the amusements of the people. They consisted of a donkey race, a race in sacks, a peep show, a game of kiss in the ring, and another donkey race. (Laughter.) It is really painful for me to walk through the streets of an English manufacturing town, and to see no popular amusement provided for the people except the public-house and a penny gaff. (Applause.) Why, I want to know, how is it possible that violence and brutality can help flourishing in such an atmosphere? It is all very well to ascribe these things to drink. That no doubt is true, but allow me to say that it is only half the truth; for if on the one hand drink brutalises men, as it unquestionably does, we must not forget that it is the presence of brutal instincts, or rather, I should say, the absence of refining and softening influences, which drives men to drink in the first instance. (Applause.) I know that the noblest efforts have been made by philanthropists to provide the English labouring people with better means of amusement; I know that a great step has been made in that direction; libraries have been opened, museums have been collected, public parks and public recreation grounds have been opened by scores, but let me tell you that there is this difference between these institutions and Eisteddfodau; these institutions are artificial productions, which require to be carefully planted and tended and watched; but the Eisteddfod is as much the natural growth of the soil as the heather that grows upon the mountain side—(applause)—it is the work of the people themselves. Therefore, let me tell our English friends who may come here, and who at first may be disposed to ridicule these entertainments,

that the literary and artistic efforts which these Eisteddfodau foster, rude and imperfect though they may be, have nevertheless weaned thousands from low and sensual pleasures, and have given them a taste for the beautiful, and a nobler and purer idea of the ideal; and when they reflect upon that, I am sure they will agree with me that the Eisteddfod is by no means a thing to be despised or laughed at, and I think some of them may go so far as to regret that this Eisteddfod cannot be transplanted into Saxon soil. (Loud applause.)

In the course of the morning Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia) in delivering an adjudication, said, he regretted that the country gentlemen of Wales did not encourage the cultivation of harp-playing by having harpists at their own homes. The late lamented and patriotic Welshman, Sir Hugh Williams, of Bodelwyddan, kept one until the day of his death.

#### EVENING CONCERT.

On Wednesday the second concert took place, when the Mayor, Dr. Eyton-Jones, accompanied by several of the aldermen and councillors, took his seat. He spoke with considerable enthusiasm to the following effect:—

Though upwards of 1,300 years have elapsed since the first great Eisteddfod was held in Conway, we may predict, from the sight we see before us to-night, that the Eisteddfod will still live for many generations to come, and that certainly none of our children will ever see it die out. (Applause.) We may be assured of this, seeing that it has survived probably two conquests—Roman and Saxon—(renewed applause)—and though repressed for a period of nearly 600 years the Eisteddfod still shows itself to be as vital, as healthy, and as full of earnestness as ever it has been in the history of Wales. (Applause.) There can be no doubt that our Welsh Olympiad will see a longer existence than that of Greece or Rome ever did. It is based on fairer principles; its aim is to advance the enlightenment of the understanding, and to foster all objects which can tend to benefit the community at large. (Applause.) But yet, when I ask what has been the history of these Eisteddfodau, I am constrained to say I can find but very little literature to account for all the labour that has been gone through. If Eisteddfodau are to flourish we must have some impressions in the future left of these great meetings—(hear, hear)—and we must have these impressions placed in some institution which the Welsh people can

call their own. (Loud applause.) We must have more than that. We must have translated into Welsh all the best standard works in the world, whether they relate to social, religious, or scientific subjects—(renewed applause)—if the Welsh are to be educated in their own language properly, so that they can compete in all matters with the different nations around them. We have that great institution at Aberystwith (the University College of Wales) which is one that does, will, and shall commend itself to the hearts of Welshmen; for it has sprung from the masses of the Welsh people, it belongs to them, and is supported by them, and they will support it; whatever the higher orders of the people may say they will make that institution their own, because, as yet, we have never had one belonging to the masses of the Welsh people. (Applause.) We can see that the persecution which has been directed to crush the Welsh language has tended rather to keep it up, and to support Eisteddfodau, whilst other languages, without that persecution, have disappeared; and so it will be with our institution. (Applause.) Let bishops occupying the sees cast whatever imputations they like on our college, the people will only love their institution the more, and we shall see that it will be the university of the people of Wales. I do say, speaking as a Welshman, born in a town in Merioneth, that when England is asking for £200,000 towards assisting its universities, and when Ireland is asking for £100,000 for a museum, that our request is but a moderate one—for £20,000 to assist a university that shall be accessible to the great masses of the Welsh people. You may be told that they who wish for higher education should go to Oxford or Cambridge. But let me ask you whether, with all your love for enlightenment and knowledge, you have the means of sending your children there to pay hundreds of pounds a year to professors, tutors, and others? If you have an institution at home you can give them a similar education, which will be within the reach of all, that will enable them to compete successfully with their brethren throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. (Loud applause.) You may go into that beautiful exhibition of art in this town, and you can see that the effects of such an education on Wilson was that the Welshman can rival, with proper tuition, any of his opponents; and whilst Wilson did so as a painter, Gibson succeeded similarly as a sculptor; and cannot we see that the Eisteddfodau have created a nightingale that can sing equal to any *prima donna* in the world. (Loud and continued applause.) Have we not seen that the training of Miss Mary Davies—(applause)—has enabled her to carry off the first prizes offered by the Royal Academy of Music? (Renewed applause.) If the British people, if the Government would but recognise the claims of Wales, which has done less in vice than any of the sister kingdoms,



they would see it is their duty to give a handsome donation to assist the University College of Wales. (Loud applause.) I hope everyone who loves the Eisteddfod and his country will never lose sight of this institution, and that all will make it known that it is the duty of Welshmen to assist Wales to have a university of its own. (Cheers.)

### THURSDAY.

The Gorsedd this morning was attended by a large crowd of spectators. The same ceremony was gone through as on previous days. Degrees were again conferred, and the Eisteddfod of 1877 proclaimed to take place at Carnarvon.

The chief feature, however, of this morning's proceedings outside the Pavilion, was the large and influential concourse of people who formed the procession to conduct Sir W. W. Wynn to the arena of the Eisteddfod. It proved that the devotion of the Cymry to the House of Wynnstay was in no ways abated. Sir Watkin took the chair at the same opening hour as on previous days; and Dr. Williams read and presented him with the address. After which, and when the loud plaudits had ceased, Sir Watkin spoke as follows:—

Dr. Williams, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am extremely glad to see so large an assembly before me to day, and I was also very glad to see the large assembly that came here to welcome your worthy bishop on Tuesday. The benefits accruing from the Eisteddfod, and from a perpetuation of the Welsh language, have been alluded to by many who have preceded me on this platform, and who have much more eloquence than has been granted to me. Therefore, I will not discuss those points; but I should like to mention some of the advantages that have resulted from the Eisteddfodau. I know there are many before me who have not had the advantages arising from birth, but who have been able to raise themselves in the profession of art. You heard here yesterday Miss Mary Davies, who, you know, is one of those who have been brought forward by the Eisteddfodau. (Applause.) You heard also the powerful voice of Eos Morlais; and you have also enjoyed the presence of the son of one of my tenants, Mynyddog—(applause)—who, I believe I may say, has relinquished the carpenter's bench to become one of the great men of the Eisteddfodau. (Laughter and loud applause.) You likewise heard the playing of Elias Davies, and you have also heard

many of his pupils, who, I hope, will equal him in their success in their profession. And then I may refer to one, who, though I mention last, is certainly not the least; she is well-known over all England, and comes from a town not far from this neighbourhood—I mean Miss Edith Wynne. (Applause.) I think it my duty to express my extreme regret that the exertions which my friend the Duke of Westminster and myself underwent last autumn were not successful in inducing the Prince of Wales to come into this part of the Principality. His Royal Highness has not, I believe, visited this part of the Principality. He certainly visited the town of Carnarvon, where the title of Prince of Wales was created, still that town is a great distance from this part of Wales. When I look at this important district, and this town, which has so rapidly increased in importance within my own memory, I think it would have been well if his Royal Highness had been able to come amongst us. With reference to the extent to which the Eisteddfod promotes the continuance of the Welsh language, I know that those whom I am now addressing are well acquainted with the beauties of that language, and would be glad, as I should, to see it maintained; still I must remind you of the fact that a diversity of tongues was a punishment imposed upon the world after the deluge. (Laughter.) However, I think it very advisable that the people should know both languages well, so that they may be able more successfully to gain that livelihood which their position in life compels them to seek. (Applause.) I have heard from the Deputy-Chief Constable of Denbighshire (Mr. Bradshaw) some gratifying information, which I have no doubt you will also be glad to learn. It is a well-known fact that large gatherings of people have evil as well as good results, and some of the occurrences on such occasions are such as to cause deep regret. But Mr. Bradshaw tells me that notwithstanding the large gatherings of the past few days not a single person has been taken to the lock-up. (Loud applause.) There is this difference between the Welsh and English people. Whenever the English meet together in great numbers, things occur which we must all deplore; but it is not so when the Welsh meet, as they have done this week in this town. (Applause.) I will not trouble you with any further remarks. There is a very long programme, and I will say nothing further beyond thanking, for myself and Lady Williams Wynn, the committee most heartily for the address which has been presented to us; and I wish I really merited the encomiums contained in it. (Applause.) I trust that the meeting to-day will be as successful as the two that have taken place under the presidency of the Lord Bishop and the worthy Lord-Lieutenant. (Loud applause.)

During an interval in the proceedings, the Dean of Bangor, who seemed straitened by the short period of five minutes

only that had been granted to him to address the meeting, made the following remarks:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen—It is a difficult thing to make a speech upon any subject five minutes in length. I shall endeavour, however, to compress my remarks within the limits assigned me. We are here at a great national gathering which is characteristic in an especial degree of the Welsh people. There are two institutions that symbolise the leading characteristics of the Welsh people. These characteristics are religion, and their love of poetry and music. Now the religious houses and places of worship in Wales are to be seen in every valley and on every hill side. I trust that the Welsh people will always be distinctively religious; I trust they will always retain that characteristic which is symbolised by the Eisteddfod, their patriotism, and their love of music, poetry, and literature. We are not here for any narrow exclusive purposes; we are not here, as Mr. Osborne Morgan told us in his eloquent speech yesterday, to use any artificial means to perpetuate a language if it is doomed. I am not going into any question as to whether the Welsh language is destined to live or is destined to die; but I will plead for it that it should be treated with respect, that it should be treated with honour. (Applause.) Any language is a great gift from God to man, and the Welsh language has been a great gift. Even if it is to die I maintain that it should be treated with honour in its old age, and the efforts that have been made in the past to kill the Welsh language have done a great deal of harm. They have not killed it, but they have planted in Wales the root of much bitterness and much evil. Treat the Welsh language, even if doomed to die, as you would treat an old man who has lived an honourable life. (Applause.) You should not kill an old man; you should not reason, saying, if he was out of the way there are many material advantages that we should gain. You cannot act upon that principle, and get rid of that man's life by unfair means without bringing down upon yourselves a curse; and it is the same with an ancient language. You cannot use unfair means to remove it without bringing a train of evils upon yourselves in consequence. Now, if you kill it at all, you should kill it with kindness; and I will say that that process has to some extent been adopted at this Eisteddfod. The prize that was given by Mr. Osborne Morgan for the translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, induced no fewer than thirteen competitors to translate that book into Welsh, and I think that the men who translated that book could not have spent weeks, possibly months, in that work, studying one of the most beautiful pieces of English, without learning English, without drinking in English ideas and forms of thought; and if the Welsh

language in the minds of those men loses its power and to some extent decays and dies, it will be due to the kindness of the member for the county in giving that prize. (Cheers.) I will only say one word more in English. I rejoice in the Eisteddfod because it brings together all our social leaders. I would remind the aristocracy of this country and of every other country, if I may be allowed to do so, with due deference and respect, that no aristocracy can have a true and noble life unless they are in living sympathy and contact with the people amongst whom they live—(applause.)—the aristocracy who are, as the meaning of the word signifies, the “best of the people”. The aristocracy are to the people what the flower is to the stem and the bush upon which it grows. If the flower is cut away from the bush, from its connection with the root that draws out the vital power from the soil, though it be kept in water, or even rose water, yet it will die and wither and become worthless. And so an aristocracy who keep aloof from the people, without drinking in the thoughts of the people amongst whom they live, will become effete and morally feeble, and will lose the nobleness of their highest and best life. (Applause.) And I rejoice in the Eisteddfod, because it brings together the true leaders of the people and the masses amongst whom they live. (Applause.) The Very Rev. the Dean then briefly addressed the assembly in Welsh.

Further adjudications took place, after which Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., M.P., addressed the audience. He said :—

Sir Watkin, Ladies and Gentlemen—I was in hopes of not being called upon to address this large assembly, and when I heard my friend the Dean of Bangor addressing you, I made sure that I should not be called upon to say a single word. I therefore felt extremely happy. But now, having been called upon against my will, I feel extremely unhappy, and really unable to say anything which must be so curtailed as to be contained in some five minutes. Having mentioned the name of my friend the Dean of Bangor, I must say that in many things I differ from him, and amongst others with regard to the Welsh language. I think that the Welsh language will out-live every person that is now living—(cries of “Clywch”, and applause.) I believe that the Welsh language, instead of losing ground, is gaining ground—(applause.)—and I am not one of those who ask for kindness to a poor, miserable language, which like a withering old man is about to die. Neither the Welsh language nor the Welsh people are going to die. (Applause.) We have been down in the world as a people. The language has for many long years appeared as if it was gradually withering away; but of late the Welsh people are gaining ground, and the Welsh language is gaining ground too. Some fifty years ago how many men were there in Liverpool

speaking the Welsh language? There were very few indeed. But how many are there now? About thirty or forty thousand who speak it. Look at America. How many scores of thousands of people are speaking it? In America now they continue to speak the Welsh language, and I do not think that it is going to die. I for one will do all in my power (which is extremely little) to extend a knowledge of English amongst all the Welsh people. I should like to see every man, woman, and child in Wales speaking English as well as they speak Welsh, and I believe that will be the result of the educational establishments which are being set on foot. And allow me to say that I differ from the Dean of Bangor in another matter, and I am afraid I differ from a good many in this assembly about it—and that is the University College of Wales at Aberystwith. I would not have mentioned that now had it not been made a part of the programme of this Eisteddfod, for I understand that a part of the proceeds of the Eisteddfod is to be devoted to that establishment. I am sorry to read that my friend the Dean of Bangor does not agree with us in that movement. I hope he will do so, and I think he will come to see it is a right movement. (Applause.) It met with strong opposition; there were very few, and very few of the clergy, who said a good word in its favour at its commencement; but I see an old friend of mine in the pavilion—one of the staunchest clergymen of the Church of England—who has been a friend of the University of Wales from the beginning: I refer to the Rev. Robert Jones, of Rotherhithe. (Loud applause.) He has been a friend indeed of the institution from the commencement, when the world was turning its face against the movement; but now we find we have got bishops supporting us, and we shall very soon have deans also—(laughter and applause)—and I hope that soon our worthy chairman, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., will do so. I believe we have him already at heart supporting this movement. It is not an exclusive movement, it has no Toryism in its constitution, it has no Whigism either. It is simply a movement for the benefit of the Welsh people and it is a movement that is neither confined to Church nor Dissent. The institution opens its doors to Churchmen, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics alike. It is open to all, and it is time we should make up our minds to this—that any institution that will be generally beneficial to a country like Wales must be of a Catholic nature, it must be open to all without any distinction whatever. (Applause.) Whatever our prejudices may be, whatever our inclinations, we are bound to look at existing facts, and the existing facts are these, that we have in this country a population divided in religious matters into perhaps half a dozen different portions, and those divisions will continue. We cannot prevent their existence, they will continue whatever we may say or do, and whatever is done for the benefit of the

Welsh people must be done with a view to the divisions that may exist. However desirable it may be to do away with these divisions, all we can do is to treat the population as we find it, and have an institution for that population such as will suit the population itself and be a benefit to it. (Applause.) Sir, I hope and trust I am not trenching upon any rule of this Eisteddfod by saying that I hope every member of Parliament will unite in asking the Government, whatever that Government may be, for a grant for that college. (Applause.) I feel sure of this, that if we in Wales, if we Welsh members will all agree unanimously to make the request, no Government, whether it be Whig or Tory, can long refuse. (Hear, hear, and applause.) And I should be glad if you, in this great assembly, were to give some expression to a unanimous desire that such an application should be made to the Government, and made in the name of the Welsh people. (Applause.) I cannot do better than request that Mynnyddog should ask you for an expression, which your worthy chairman, I am quite sure, will convey to the Prime Minister. (Loud applause.)

The Dean of Bangor :

I shall not keep the attention of the meeting for more than one minute. I merely wish to say that I am not an opponent.

The chair prize was awarded this morning, and the following interesting scene took place. It was adjudicated to the person bearing the feigned name of "Eusebius." Mynnyddog came forward, and asked whether "Eusebius" was present. The question was repeated, when a voice from the corner on the right hand side of the platform answered that he was. A young man got up, and walked towards the platform, saying he was not "Eusebius," but his representative. Whereupon Mynnyddog told him to stop where he was, and walking in that direction, returned in a few minutes, saying that "Eusebius" was the late Thomas Jones, of Llangollen, better known to Wales and the Welsh by his *nom de plume*, "Taliesin o Eifion," who died some months ago. The conductor added that he forwarded his poem to Wrexham on the very day that he died, and his dying words were—"Ydyw yr awdl wedi ei danfon yn saff?" "Is the poem sent safely away?" Under such circumstances the repre-

sentative would not be chaired, but the bards would retire to one of the waiting rooms to assume some sort of mourning.

The bards then departed, and in a few minutes returned, headed by Hwfa Mon and Gwalchmai, who led Mr. J. R. Elias—Y Thesbiad—who carried the prize awarded to the victor on a small black cushion. The procession walked slowly to the front of the platform, and Y Thesbiad deposited the cushion upon the vacant chair, which during their absence had been covered with a pall. Having done that, the whole re-assumed their positions around the chair, and Gwalchmai came to the front saying he had been requested to recite the following englynion which he had composed :—

Deuai ymgais di-amgen—Eusebius  
Hybarch ar awdl Elen,  
A dawn bardd i'w godi 'n ben  
I drwyadl gadair Awen.

Adwaedd iaith bedyddio yw—rhoi mawredd  
Ar y meirwon heddyw :  
Swydd odiaeth Gorsedd ydyw,  
Graddio 'r bedd ag urddau 'r byw.

Taliesin o fin ei fedd—ragorodd  
A'r gewri 'r gynghanedd,  
A chael drwy gynnrychioledd  
Barhaus hawl i wobr ei sedd.

#### THE EVENING CONCERT.

The Concert on Thursday evening was presided over by Mr. Osborne Morgan, Q.C., M.P., when the honourable member made another effective speech.

#### FRIDAY.

The proceedings at the Gorsedd were of the same character as on the previous days. Degrees were again conferred on candidates who presented the certificates of the bards appointed by the Vord Gron to examine them. The

procession reached the pavilion at the same hour as before, and the Honourable G. T. Kenyon took the chair. The address was read and presented by the Town Clerk, Mr. John James, amid considerable applause. Mr. Kenyon said in reply:—

Mr. Town Clerk, Ladies and Gentlemen. — Let me first of all thank you very sincerely for the gratifying reception you have given me this morning, and for the very flattering notice you have taken of the very little qualifications or capabilities I may have for filling this post. I prefer to say as little as possible of myself; I will only say I will yield to none of my predecessors who have occupied the chair in my love for my native country, and for its institutions; and who that has been born within the limits of this beautiful land of Wales can fail to take the deepest interest in its welfare and in that of its institutions? I am one of those persons who think that the physical and natural features of a country have a great deal to do with determining the moral character of its people. (Applause.) It was, I think, a remark of the great philosopher, Goëthe, who said, "Let no man think that he can combat the first impressions of youth. If a man has been brought up in enviable freedom, surrounded with all that is beautiful and noble, and associated with men of high and honourable character, he will lead a purer and more perfect life than one who has not had similar opportunities." (Applause.) And is not this especially the case with the Welshman? There are surrounding him the beauties of mountain and flood, and he is associated with all that is beautiful in nature and grand in scenery, and it would be a wonder if the effect on his moral character did not render him a purer and holier, and more honourable man. (Applause.) It may be a somewhat fanciful comparison, but I have thought sometimes there was something in the fact that in the very earliest times, of which we have any record, almost the first great visitation of the Almighty on sin, was upon the cities of the plain, and you will seldom find that the children of the mountains have been found in the catalogue of those who have committed any great and serious crimes. (Applause.) The association of the mountains, the hills, and the trees, draws us nearer to that Eternal Power who is as well the God of nature as he is the God of man. As has been said beautifully by one of our greatest poets—

Mid broken cliffs, and roar of rolling floods,  
And horror-breaking gloom of sunless woods,  
On cloud-capped mountains ne'er by mortal trod,  
Awe-struck we nearer see the parent God.

Ladies and gentlemen, it has been the habit with the English papers



very much to disparage these Eisteddfodau. I think that has only been done from an ignorance of what these Eisteddfodau are bringing about. Any one who will take the trouble to study the history of the Eisteddfod during the last century, will find the history of the Eisteddfod is in truth the history of progress and art in this country of Wales—(applause)—and if we compare it with any similar institution in ancient and modern times, I think we shall find that there is only one institution in history that comes near the Eisteddfod of the present day, and that is the festival of the Olympic games in the ancient days of Greece. Nothing since the time of the Olympic games can hold a candle to the Eisteddfod in Wales. (Applause.) Why, the Roman festivals, the Saturnalia, the Lupercalia, were nothing but excuses for riot and licence; and who would compare the peaceful Eisteddfod of our day with the mummeries of the Roman Carnival, or the atrocities of the Spanish bull-fight? (Applause.) No, these Eisteddfodau are, I think, some of the greatest institutions that we have, and I may say this of them, that, to my mind, one of the strongest points that recommend them to our notice, is the refining and purifying effect they have upon us, and the way they tend to make us forget in the presence of them our little minor differences. When we see politics sunk, religious animosities silenced, bitter and wordy controversies exchanged for contests in music, science, and art, I say these Eisteddfodau hold a very proud position among the festivals of modern Europe. (Applause.) And I will go so far as to say, that I believe that, in a country where these peaceful contests have taken so deep a hold upon the feelings of the people, it would have been impossible that those tales of horror which we have been reading during the last summer, those tales which made the heart's blood of every man with a humane heart run cold in his veins—of course I mean the massacre of the Christian subjects in Bulgaria—I say it would have been impossible that scenes of such bloodshed and riot could have taken place in this our peaceful land. (Applause.) The question has been asked during the present week, Why is it that these Eisteddfodau are so popular? I think the answer is one which has been given before, and I believe it to be the right one—because they are a national institution. (Hear.) Think for a moment, would it be possible to establish such a thing as this Eisteddfod in England? You might as well put a Welshman to play the bagpipe, or turn Sir Watkin into a Scotchman with a kilt. (Loud laughter.) And let no man despise this intense feeling of nationality. It has been said recently by a great statesman, that we are becoming too cosmopolitan and too little national. But, however this may be, I believe that the great propelling, the great moving spirit, is still that deep and intense feeling of nationality which

characterises Welshmen. (Applause.) Look at the history of modern Europe during the present century. What else was it but that deep attachment to the history of the past, that recollection of the deeds of a country's heroes, which have effected the three great changes—I would almost say the three great miracles—in the history of modern Europe; I mean, of course, the independence of Greece, the unification of Italy, and the consolidation of the German Empire. (Applause.) What has effected these but the soul-stirring spirits of men who recollect what their country was before, and who desire to renew in their times the glory of their ancient land. (Applause.) What is Bismarck? what was Cavour? what is Garibaldi? but a living embodiment of that glorious idea so beautifully told us by our own poet, Byron—

Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Tho' often lost is ever won.

(Applause.) And Wales, too, has a history, a stirring history, full of incident and full of pathos; but, as the legendary history so beautifully sung to us by our own great poet, the legendary history of Arthur, whose glory was the redressing of human wrong, shows us a history of conquest and reconquest, ever connected with the sad and tragic story of Llewelyn. Shakespeare has told us of her later history, and brought before us the bold independence of Owain Glyndwr. It is true that the chapter is closed. Wales now rests secure under the shadow of her ancient enemy. She now rests secure, the most peaceful, loyal, and contented of her Majesty's dominions. But she may yet boast of the more peaceful achievements of her sons. She may yet recall the glories of her ancient poets—of Aneurin, of Taliesin. She may boast of her lawgiver, the great Welsh Justinian—Hywel Dda. She may boast of her historians—Giraldus Cambrensis and Humphrey Lloyd. In later times, in the law, she might boast of the triumphs of Sir Leoline Jenkins and Lord Keeper Williams, and a host of other worthies, who, in every capacity and profession, have served their common country. Surely, the recollection of these great men, and of these associations, must tend to ennoble and refine the human mind, for

To dwell with noble forms  
Makes noble through the sensuous organism,  
That which is higher.  
O, lift your natures up.

(Applause.)

Embrace our aims, work out your freedom,  
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;  
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,  
And slander die,—Better not be at all than not be noble.

(Loud applause.)

The adjudications were again proceeded with. In the course of the morning Mr. P. P. Pennant delivered a short address, in which he said :—

He could assure them he was fully sensible of the awkward position he was in. The audience had paid their money as they came into the building expecting to be in an atmosphere of music and poesy, and not of the dull prose he could give them. There had been gentlemen on that platform who had, in their addresses, viewed the Eisteddfod from different aspects. Some had gone back into pre-historic times, and traced it down to the present times, showing the grand inheritance they had received from their ancestors, which it was their duty to cherish and improve. (Hear, hear.) Others had discussed the Eisteddfod from its social point of view. But he wished to say a few words about it from its educational aspect. Education was the most ripe of all questions now before the public. It was discussed in Parliament, their large towns, and even their small country villages—university, college, and school education. And he ventured to think he was now able to refer to another instrument of education—the Eisteddfod. (Hear, hear.) It was stepping in and performing an important service for the nation. All the time while other educational agencies were going forward, the Eisteddfod came round once a year, and by it they were able to take stock, as it were, to know what progress had been made since the past year. As Mr. M. Lloyd had observed, the Eisteddfod until recently only paid attention to music and poetry; but now all subjects were taken under its sheltering favour—history, geology, mineralogy, and even wood-carving. No subject was too large for its grapple, and no subject too small for its notice. He differed with the President as to the probability of the English adopting the Eisteddfod, and thought that, as the Eisteddfod was now on the border, the English present might be induced to adopt it, for he was convinced that something of the kind would have to be adopted. It was never too late to mend; and the English would be none the worse were they to become more like the Welsh, especially as regarded the Eisteddfod. (Applause.)

In delivering his adjudication of a prize for the best “Scientific Account of the Origin and Growth of the Welsh Language,” Mr. John Rhys, Her Majesty’s Inspector of Schools, made the following remarks, amid the general applause of the large audience :—

My colleague and I have not gone into the relative merits of the four essays very carefully, as we quite agree that they are all far from

deserving the prize. Lastly, as this is the third time within the last few years for me to adjudicate on compositions of this sort without being able to award the prize offered, I may be allowed a word or two in explanation. The Eisteddfod is a subject I should greatly like to see handled by the masterly hand of the author of the "Early History of Institutions". From the time that it used to be regularly presided over by native Welsh princes and their assessors to the present day, its fortunes have no doubt greatly varied; but to any one looking at it as it is, the fact must be patent that it is not a meeting of learned men, but a popular institution, drawing its support mainly from the working classes. From them its frequenters come, and from them it draws nearly all its competitors. Judged from this point of view, as it should be, we cannot but feel proud of it, and challenge other nations to show anything equal to it. But it follows that a scientific account of the origin of the Welsh language cannot be looked at as coming within the sphere of Eisteddfodic competition. The fact is, one need fear no contradiction when saying there are not a half-dozen men in the United Kingdom who could do justice to it. So I cannot complain on account of the writers in these competitions failing, and failing egregiously; but what I do complain of is, that I find them almost unanimously agreeing in still treating exploded fictions and absurd fancies as historical facts. It is very desirable that the Eisteddfod itself should set the example of repudiating such things. Let us hear at the Gorsedd less nonsense respecting Hu Gadarn and similar myths. Such antiquated rubbish can, I am perfectly aware, be matched by recent passages in the annals of more than one society called learned in this country and on the continent; but I am humbly of opinion that the Welsh people is ready to listen to the truth—as far as it can be made out—respecting its own history and the history of its language. The Gorsedd nurses, who insist on making it feed on flapdoodle, are doing all in their power to earn us all the merited contempt of our neighbours. Nonsense and extravagance are not of the essence of the Eisteddfod, so let us purge it of them; let us show to all that it is not in mockery we hang up in our pavilion the motto, "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd", but stand fast by the truth against the world, and more especially against the humbug rampant in it. (Loud cheers.)

Before the close of the morning meeting Mr. Whalley, M.P., came forward, and said:—

By permission of the Committee, I solicit for a moment your attention to the question of a Training Ship for sailor boys for North Wales. I announce a prize to be contended for at next year's Eisteddfod at Carnarvon, on the following subject: "For the best essay on training

ships as a branch of industrial education, with a statement of the special claims of Wales in comparison with other portions of the coast-line of Great Britain for such institutions and for the education of Welsh boys for a seafaring occupation". I cannot resist the opportunity of offering my congratulations on the success of this great national commemoration. Regarding it as the most ancient, the most constitutional, and, duly conducted, the most effective national tribunal, I may say, in the world, for dealing with all that concerns the best and highest interests of the people, I may further express my congratulations upon the fact that nothing in these days demands here public discussion to mar the unanimity or to disturb that feast of harmony which, in happy days like ours, renders our Eisteddfod mainly a feast of music and mutual congratulations, all the more suitable is the announcement of an industrial effort for North Wales which must command, as it had already done, general, I may say unanimous, approval. His Grace the Duke of Westminster, could he have been present, would, I believe, not hesitate to do the duty of proclaiming on this great festival our training ship for North Wales; and with his support, that of the lords-lieutenants of our counties, and a vast array of that which is looked up to amongst all with respect and reverence, we are entitled to ask for, and we do earnestly solicit, the support of all friends of Wales; and, if anywhere, this is the place and the time when such an appeal can be most properly made. (Applause.)

#### THE FOURTH CONCERT.

Dr. Williams, Chairman of the Eisteddfod Committee, presided at the fourth and last concert, and on taking his seat was loudly cheered. After a selection by the band Dr. Williams said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: The stirring eloquence which you have heard during the last four days within this spacious pavilion must render anything I can hope to say dull and uninteresting in comparison with that fervent oratory. I, however, cannot allow this opportunity to pass by without expressing my admiration of, as well as my adhesion to, the cause of the Eisteddfodau; and I am persuaded that many who entered this pavilion at the outset of the Eisteddfod indifferent if not adverse to the institution will leave it at the close impressed with the conviction that it is fraught with good, unalloyed with even the least particle of evil. You have already been frequently told of its great antiquity, reaching, as we are informed, to the remotest ages, founded long before Christianity even dawned upon this island, religiously cherished by the Druids and bards of our own dear country; and we daily at the Gorsedd witness

the same ceremonial repeated which they performed in primitive times under the open canopy of heaven—"Yn ngwyneb haul a llygad goleuni". The numerous mottoes which surround you are proof sufficient, if proof were needed, that our chief aim is the social, moral, and intellectual improvement of the people of Wales. With such an object in view, I feel well assured that we may claim the sympathy of our English neighbours, and show them that we promote this grand old institution with no narrow views; that our object is not the study and perpetuation of our own class in language only, but to call up and cultivate the poetic genius of the people, and encourage that innate love of music which is so peculiarly their characteristic; and, in addition to this, we would desire to offer every possible facility to the youth of Wales to acquire a knowledge of the English language; and our programme amply testifies to the truth of this assertion, that, while we cling to the good old maxim of "Oes y byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg", we would unhesitatingly advise every boy and girl in the principality to study with all possible zeal the English language, which will carry them over an empire on which the sun never sets. Still I would say, "Cas dyn na charo y wlad a'i macco" ("Hateful is the man who loves not the land that bred him"). And this is the motto which sinks so deep into the heart of every patriotic Welshman; and, while we love our country and our language, we no less love our noble Queen, nor that land of glorious history over which she reigns, with which we are now proud to be associated in the most intimate union. You have heard so much, the last few days, of Wales, the Welsh and their literature, that I abstain from further remarks, as I am very sure that you are posted up in the history and antiquities of "Gwlad y gan", and I should but trespass upon your time and your patience if I detained you any longer. The sweet music which our programme promises will be more acceptable than anything I can add. I will, therefore, without any further delay, call upon the choir to commence a programme of unusual interest, and one which promises to us an entertainment which cannot be surpassed.

At the close of the concert complimentary votes were passed, and, amid mutual congratulations, the great Eisteddfod of 1876 became a thing of the past.

Want of space will not allow us to deal with the minor prizes. The more important ones were adjudicated as follows:—

## TUESDAY.

SUBJECTS.	ADJUDICATORS.	PRIZE.	SUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR.
Compilation of Historical Facts connected with early British History.	Rev. D. R. Thomas. Rev. D. Silvan Evans. Rev. T. C. Edwards.	£15 15s. and Gold Medal.	Rev. John Pryce, Vicar of Bangor.
For the best-made Welsh Harp.	Mr. Brinley Richards.	£10 and a Gold Medal.	Mr. Thos. Vaughan, St. Asaph.
Epic Poem on "Cadfan Frenin".	Rev. J. Harries Jones. Rev. R. Williams.	£15 and a Gold Medal.	Not awarded for want of merit.
Best Pianoforte Player of Rondo "Il moto continuo".	Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. Brinley Richards.	The Prize Harp.	Miss Jennie Davies, Llangollen.
Choral Competition.	Sir Julius Benedict. Ieuan Gwyllt. Mr. John Thomas.	£100 and Baton.	Birkenhead Choir — Conductor, Mr. Rorey.

## WEDNESDAY.

Romance on "Yr Hobert o Strath-clwyd".	Rev. T. R. Lloyd.	£10 and Gold Medal.	Mr. Robert Thomas, Ystalafera.
Translation of "The Vicar of Wakefield".	The Dean of Bangor.	£10 10s. and Gold Medal.	£10 10s. awarded to Rev. W. Williams, Pentre Broughton; and Gold Medal to Mr. W. J. Roberts of Llanrwst.
Brass Band Competition, "La Fête Musicale".	Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. Brinley Richards. Mr. John Thomas.	£20 and Gold Medal.	Tredegar Band—Conductor, Mr. J. R. Tidswell.
Oil Painting illustrative of Welsh History.	Major Cornwallis West and Committee of Arts' Treasures Exhibition.	£25 and Gold Medal.	Mrs. Richard Williams, Wrexham.
Water-Colour Picture of a View in the Counties of Flint or Denbigh.	The Same.	£10 and Gold Medal.	Miss Wimperia.
Welsh Elegy on "Ab Ithel".	Andreas o Fon and Ceiriog.	£10 and Gold Medal.	Elis Wyn o Wyr-fai.
Choral Competition, Madrigal, "Myfanwy Deg".	Sir Julius Benedict.	£30 and Gold Medal.	Rhos Choir.

## THURSDAY.

Carved Oak Chair.	Dr. Williams. Mr. A. Wilson Edwards.	£10 and Gold Medal.	Mr. J. M. Roberts, Llangollen.
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THURSDAY.—*Continued.*

SUBJECTS.	ADJUDICATORS.	PRIZE.	SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.
Translation of Shakespeare's "As you like it".	Rev. T. R. Lloyd.	£10 and Gold Medal.	Dr. Pan Jones, Mostyn.
Biographical and Critical Treatise on the late "Cyn-ddelw".	Rev. D. Howell. Rev. John Jones.	£21 and Gold Medal.	Rev. J. S. James, Llandudno.
Welsh Essay on the "Character of Hamlet".	Rev. T. J. Hughes. Gweirydd ap Rhys.	£10 10s.	Rev. J. A. Morris, Aberystwith.
Chair Prize, Welsh Ode on "Helen Llwyddawg".	Rev. D. Howell. Gwalchmai and Tudno.	£20, Bardic Chair, and Gold Medal.	The late Taliesin o Eifion.
Choral Competition, "Hallelujah to the Father".	Sir Julius Benedict, etc.	£20 and Gold Medal.	Rhos Choir.

## FRIDAY.

The Benefits to be derived from improved International Communication.	Mr. Morgan Lloyd.	£10 and Gold Medal.	Mr. John Brittain, Holywell.
Choral Competition of Male Voices.	Sir Julius Benedict. Owain Alan. Ieuan Gwyllt.	£20 and Gold Medal.	Divided between Orpheus Glee Club, Carnarvon; and Liverpool Vocalist Union.
Piece of Sculpture, "Dunawd of Bangor".	Major Cornwallis West and Committee of Arts' Treasures Exhibition.	£25 and Gold Medal.	Not awarded.
Scientific Account of Origin and Growth of the Welsh Language.	Mr. John Rhys. Rev. Thos. Rowland.	£25 and Gold Medal.	Not awarded.
Ladies' Choral Prize, "The Lord is a Lamp".	Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. John Thomas. Ieuan Gwyllt.	£50 to 1st, £30 to 2nd, and £20 to 3rd.	Rhos Choir 1st, Broughton 2nd.

## NOTES ON THE EISTEDDFOD.

A review of its proceedings may, perhaps, be useful for future guidance. A gathering of some seven or eight thousand people, from the lord to the lowest commoner,



on one and the same spot, is of itself a strong argument why the Eisteddfod should be utilised to the utmost. The leaders, to whom the conduct of the vast mass is entrusted, undertake great responsibilities; and it is their duty to turn every moment of time, as well as circumstance, to some edifying or instructive purpose. The Eisteddfod, it may be pleaded, is the national holiday, and should be regarded as a season of relaxation. Be it so. Still its lighter functions should be of an elevating character, and its more important proceedings weighted with lessons of good.

We have sat down to pen our notes at the earliest moment possible. The impressions which the Eisteddfod has left are as yet fresh and sharp, and we would record them ere their keenness has passed away.

The several addresses, independently of those to and by the Presidents were, upon the whole, worthy of the occasion.

The earlier portion of each day's proceedings was faultless. When the Eisteddfod choir had sung their opening chorus, a suitable address was read and presented to the different Presidents. The reply, too, on each occasion, was of a high character and worthy of the Eisteddfod. Matter, language, and delivery were all excellent. Even Sir W. W. Wynn, who almost prides himself on being "no orator", was moved to eloquence; and Dr. Eyton Jones, whose profession but rarely affords an opportunity for addressing public meetings, delivered a masterly oration; the Bishop of St. Asaph was historical and solid; Sir Robert Cunliffe, practical; Major Cornwallis West, patriotic; Mr. Osborne Morgan, brilliant; the Hon. George Kenyon, classic and poetical; and Dr. Edward Williams, replete with common sense and usefulness.

But when the addresses were delivered, the medley that followed was of a very unequal kind. The prizes offered

were too many, and oftentimes too small, for a national Eisteddfod. They would have better suited some local gathering. A few excepted, they offered no inducement to the giants of the Awen to enter on the arena of combat.

These small prizes have been the bane of Welsh literature, inundating Wales with a flood of poetry and prose, which is not only valueless but mischievous. To wade through a slough of common place is a sad waste of the reader's or student's time. Prizes of an inferior kind are useful in local gatherings; they foster genius in its dawns. But with that their usefulness is over. These things were a mistake at Wrexham.

And not only is the mass of Eisteddfodic literature thus rendered valueless, but a large and expectant audience has to listen to a wearisome adjudication. The comparative merits of X. Y. and Z., the lowest on the list of competitors, are first discussed. This ended, the relative position on the scale of A. B. and C. is dilated upon; and then, to crown the absurdity, the prize is declared to be carried away by D. Of what edification or use—we ask it in the interests of common sense—can this be, but to fritter away the valuable time of the thousands assembled. There is, however, something to be said in its favour in the case of musical competitions. There the vast audience participates in what is going on. It forms, in a measure, its own judgment, which is affirmed or corrected by the appointed adjudicators. But in literary matters the whole thing, we repeat, is a mistake. If, however, the delivery of adjudications is insisted upon, let it be short and decisive—a condensed summary—and dealing only with the best poems and essays. In the large universities, the adjudicators are never seen or heard. The successful candidate comes forward to recite either the whole or a portion of his production. Something akin to this took place in one instance at Wrexham. The Reverend Rowland Wil-

liams (Hwfa Mon) recited the successful Englyn to "The Swallow" amid the plaudits of a delighted audience.

An important change is gradually making its way with respect to musical competitions. The competitors are tested and weeded in an adjoining school-room ; and two, sometimes three, of the best are chosen to compete before the Eisteddfod. This winnowing process not only saves time, but shuts inferior performers out of court, reserving the better for the edification of the large audience. Unfortunately this was not done on every occasion at Wrexham, and a valuable portion of good time was lost.

The shortening, too, of musical pieces played in competition might be made with advantage. The junior players on the Welsh harp were of a very mediocre kind ; and yet they were allowed, to the manifest weariness of the listeners, to scramble through Edward Jones's numerous variations of *Pen-y-rhaw*, when the air itself, and a couple of variations at most, would have sufficed to determine which was the best player. We fancy *Pencerdd Gwalia* must have felt as wearied as the audience.

We cannot speak too highly of the musical department of the Eisteddfod. It was as perfect as any we have ever heard. The choruses, especially of the Messiah, were grand in the extreme. Mr. Brinley Richards's achievements on the pianoforte entranced his auditors ; and Mr. John Thomas's faultless execution on the instrument so dear to Welshmen met with loudest applause. We should have given in this account the words spoken by the former gentleman in his adjudication on the "Best made Welsh Harp", but that we intend at a future time to give his strictures in their completeness. We close our remarks with a letter addressed by Sir Julius Benedict to the newspapers, and for which we offer him our best thanks.

*To the Editor of the Banner and Times of Wales.*

SIR,—I have been desired to state my impressions on the Eisteddfod that has just taken place at Wrexham. I hardly feel equal to a task that requires a much more able pen than mine; but I will endeavour, to the best of my abilities, to give my candid opinion of this National Festival.

On leaving Bayreuth on the 19th inst., to be present at this great musical gathering, I had my doubts what the effect would be of the simple and homely music I expected to hear on the banks of the Dee, after the grand display of science and of art of the Musician of the Future.

If the combination of the highest talent in Germany, vocal and instrumental, made a failure almost impossible, what could we expect in a little provincial town, where, with the exception of a few distinguished artists from London, the whole burden of an entertainment of four days' and nights' duration was entrusted almost entirely to simple colliers, quarrymen, and members of the working classes generally?

My surprise was the greater on hearing, instead of easy part songs, bold attempts at executing music of the highest character; viz., very important choruses by Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, the English writers, and the composers of our times; although in the place of 120 of the most celebrated instrumentalists, as at Bayreuth, there was merely a pianoforte by Broadwood and a harmonium wherewith to accompany the voices, both entrusted to local professors. Instead of the limited space for about 1,600 auditors and spectators in Wagner's Theatre, I beheld an immense area containing over 7,000 people, seated; and yet, far from being disturbed by interruptions almost unavoidable in such a vast assembly, the silence was quite marked and imposing, enabling us to follow the course not only of the most intricate compositions, but to understand nearly every word that was spoken. In fact, the appreciation of this untutored multitude was such as to put to shame many of our fashionable audiences; and the final result must be a general and even more marked improvement in the progress of music throughout the principality.

There was certainly a prevalence of the native element in the programmes; but, far from complaining of this, I may say that it keeps up the highest aspirations of good-will towards one another, and of companionship between the nobleman and the common labourer.

But this is not all. Apart from music, from poetry, from the old and solemn ceremonial, there are manifestations of a feeling of gratitude to the promoters of these institutions, and to the benefactors of the country, which you could not match elsewhere.

Need I name the nobleman who, with his lady, are considered the Guardian Angels of North Wales; the parents of the fatherless and destitute; foremost in every proposal for improvement, mental as well as physical, and doing all the good they can in the most simple and touching manner.

I have witnessed many demonstrations of public favour, but none to compare with that which awaited Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn on their arrival at the outskirts of Wrexham on Thursday last, and on their subsequent appearance before the largest gathering of the week; the whole assembly rising and greeting the favourites of the people.

This old patriarchal feeling of kinship and custom of mixing and associating with the middle and working classes is carried to its fullest extent in Wales, and applies to the members of Parliament, for the town, the borough, and the county, as well as to the Mayor and residents and all concerned in the Eisteddfod.

To revert once more to the performance, there was no repression of justly-earned applause; and, though the scenic effects and the most elaborate theatrical combinations, such as we witnessed at Bayreuth, shone by their absence, I confess that the execution of "The Snow-Capped Towers"; the Chorus, "Ye Nations," from "Elijah"; the Hallelujah Chorus, from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"; the final Chorus, from Haydn's "Creation"; Gounod's "Ave Verum"; and some complicated madrigals of English authors, gave me and my colleagues the most favourable and gratifying impressions; for the choruses were executed with an amount of strength, decision, and delicacy, which left very little to be desired by the most exacting critic.

Add to this that hundreds, nay, thousands, came from the most remote parts of South Wales, Cumberland, and more distant counties to contend for the honour, and that though, of course, many were disappointed in not obtaining prizes, there was no demonstration of antagonism exhibited between the seven hundred competitors; and, speaking from a musical point of view, I believe that, after the highly satisfactory result of this week's doings, the future success of the Eisteddfod is secured for many years to come.

The only suggestions I have to make are, that less should be undertaken in one day, so that the most important objects of the meeting may not suffer. The hours should, I think, be limited to from ten to one in the day, and from six to nine in the evening, and thereby secure the comfort of both the audience and the performers. It seems desirable also, that when once the adjudicators have been chosen, the conductors should advise with them as to the selection of the pieces to be performed.

May I request you to be the interpreter of my feelings of gratitude

for the kind reception accorded to me on all occasions, by the performers and by the public at large.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JULIUS BENEDICT.

2, Manchester Square, 28th August, 1876.

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THE prize offered at Wrexham for the best *Englyn* on "Y Wenol" (The Swallow), was carried away from a host of competitors by *Cymro Coch*. The last two lines of his effusion are very beautiful:—

Y lwysgain Wenol wisgi—edy 'n gwlad  
Yn glir o flaen oerni;  
Ond daw 'n òl i'n sirioli,  
A daw a haf gyda hi.

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THE best "Complimentary Epigram on a Welsh Woman's Hat", at the same Eisteddfod, was that of Mrs. J. R. Hughes, of Denbigh. It will be admired for its neatness. It is its last epithet that gives it its 'crowning' excellence:—

Let other maids their heads enfold  
In tresses dark or coils of gold;  
Fair Cambrian maids, believe me that  
Your *crowning* beauty is your hat.

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## THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

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WITH the insertion of the following article, the Council of the Cymmrodorion desire it to be clearly understood that *Y Cymmrodor* will not become the advocate of any institution, or the organ of any tenets, whether religious or political, which shall savour of party. Their motto, in the conduct of their "Transactions", will be "Cymru, Cymro, a Chymraeg". The different institutions, whether collegiate or otherwise, are therefore invited to report their transactions to the Editor, who is to see that they are chronicled according to their usefulness and importance.

One of the noblest achievements of modern times in connection with the Principality has been the University College of Wales. Its dawnings may be traced to a pamphlet, written some twenty years ago, by Mr. B. T. Williams, Q.C. Very soon afterwards, others took up the question; and now that the institution has made important advancements towards success, many are vying for the honour of being its promoters. When the Homeric poems had become famous, many a city of Greece contended for the distinction of having given birth to the poet; and now that the University College of Wales has been furnished with a staff of learned and active professors superintending a body of about a hundred young men, in a palatial residence—every penny for which has been paid—claims to the honour of having been its founder are started up on every side. But, as in the old fable of "The Cat and the Bell", the question is not who devised or planned the movement—that required no acumen; the wants of the

Principality were patent—but how and by whom has the work been brought to a successful issue.

The first impulse given to the work was a sum of £1,000 bequeathed to it by the late William Williams, M.P. With that noble gift for a basis of operations, the task was undertaken by Dr. Thomas Nicholas, and carried on by him for some years with a fair amount of success. He collected money and obtained promises amounting to several thousand pounds. But when, at length, no approach was made towards the accomplishment of the undertaking, the people of Wales became weary, the money flowed in but slowly and scantily, and the Committee felt they were in a dilemma. At this juncture, Dr. Thomas Nicholas retired, and his place was filled by the Rev. David Charles of Abercarn. He, too, laboured assiduously, but with little effect. The soil which Dr. Nicholas had ploughed seemed to have become effete. It scarcely furnished more money than was needed to pay the expenses of collection. After about four years' service, he also retired.

Disheartened by years of failure, some of the Committee began to doubt the possibility of carrying out the project. One or two even desired, on account of what they termed the pressure of private business, to have their names expunged from its directory. The prophets of non-success grew vaunting, and the opponents of the movement were beginning to exult in what they deemed a triumph, when one came forth to the rescue who, say other claimants what they will, was the pilot that steered the vessel through storm and breaker, shoal and rock, safe into harbour.

Mr. Hugh Owen had retired from his important post in the Local Government Office. Active as ever in mind and spirit, and anxious that the project for which he had already wrought so much should not end in failure, he undertook the gigantic task of completing what had been auspiciously



begun, but which had halted by the way and come to a dead lock. He travelled from place to place, induced local bodies to take up the question, organised committees, spoke at public meetings, made collections, and engaged in a correspondence that was interminable. All this was done without cost to the rising institution. And when, in October last, a general collection was made throughout the different places of worship, and a sum of near £3,300 flowed into the exchequer, it was without the mulct of any expenses. The institution, the body that was defunct or nearly so, was re-organised, clothed with thew and sinew, impregnated with life—not galvanised into the appearance of it—and endued with vigour and strength. It would be worse than affectation—it would be sheer ingratitude—were the success and completion of the work not ascribed to Mr. Hugh Owen. But it would be ungrateful also to forget the noble aid he received from such liberal donors to the College as Mr. Davies of Llandinam, the Messrs. Davies of Cardiff and Aberdare, Messrs. Parnall, who brought their thousands of pounds to bear on the undertaking. Several donors of five hundred pounds also came forward. Nor should we forget how nobly Manchester came to the rescue. It was this town that first resuscitated the hopes of the Committee, and even yet lends a most material aid.

Mr. Hugh Owen has been strenuously supported in his efforts by a hard-working and efficient Council. The constant attendance of such men as Mr. Stephen Evans of London, Canon Griffith of Neath, Professor McKenny Hughes of Cambridge, Mr. Humphreys of Garthmil, Mr. J. F. Roberts of Manchester, Captain Verney of Rhianfa, and others, has had its due weight in the establishment of the institution.

The edifice, to which we have alluded a page or two back, is of a highly collegiate character. Had it been built for the purpose, it could scarcely have been more fitted for the uses to which it is devoted. Upwards of £80,000, it is said, were ex-

pended upon the erection. It contains lofty and ample rooms for dining-hall, library, professors' lecture-rooms, laboratory, museums, principal's drawing-room, dining-room, and library, spacious kitchens, offices, and bed-rooms without number. Still, the building is not complete, and the efforts of the Council are being directed towards its completion.

One of the most pleasing features of the institution is the support it so marvellously derives from the working classes of the Principality. Miners, colliers, quarrymen, slate-workers, artisans of every grade, delight in regarding it as their own. The slate quarrymen of Festiniog support, out of their hard-earned savings, a scholarship at the College. We have mentioned that near £3,300 were collected in October last in the different places of worship, but the marvel is enhanced when it is borne in mind that one-half of the amount was made up of sums averaging less than half-a-crown each.

The location of the College at Aberystwith is fortunate. There is no town large enough to be the domicile of a College so centrally situated. It commands North Wales equally with South Wales. The salubrity of its air, too, and its proximity to the sea, enhance immeasurably its value as a residence for a congregated body of young men.

There is one point more on which its promoters are anxious to speak—not in a whisper, nor yet hesitatingly, but in accents loud, clear, and unmistakeable, and that is, the catholic and thoroughly unsectarian character of the University College. It is provided unalienably and unalterably, by its constitution and by all its legal documents, that it shall remain for ever uncontrolled and uncontrollable by any party or sect, as such, whether political or religious. The institution is free to all, and to all alike. Favour and affection at the expense of justice are to be shown to neither party nor class. The work has been designed for the *people* of Wales; it is being carried out for the *people* of Wales; and the in-

stitution, edifice, valuables, all that belongs to it, are the property of the *people* of Wales.

Long may it flourish ! giving our Cymric youth an education that shall not only fit them for their several callings in after years, but enable them to cope with their English neighbours in all that humanises life and renders it noble and generous. Whether their destination be the pulpit or the bar, law or medicine, agriculture or commerce, may the teaching of the University College be clear as its own bright atmosphere, elevating as the mountains that stand around it, expansive as the ocean which laves its walls, and pure as the sparkling rills that gush on every side to the blue sea.

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## Reviews of Books.

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LECTURES ON WELSH PHILOLOGY. By JOHN RHYS, M.A.,  
late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and one of Her  
Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Trübner: London.

THIS work is not yet out of the printer's hands, but we have been favoured with several sheets that are to form its pages; and we heartily congratulate the Cymry on its forthcoming appearance. We hasten to acquaint our readers with the nature of its contents. The first lecture, which was delivered at a meeting of the Cymmrodorion in London last year, serves as an introduction to the rest, and gives a brief sketch of the reasoning on which Comparative Philology, or as it is now more concisely called Glottology, is based. In the course of this sketch the author makes a digression to show how a comparison of the simple words, possessed in common by the chief Indo-European nations, lifts the veil of darkness which covers their history at a time when there was as yet neither Celt nor Teuton, neither Greek, Roman, nor Hindoo. This has been done before by M. Pictet, and by some of the Germans, but the author confines himself to cases where he can give the lead to Welsh words: one could not beforehand have imagined that such words as *haidd*, *uwd*, *tant*, *dehau*, *euog*, *crefydd*, could by any means whatever be invested with so much importance and dignity: it affords us no little pleasure to observe how proudly our old language is made to assert its place in the Indo-European world. In the latter part of the lecture, the author reaches the Celtic family of languages, and falls foul of the received classification which treats as two branches the Gælic and the Gallo-

British ; the latter presupposes a nearer relationship between the Cymry and the ancient Gauls of the Continent. The reasons hitherto adduced for this view are completely disposed of, and the author goes on to advocate another classification of the Celts, namely, into a continental and insular, otherwise termed by him, Gauls and Goidelo-Kymric Celts. His theory is that the Celtic family was divided into two branches, by the fact of a certain number crossing the channel into Great Britain. The insular Celts, the ancestors of the Cymry and the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland, subdivided themselves by some of their number crossing to Ireland. Up to that time he supposes them to have spoken one and the same Goidelo-Kymric language. From that time they began to diverge in speech, and the gulf has gone on widening to such an extent, that at this day Irishmen and Welshmen speaking their own languages cannot understand one another.

The old theory is that the Celts came to these islands in two distinct waves of population, but Mr. Rhys endeavours to show that there is no reason for supposing this to have been the case, and this he does by tracing, in the first and subsequent lectures, the growth of the most striking differences between Welsh and Irish to various dates, mostly subsequent to the fifth century, until there is hardly anything left which would go to prove a prehistoric division among the Goidelo-Cymric Celts.

The second lecture traces the spread in Welsh of the initial mutations, and gives the physiological explanation ; how far he has succeeded in his explanations we will not venture to say, but the fact of attempting to explain them is in itself new, as our grammarians are fond of regarding such things as self-evident, and as essential features of the Celtic languages from time immemorial. He illustrates most of the changes by analogous ones in other languages, and especially

in the Sassarese dialect of Italian, the initial mutations in which have been ably handled by Prince L. L. Bonaparte.

The third lecture is devoted to the Welsh vowels, to the explanation of which he applies the latest discoveries of Professor Helmholtz ; but the leading feature of the lecture is perhaps the account it gives of the reorganization of the Welsh vowel system, in the course of which the vowels of the Indo-European parent-speech, with their constant quantities of long or short, became the vowels of modern Welsh, with their positional quantities being long or short according to the nature or number of sounds which follow them in the same words.

The fourth lecture is devoted to the history of the Welsh language, from the Roman occupation to the present day, written with the view of showing the unbroken continuity of its existence in the west of the island ; but as no one could throw doubt on its virtual identity in the nineteenth century and the twelfth, or on the latter and that of the ninth, he devotes most of the lecture to the point on which attacks are usually made, and spares no trouble to vindicate the Cymric origin of the inscriptions of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, found in Wales, Devonshire, and Cornwall ; this is a defence of the rights of the Cymry against the Irish, which the author has been actively carrying on for several years in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, where the Irish claim used to be accepted *nem. con.*

The fifth lecture gives an account of the Roman alphabet and its modifications among the Cymry, while the two last lectures are given up entirely to the discussion of the old Cymric monuments written in that strange character called Ogam, and in attempting to trace it to its origin. The author is of opinion that it was in use among our ancestors long before the Roman alphabet became known to them.

The acumen which Mr. Rhys has displayed throughout

the work, and the patient untiring investigation he has made of the materials within his reach, demand our grateful acknowledgments. The lucidity which pervades the work, will render it a text-book to the philological student; every lover of our Cymric tongue, as he reads its pages, will find himself possessed of a nobler language and a wealthier relic of antiquity than his fondest dreams ever led him to anticipate.

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WYNNSTAY AND THE WYNNS. A volume of varieties put together by the author of "The Gossiping Guide to Wales." Oswestry: Woodhall and Venables. 1876.

THIS beautiful little volume is alike creditable to author and publishers. We trace throughout the compilation—for the author scarcely pretends to more—the same free, open, chatty style which has given so distinctive a character to the "Gossiping Guide to Wales."

We do not hesitate to say that the author has supplied a real want. The Wynns of Wynnstay stand so prominently forward, both in our ancient and modern historic annals—are so intertwined, we had almost said, with the daily life of the Cymry, as to make it more than ordinarily desirable that their history, pedigree, and homes, should be familiarised throughout the Principality. Wynnstay is photographed not only by the artist, but by the author; while Llangedwyn,

"Standing embosomed in a happy valley",

unfolds its antique treasures of architecture in gables and dormer windows, amidst quaintly laid out gardens and luxuriant shrubberies. We do not wonder that Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn should spend so much of their time at Llangedwyn.

The illustrations also are to the purpose. They make us acquainted with the old homes and with the very form and features of their former and present possessors.

GWAITH Y PARCHEDIG EVAN EVANS (JEUAN BRYDYDD HIR)  
gan D. SILVAN EVANS, B.D. Caernarfon: H. Humphreys.  
1876.

THE Rev. D. Silvan Evans deserves our best thanks for editing the works of Ieuan Brydydd Hir. The poet's name had become almost a household word; but his works in their entirety were comparatively unknown. We are of opinion that his "Englynion ar Lys Ifor Hael o Faesaleg", with their beauty of expression and richness of pathos, have given the bard an adventitious fame. A careful reading of the whole of his works disappoints us. Most certainly there is nothing in them to compare with the Englynion we mention.

Each a master in our Cymric tongue, we could almost wish that Mr. Silvan Evans had confined himself and his author to the Welsh language. It is impossible to say anything in favour of the English and Latin poems. The former would scarcely be deemed worthy of the "poet's corner" in a country newspaper of the present day; while the Latin poem is nothing but a selection of phrases from the classic writers, so badly put together, that one of the lines will not even scan.

Mr. Silvan Evans has, however, done his best with the materials he had in hand. If he has erred—and we will not say he has—in publishing every composition of his author, it must be ascribed to his love and veneration of the man, who, a century ago, saved so much of our literature from the hands of the spoiler.

Bearing in mind its price, the work is very creditable to the publisher; and we are not sure that Mr. Humphreys has not conferred a greater boon on the Principality by putting it within the reach of every class of his countrymen, than if he had brought it out in a more elaborate, beautiful, but expensive form.



An author says,—

‘O that mine enemy would write a book’;

we say, “O that our friend, the Rector of Llanwrin, would write one”—and that book a Welsh-English Lexicon. He would crown himself with bays, and render his country a service unparalleled in its literature.

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Y GWYDDONIADUR CYMREIG. RHAN 105. Dinbych: Thomas Gee. 1876. Erthygl—“Telyn” (Harp).

THE “Gwyddoniadur” is becoming a valuable book of reference. Encyclopædic in its aims, and treating of almost every subject, it is not surprising that many of the articles should be wanting in breadth and detail. It would be impossible to say everything even on the most elementary subjects. The editor has, however, given a more extended space for the article on “Y Delyn”, than he is wont to give to most subjects—gratifying thereby our national taste and pride. The writer of the article gives the history of harps from the earliest times down to the present century; and it is an able condensation. Nor must we say less of his artistic description of the several instruments, both of the past and the present. The article too is well illustrated with engravings, which aid materially by presenting to the eye the true form of the several harps he introduces. We have risen from its perusal not only pleased, but feeling that we have gained a knowledge of what was previously mysterious and unknown to us. We believe that we can trace the master hand of *Pencerdd Gwallia* in this concise and well-written article; for who, but one well acquainted with its internal organisation, could have so admirably described the complicated machinery invented by Erard.

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CYFANSODDIADAU BUDDUGOL EISTEDDFOD FREINIOL, GENEDL-  
AETHOL. Pwllheli. 1875.

NOT only was the Eisteddfod at Pwllheli a national one in the real sense of the word, but it was as admirably conducted as it was successful. Blots there may have been ; and blots, notwithstanding all our care, there will be ; but taken altogether, it was one of the most perfect we have witnessed. The little volume now before us perpetuates its memory and gives us some of the best of its productions. It is very neatly got up, and tells well for the ability and care both of secretary and publisher. May it meet with the success it deserves. It is appropriately dedicated to T. Picton Jones, Esq., whose untiring and praiseworthy exertions, coupled with a generous liberality, conduced to the ensuring of the success of the Eisteddfod.

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**Notices of forthcoming Books.**

THE writer of the *Songs of Two Worlds* is gaining a popularity of which the Principality may well be proud. The success Mr. Lewis Morris achieves is by dint of thorough conscientious work ; and we may be assured, therefore, that his fame will be the more lasting. The flashing of a meteor is soon extinguished, while the clear, steady light of a brilliant star shines on and on, and is neither wasted by the fires it emits, nor dimmed by time and distance.

Bearing a venerated name,—the great grandson of one who made a deeper mark on Welsh literature than philologist or antiquary had ever done before, and who sang as sweetly as poet ever sang in his country's strains, we have been somewhat disappointed that Mr. Morris's verse has not dealt more largely with Cymric themes. His love for the old land is unquestionable. His poetry is replete with images drawn from her mountains, vales, and streams, and tintured with

the rich colouring of her crimson western skies ; all that is wanting is the daring spirit to grapple with Cymric subjects. But, if we mistake not, the concluding poem of one of his later volumes seems to denote a fulfilment of all that we have deemed him wanting in :—

“ Dear motherland, forgive me, if too long  
I hold the halting tribute of my song ;  
Letting my wayward fancy idly roam  
Far, far from thee, my early home.”

That all Mr. Morris's sympathies lie in this direction, we are assured, when, singing of Mona, he says :—

“ . . . From whose fresh wind-swept pastures came  
My grandsire, bard and patriot, like in name,  
Whose verse his countrymen still love to sing  
At bidding feast or rustic junketing.”

But it may be for the best. Mr. Morris is, perhaps, keeping the strength and manhood of his Muse—its noblest flights and richest thoughts for the “ mountain land”.

The *Athenæum* of September 23rd informs us that his “*Epic of Hades*, which had the drawback of being framed on a scale somewhat disproportioned to the title, will shortly be re-issued, with such additions as will render the poem more complete and also more in keeping with the scope of the title”.

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*Bishop Morgan and the Bible*.—A memoir of this patriotic prelate, the translator of the Bible into the Welsh language, is on the eve of publication. The author is Mr. Thomas W. Hancock, of Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant. The Latin preface to the Bible will be given in English and Welsh ; the former by no less a scholar than the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the late Premier, and the latter as prepared by Ieuan Brydydd Hir. We are sure, from what we know of Mr. Hancock, that the volume will be a credit to the Principality. The price to subscribers is not expected to exceed ten shillings. We shall duly notice the work as soon as it is published. It is to be dedicated to the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.



GOSODEDIGAETHAU

ANRHYDEDDUS GYMDEITHAS

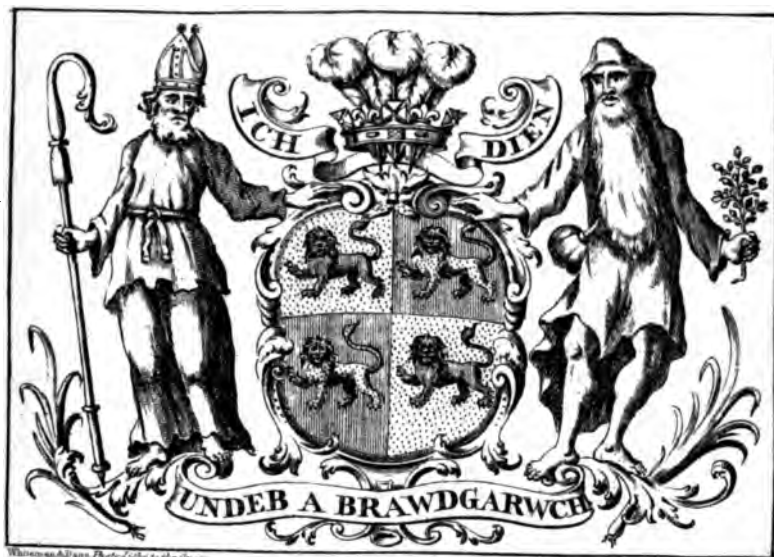
Y

CYMRU O DOR ION

YN

LLUNDAIN.

Dechreuedig ym Mis *Medi*, 1751.



A ail drefnwyd, a Gytunwyd arnynt yn unfryd, ac a Sicrhawyd, gan yr Anrhydeddus y PENLLYWYDD, a'r holl SWYDDOGION eraill, gyd â'r rhan fwyaf o'r CYFEILLION, mewn llawn GYNNULLEIDFA, yn eu Cyfarfod misawl, yn Nhafarn *Carreg-Lundain* yn *Cannon-street*, *Ebrill* 4, 1753, ac hefyd yn Nhafarn yr *Hanner-Lleuad* yn *Cheapside*, *Mai* 7, 1755.

LLUNDAIN:

Printiedig i Wasanaeth y Gymdeithas, gan *John Oliver* yn *Bartholomew Close*.

MDCCLV.

[Pris Swllt.]

CONSTITUTIONS  
 OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY  
 OF  
**CEMETERION**  
 IN  
 LONDON.

Begun in the Month of *September*, 1751.



Revised, unanimously Agreed upon, and Confirmed, by the Honourable the CHIEF PRESIDENT, and all the other OFFICERS, and Majority of MEMBERS, in full ASSEMBLY, at their general Monthly Meeting, at the *London-Stone* Tavern in *Cannon-street*, *April 4*, 1753, and also at the *Half-Moon* Tavern in *Cheapside*, *May 7*, 1755.

LONDON :

Printed for the Use of the Society, by *John Oliver* in *Bartholomew-Close*.

MDCC LV.

[Price One Shilling.]

## R H A G L Y T H Y R.

Yn dangos mor fuddiol ac Angenrheidiol yw bod  
Cymdeithas o *Hen Frutaniaid* yn *Llundain*.

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Y MAE gwedi ei blannu yn Naturiaeth Dynol-ryw, Serch a Thueddiad cryf tu ag at Wlad eu genedigaeth, a rhyw Chwant canmoladwy i'w gwneuthur eu hunain yn gydnabyddus â gwir Hanes a Hynafiaeth y bobl y byddont o wir waed ac Achau yn hanfod o honynt.

Eithr nid gwaith hawdd yw dyfod i lawr sierwydd yn y cyfryw ymofynion; o blegyd ei fod yn gofyn swrn o barotoad angenrheidiol ymlaen llaw. Fe wyr pawb na ddichon undyn iawn egluro a deongli hen Goffeion, Arferion, a Moesau, neb rhyw bobl, heb fod gantho gymhedrol ddealltwriaeth o'u Hiaith hwynt: a chan mae'r *Gymraeg* yw Iaith Trigolion Cyntaf *Ynys Brydain*, e fyddai yn waith tra anhawdd, neu yn hytrach ammhosiibl, chwilio allan yr llynaf o hanesion *Prydain*, i ddim lles, heb gyflawn wybodaeth o'r Iaith yma: A'r peth hwn, er ei fod yn ddigon eglur ynddo ei hun, a gadarnheir ym mhellach trwy awdurdod Gŵr o'r hynottaf yn y rhan yma, cystal a rhannau eraill, o Ddysgeidiaeth; sef y diweddar Esgob *Nicholson*, yr hwn yn ei *Ystoriael Lyfrgell Seisnig*, sydd yn Canmol ac yn gorchymyn Astudio'r Iaith *Gymraeg*, megis Cyfraid anhepcor i berffeithio Hynafiaethydd *Seisnig*; ac wedi rhoi ei ddarllenydd ar ddeall fod llaweroedd o hen ysgrifeniadau cywraint i'w cael yng *Nghymru* hyd yr

SKETCH  
OF THE  
HISTORY OF THE CYMMRODORION.





A  
SKETCH OF THE HISTORY  
OF  
THE CYMMRODORION,

INCLUDING A RE-PRINT OF

THE CONSTITUTIONS,

AS ORIGINALLY SETTLED FOR THE USE OF THE  
SOCIETY.

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PRINTED FOR THE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY,

BY  
T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON.

1877.



## HISTORY OF THE CYMMRODORION.

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THE origin of the Society of Cymmrodorion is lost in the remoteness of the last century. Upwards of fifty years ago, Mr. John Humphreys Parry, the talented Editor of the *Cambro-Briton*, essayed to write a short sketch of its early history; but with the exception of what is contained in a few prefatory remarks, all the information he gives is derived from the "Constitutions" of the Society as printed in 1751. These "Constitutions" we now give to our readers in their entirety, as finally determined upon in 1755.

Still we are not without a gleam of light. That little volume tells us who were the officers and members of the Society. Among them we find Richard Morris, of the Navy Office as President. We know that Mr. Morris took a deep interest in all that was Cymric. He edited two editions of the Welsh Bible. A trustworthy writer of the day speaks of him as "a gentleman well versed in the language and history of his country, and as communicative as he was knowing". His brother, Lewis Morris, is among them and takes a prominent place. He wrote the song that was sung at the admission of members, and aided largely in the formation of the 'Constitutions'. We may be sure that he, the poet, philologist, and antiquary, would bring all his influence to bear on a Society that accorded so well with his literary pursuits. Goronwy Owen again is there. He was appointed its bard, and composed the beautiful ode entitled "*Caniad y Cymmrodorion*", to inaugurate the new Society. William

Vaughan, Esq., of Corsygedol and Nanneu, M.P. for Merionethshire, appears as chief President; and we know from the correspondence of Lewis, Richard, and William Morris, as well as of Goronwy Owen, that he was a liberal patron of the bards and their literature. Mr. David Humphreys holds the position of treasurer; Mr. Daniel Venables appears as its first secretary; soon to be succeeded by the Comptroller of the Mint, Mr. William Parry. He, also, was known to take a warm interest in all that belonged to the Principality. There were other and important persons connected with the first establishment of the Society; but these, we repeat, were its chief promoters.

A few years afterwards Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, at the time one of the Members of Parliament for Shropshire, became the President; and from that period to the present the House of Wynnstay has been connected with the Cymmrodorion, and taken a deep interest in their work.

The Society's Patron has generally been the Prince of Wales.

The chief objects of the Society were the collection and publication of valuable Welsh MSS., the formation of a library of Welsh books, and the discussion of questions affecting the history, antiquities, and language of Wales. In furtherance of these designs, large numbers of MSS. and books were collected. The Society assisted in the publication of important works, among which was Pennant's *British Zoology*. It is said that this latter work involved the Society in considerable difficulties and at length brought about its dissolution. We find it also subscribing for as many as a hundred copies of the Edition of the Welsh Bible then edited by Mr. Morris.

The Meetings of the early Society were of a social, as well as literary, kind. One of the early secretaries prepared for the press a work entitled *Memoirs of the Society of Ancient*

*Britons called Cymmrodorion*"; and he speaks of it as "established for the promoting of friendship and good understanding among the people of Wales residing in the City of London"; and the curtain is drawn aside in a letter written by Lewis Morris to one of his brothers. Speaking of a friend at one of the meetings, he describes him as seated at the board with a flowing tankard before him, and a long pipe in his mouth, while clouds of ambrosial tobacco-smoke circulated around his head. Still we are sure that these convivialities were not carried out into excesses. The character of the leading members is a sufficient guaranty against such a presumption. Indeed, we read that on one occasion, when a member was found to have drunk too freely, his conduct was met with strong objurgations.

It must be understood, however, that much as conviviality was the custom of that day in all literary gatherings, it was but a secondary object with the Cymmrodorion. While their primary functions were the cultivation of their language, the publication of valuable MSS., and the preservation of their antiquities, they were compelled by their rules to contribute to charitable purposes. The poorer Welsh in the Metropolis stood in great need of assistance at that time, inasmuch as the Law of Settlement pressed heavily upon them.

It was this Law of Settlement that induced several benevolent persons, nearly half a century before, to establish, first, in Hatton Garden, and then on Clerkenwell Green, a school for children born of Welsh parents resident in London. Their purpose in doing so was set forth in the style they gave to their Institution: "*A Society for Supporting a CHARITY SCHOOL for the Instructing, Cloathing, and putting forth Apprentice poor Children descended of Welsh Parents, born in or near London, who have no Parochial Settlement there.*" This school was at a later period removed to Gray's Inn Road, where it remained until the middle of the present century. It is now

located at Ashford, and possesses all the advantages of a salubrious country air.

We mention the circumstances attending the establishment of this school, because its supporters were intimately connected with the Cymmrodorion. Although the latter Society held its meetings, first, at the London Stone Tavern in Cannon Street, and afterwards at the Half Moon Tavern in Cheapside, its home was the School on Clerkenwell Green. It was there that its correspondence was addressed and most of its private affairs carried on. And when the Society, which was revived in the early part of the present century, was again dissolved, its library, MSS., and valuables passed into the possession of the trustees of that school—the Society of Ancient Britons, the name by which it had now come to be called.

Before we proceed further, we here give a *verbatim et literatim* reprint of the “Constitutions” of the first Society. Appended is a list of the officers and members; with the counties where they were born. Montgomeryshire presents the largest number. It has thrice as many as the average number of the other counties. Pembrokeshire has the fewest.

THE  
INTRODUCTION.

Shewing the Usefulness and Necessity of an Association of *Ancient Britons* in *London*.

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THERE is implanted in the Nature of Mankind, a strong Attachment to that Country which gave them Birth, and a laudable Curiosity to acquaint themselves with the genuine History and Antiquities of those People from whom they are immediately descended.

But to arrive at any great degree of certainty in these Researches, is an arduous task, and requires certain previous and necessary Qualifications.—No one can be ignorant, that in order to explain the ancient Monuments, Customs, and Manners of any People, a competent Knowledge of their Language is absolutely necessary : And as the *British*, or *Welsh*, is the Language of the original Inhabitants of *Great Britain* ; without a Critical Knowledge of it, it will be found extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to investigate the most ancient *British* Antiquities with any degree of Success. This Observation, sufficiently evident in itself, is likewise supported by the Authority of a Person very eminent in this as well as other Parts of Learning, the late Bishop *Nicholson*, who, in his *English Historical Library*, recommends the Study of the *British* Language, as a necessary Acquisition to compleat an *English* Antiquary : Having advertised his Reader that there are many curious Manuscripts, of a very great Age, still re-



awr hon, mae fe yn dywedyd ym mhellach "Ond ni wiw i ddyn olrhain y cyfryw hen barchedig Relyw oni fedr eu deall pan eu caffo, ac am hynny fod yn llwyr angenrheidiol i'r Hynafiaethydd (oni bydd *Gymro* o enedigaeth) wneuthur ei oreu er cael Cymhesurwydd o Gyfarwyddyd a Gwybodaeth yn y *Frutaniaith* neu'r *Gymraeg*."

Mae'r Byd yn Gyffredinol, cystal ac *Ynys Brydain* yn neillduol, yn dra rhwymedig i'r *Groegiaid* a'r *Rhufeiniaid*, am yr ychydig a'r amherffaith ddarnau o hanes y Cynfyd a draddodafant i lawr i ni; ond pan ystyriom yr anghyfleusdra oedd arnynt hwy yn hyn o beth, gan eu bod yn llwyr ddieithriaid i amryw leithioedd y bobl y cymmerent arnynt eu galw yn *Farbariaid*, nid allwn amgen na bo genym lawer gwaeth tyb o gywirdeb eu hanesion hwy, a llai o goel arnynt.

Ac nid ydym yn dywedyd mo hyn heb ddifai awdurdod, o blegyd y mae *Wmffre Llwyd*, yr hwn a gyfrifid yn un o Hynafiaethyddion goreu y Deyrnas hon, yn ei lyfr a elwir *Commentarioli Britannicæ Descriptionis Fragmentum*, yn dangos yn eglur mor Amherffaith yw'r holl hanesion y mae'r Ysgrifenyddion *Rhufeinig* yn eu rhoddi ini o'r Ynys hon; ac mor dywyll, o eisiau Cyfarwyddyd yn yr hen *Frutaniaith*.

E fu genym yn wir, agos ym mhob oes er hynny hyd yr awr hon, gryn nifer o wŷr dysgedig a chelfyddgar; *Brutaniaid* o enedigaeth, a haeddant gael clod am yr amser a'r llafur a dreuliasant yn yr Ymofynion hyn: eithr er cymhwysed y gallent fod i'r fath waith ym mhob modd arall, etto o eisiau'r un peth anhepcor hwn, sef Cyflawn gyfarwyddyd yn y *Frutaniaith* neu'r *Gymraeg*, hwy fuant gan belled oddiwrth wneuthur dim a dalai i'w grybwyll tu ag at amlygu Hynafiaeth *Prydain*, a'u bod yn fynych yn euog o Anferth a chywilyddus gamgymeriadau.

Y Diwyd Gelfyddgar *Camden*, ac ymbell un arall y sydd, nas dylid eu cyfrif ym mysg y cyfryw rai; Efe oedd y cyntaf, o'r 'Sgrifenyddion *Seisnig*, a gymmerth yr iawn ffordd ar Astudio Hynafiaeth: "Mae *Plato* (medd ef) yn ei lyfr at

maining in *Wales*; he farther adds, “But it will be to no purpose for a Man to seek out these venerable Remains, unless he be able to understand the Meaning of what he meets with; and therefore it is requisite that our Antiquary, if he be not a Native of *Wales*, should furnish himself with a competent Skill in the *British*, or *Welsh* Language.”

The World in general, as well as our Island of *Britain* in particular, is greatly indebted to the *Greeks* and *Romans* for transmitting down to us those few, though imperfect, Fragments of ancient History. But when we reflect upon the Disadvantages they lay under in this respect, as being entire Strangers to the several Languages of those People they affected to call *Barbarous*; the high Opinion we may have entertained of the Accuracy and Credit of their Accounts, will be considerably abated.

Nor is this asserted without good Authority; for *Humphrey Llwyd*, who had the Reputation of being one of the best Antiquaries of this Kingdom, in a Book of his, intitled *Commentarioli Britannicæ Descriptionis Fragmentum*, plainly shews how imperfect all the Accounts of this Island are, which we have from the *Roman* Writers, and how dark, for want of Skill in the old *British* Language.

We have had indeed, in almost every Age since, a great number of learned and ingenious Persons, Natives of *Britain*, who have laudably laid out their Time and Pains in these Researches; but however well qualified they might otherwise have been for a Work of this Nature, yet for want of this Requisite, namely, an intimate acquaintance with the *British*, or *Welsh*, Tongue; they have been so far from contributing anything considerable towards illustrating our *British* Antiquities, that they have frequently committed the most gross and palpable Mistakes.

The diligent and ingenious *Camden*, with a few others, ought here to be excepted: He it was, of *English* Writers,

*Cratylus*, yn ein hyfforddio i olrhain gwreiddyn Enwau yn yr *Ieithioedd Barbaraid*, canys mai hwynt hwy yw'r hynaf: minnau gan hynny, pan fai raid dyfalu a bwrw amcan ar Dadogaeth geiriau, a arferais yn wastadol wneuthur deunydd o'r *Frutaniaith* neu (fal y gelwir hi weithion) yr *Iaith Gymraeg*, yr hon a siaredid gan y Cyntaf a'r hynaf o drigolion y wlad hon." Yr oedd efe yn gweled mor ammhosiibl oedd dyfod i ddim sierwydd yn yr ymofynion hyn, heb yn gyntaf fod yn gydnabyddus â'r *Frutaniaith*. Gwaith poenus yn ddiau oedd hwn, ond gan iddo ef ei ganfod yn llwyr angenrheidiol i ddwyn i ben yr hyn a gymmerasai yn llaw, fe a'i cymmerth arno'n ewyllysgar, ac a ddaeth o'r diwedd i ryw ychydig o wybodaeth yn yr hen Iaith barchedig honno. Trwy'r Cynhorthwyon hyn, ynghyd â digymmar ddiwydrwydd a chraffder, fe a ddygodd fwy o oleuni ar hanes a Hynafiaeth yr Ynys hon nag a welsid erioed o'r blaen.

Ond er maint oedd buddiol ddatguddiadau y dichlyn a'r diwyd Hynafiaethydd hwn, ac eraill ar ei ol ef, yn y rhan yma o wybodaeth, ni ddatguddiwyd mo'r Cwbl etto: Y mae etto ddigon o waith i Gywraint olrheiniwr Hynafiaeth, a digon o Drysor os myn gymmeryd y boen i chwilio am dano, Ond os mynnir cael Tyciant ar y gwaith, rhaid yw ei gymmeryd yn llaw yn yr iawn ffordd; rhaid cael Cymmedrol wybodaeth o'r *Iaith Gymraeg*. Canys heb yr angenrheidiol barotoad hynny, ni fydd y gwaith onid ofer, y llafur ond difudd.

Rhaid yn wir gyfaddef nad yw gwybodaeth o *Ieithioedd*, trwy na byddant yn wafanaethgar i'n dwyn i wybodaeth o bethau eraill, ond peth gwag ac ofer; ond nid oes nac achos nac ystyr i haeru'r fath beth yn erbyn yr *Iaith Gymraeg*, fal y mae'r diddysg a'r diwybod yn rhy chwannog i wneuthur; o herwydd er maint y dirfawr golledion nad allai amgen nâ'u dioddef trwy Anrheithiau Rhyfel, Camwri amser, a damweiniau eraill, hi eill etto fostio llaweroedd o hen Ysgrifeniadau cywraint a gwerthfawr, mewn Barddoniaeth, Ystoriau, ac amryw Byngciau eraill o Wybodaeth.

who first took the right Method of studying Antiquities. "*Plato, in his Cratylus, says he, directs us to trace the Original of Names to the Barbarous Tongues, as being the most antient; and accordingly, in all my Etymologies and Conjectures, I have constant recourse to the British, or (as it is now called) the Welsh Tongue, which was spoken by the first and most ancient Inhabitants of this Country.*" He saw the Impossibility of coming at any degree of certainty in these Researches, without being first acquainted with the *British* Language. This was indeed a laborious Task; but as he found it to be necessary to the Execution of his Plan, he cheerfully underwent it, and it seems acquired some Knowledge of that ancient and venerable Language. By these Helps, joined to an uncommon degree of Diligence and Penetration, he reflected more light upon the History and Antiquities of this Island than ever had been done before.

But notwithstanding the many useful Discoveries this accurate and industrious Antiquary, and others after him, have made in this Field of Knowledge, the Subject is far from being exhausted. There is still Employment enough for the curious Inquirer into Antiquity, and abundant Treasure, if he will be at the Pains to search for it. But to prosecute it with Success, a right Method must be pursued; a competent Knowledge of the *British* Language must be attained: Without this necessary and previous Preparation, the Attempt will be vain, the Labour will be fruitless.

It is indeed readily granted that the Knowledge of Languages, where they serve not to convey the Knowledge of Things, is a mean and trifling Accomplishment: But this Objection, so commonly urged by the Ignorant and Unlearned, against the Study of the *British* Language, is without Foundation: For, notwithstanding the Losses it must have sustained by the Devastations of War, the Injuries of Time, and other Casualties, it can still boast of many curious and valuable Manuscripts in Poetry, History, Mythology, &c.

Y mae'r dysgedig a'r celfyddgar Dr. *Wotton*, yr hwn yn ddiddadl oedd ddifai barnwr ar y peth, wrth gyflwyno llyfr o'i waith i'r Gymdeithas o HEN FRUTANIAID, yn tystiolaethu'r peth a ddywedpwyd uchod yn y modd tra hynod hyn. "Genych chwi (medd ef) y mae arferion ac ordinhadau eich Hynafiaid yn gadwedig hyd heddyw, yn Iaith eich Mamau; mae'n arwydd o wir gariad at eich gwlad ddarfod i chwi gadw'r fath Goffiadwriaeth cyhyd heb ei ddifrodi. Nid oes gan *Ffrainge* ddangosiad yn y byd o'i Chyssefin Iaith cyn amser *Jwl Caesar*; os mynnai'r *Ffrancod* wybod pa'r Iaith a siaradai'r hen *Geilliaid*, rhaid iddynt ymofyn â chwi. Nid oes gan *Ysphaen* ond yr ychydigyn lleiaf o'i Hiaith ddechreuol i frolio o honaw: nid yw gweddillion tlodaidd hen Iaith y *Cantabriaid* mewn un modd yn gymmwys i'w cyffelybu i'ch hen Drysorau chwi." Ac nid ei chymwysder i'r dibenion uchod yw unig ganmoliaeth y *Frutaniaith*; mae hi agatfydd ynddi ei hun, cymnaint ei Godidowgrwydd ag un Iaith arferedig arall dan haul: ym Mhybyrwech ei hymadroddion nid ydyw hi islaw yr un: Yng nghysondeb ei chynghaneddu, yr hyn sydd yn ei chymwyso yn arbennig at Brydyddiaeth, mae hi uwch law y rhan fwyaf: ac y mae'n brawf nid bychan o'i chyflawndra, a lleied y mae'n rhwymedig i Ieithioedd eraill, ei bod, heb gymmorth dim geiriau dieithr, yn adrodd yn gyflawn holl ddychymygiadau'r meddwl: a'r hyn fydd ragorgamp arbennig yn perthyn yn neillduol iddi ei hun, er nad ydys yn gyffredin yn craffu arno, ydyw, hawfed gwneuthur o honi eiriau Cyssylltedig, y rhai a wasanaethant nid yn unig i arwyddocau y pethau a grybwyllir, ond hesyd i benodi'n bendant eu prif ansawdd a'u hanianawl Gynneddfau.

Ac er i'r rhan fwyaf o Ieithioedd eraill gael eu newid a'u llygru fal nad ellid mewn amser ond rhy brin eu deall, mae genym ni brofiadau sier a diammeu fod y *Frutaniaith* wedi ymgadw agos yn yr un cyflwr er ys deuddeg cant o flynyddoedd o'r lleiaf; gan fod prydyddiaeth yr ardderchog fardd *Taliesin*, y ddau *Fyrddin*, *Aneurin Wawdrydd*, a'r Tywysog

The learned and ingenious Dr. *Wotton*, whose critical Knowledge of this kind cannot be called in question, in a Dedication of a Work of his to the Society of ANCIENT BRITONS, gives this remarkable Attestation to what has been advanced: "You (says he) have the Usages and Constitutions of your Ancestors still extant in your Mother-Tongue. It argued a true Love for your Country to preserve such a Record so long entire. *France* has no Monuments left of its primitive Language before *Julius Cæsar's* Time; the *French* must apply themselves to you, if they would know what Tongue the old *Gauls* conversed in. *Spain* has little or nothing of their original Tongue to boast of: The poor Remains of the old *Cantabrig* Language, are by no means comparable to your antient Stores." Nor are these relative Uses of the *British* Language its only Recommendation; it has perhaps as much intrinsic merit as any living Language whatsoever. In the Strength of its Expressions, it is inferior to none; in the Harmony of its Numbers, which admirably fits it for Poetry, it is superior to most; nor is it an inconsiderable Proof of its Copiousness and Independency, that, without the Assistance of any foreign Words, it fully expresses all the Conceptions of the Mind: And, which is a remarkable Excellency peculiar to it, not commonly taken notice of, it is easily formed into Compounds, which not only serve for Signs of Things, but are likewise expressive of their principal Modes and essential Properties.

And whereas most other Languages have been changed and corrupted, so as in length of Time to become in a great Measure unintelligible; we have undoubted Proofs that the *British* has continued very near the same, at least for twelve hundred Years past; the Compositions of the famous Poet *Taliesin*, the two *Merddins*, *Aneurin Wawdrydd*, and Prince *Llywarch hen*, who all flourished in the fifth Century, being, at this Day, perfectly intelligible in this Language.

*Llywarch hen*, y rhai oeddynt oll yn byw yn y Bummed Ganhif, yn hawdd eu deall yn yr Iaith hon y dydd heddyw.

A chan fod y *Frutaniaith* mor ardderchog a phrydfferth ynddi ei hun, nid allwn lai na bo genym dyb barchus o naturiol athrylith, cystal ag astudrwydd, yr hen *Frutaniaid*, gan nad yw nemmawr llai nâ phrawf eu bod yn bobl gywraint a dysgedig: canys, os ystyriwn pa faint o Rym sydd raid ei fod mewn meddwl dŷn i ddychymmyg a llunio Iaith; mor drwsgl ac ammherffaith gan mwyaf yw pob Iaith ar y cyntaf, ac mor hir a hwyr o dippyn i dippyn y cynyddda i Berffeithrwydd, rhaid cyfaddef mai gwaith yn gofyn Pwyll a chywreindeb mawr oedd dwyn y *Frutaniaith* i'r fath Brydferthwch a Chywirdeb: eithr fal y digwydd yn aml nad eill dim, er ei odidocced, fod bob amser yn ddiogel rhag Gogan ac anair; ni bu well Tyngedfen yr hen Iaith wir orchestol hon nâ chael ei dirmygu, a hynny heb achos gweledig yn y byd ond o ddiffyg ei deall; a pha'r un ai hoffder ar bob newydd, ai difrawch a llesgedd natur, ai pa beth bynnag arall sy'n peri, nid oes nemmawr o'r rhai y mae hi'n famiaith iddynt Cymmeryd y boen i geisio cyflawn wybodaeth o honi, nac i synio ar ei Godidowgrwydd.

Gan hynny, er mwyn ymgeleddu Iaith mor odidog ynddi ei hun, ac mor helaethlawn o sicr Goffeion hybarch o Hynafiaeth; Iaith mor llwyr angenrheidiol a buddiol i adferu a diwygio nid yn unig Hanes *Prydain Fawr* a'r *Iwerddon*, ond hefyd llawer o *Wledydd Tramor*, a gwneuthur yr Iaith hon fal y gellid ei deall yn fwy perffaith a chyffredinol, fe ddarfu i lawer o wŷr cywraint a dysgedig ysgrifennu Gramadegau a Geirlyfrau o honi: ond gan mai gwaith mawr a hirfaith yw hwnnw, ac ammosibl ei ddwyn i ben da heb anfeidrol boen ac amser, mae lle i ddisgwyll gyd â rheswm y bydd i lafur llawer wedi ei uno ynghyd, allu perffeithio yn llwyddiannus yr hyn nad allai ychydig ei gwblhau er maint eu hewyllys a'u hegri.

I'r diben yma y mae cryn nifer o wŷr wedi eu geni o fewn

These intrinsic Excellencies of the *British* Language, among other Things, give us a high Idea of the natural and acquired Abilities of the *Antient Britons*; and are presumptive Proofs that they were a polite and learned People: For, if we consider how great an Effort of the human Mind it is to form a Language, how rude and imperfect the first Models of it generally are, and by what slow Gradations it advances towards Perfection: it must be confessed to have been the Work of great Art and Genius to carry the *British* Language to such a Degree of Beauty and Exactness. But, as it frequently happens, that no Excellency can always be secure from Detraction and ill Treatment, it has been the Fate of this truly ancient and noble Language to be despised; and that for no other visible Reason, but because it is not understood; and even amongst those whose Mother-Tongue it is, whether from an Affectation of Novelty, or an Indolence of Temper, or from whatever other Cause it proceeds, few take the Pains to attain a critical Knowledge of it, and to study its Beauties.

To cultivate therefore a Language so excellent in itself, so fruitful in many venerable and undoubted Monuments of Antiquity, so highly useful and indeed necessary, to the Restoration and Improvement, not only of the History of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, but likewise of several Countries upon the Continent; and to make it more thoroughly and generally understood; Grammars and Dictionaries of it have been written by several Persons of great Ingenuity and Learning. But as the Field is large, and a Work of this kind is not without length of Time and much Difficulty brought to any degree of Perfection; it is reasonable to suppose, that what the utmost Efforts of a few have not been able to accomplish, will be more successfully effected by the united Labours of many.

To this End, a considerable Number of Persons, Natives of



Tywysogaeth *Cymru*, sydd yn awr yn drigiannol yn *Llundain* ac o'i hamgylch, o wir gariad ar eu Gwlad, ac er parchedigaeth i enw'r *Brutaniaid*, ar fedr sefydlu Cymdeithas Gyffredinol i ymgysfardod unwaith bob mis, tan wahanrhedol Alwedigaeth ac Enw *Cymmrodorion*.<sup>1</sup>

Eithr er mai Ymgeleddu a diwyllio'r *Frutaniaith*, a chwilio allan Hynafiaeth, yw bwriad pennaf ein hymgyfardod; nid ydym pa wedd bynnag yn Amcanu mewn un modd i'r cyfryw Ymofynion a Chwiliadau fod yr unig bethau y syniom arnynt: yr ydym hefyd yn bwriadu gwneuthur y Gymdeithas hon mor Llesol yn gyffredinol ac y caniatta natur y peth: I rwyddhau y bwriad canmoladwy hwn, ac i wneuthur ei effeithiau mor gyffredin ac yr fym ni'n tybio eu bod yn lesol; Ein hewyllys yw sefydlu nid yn unig Cyffredinol gydnabyddiaeth ym mhlith ein Cydwladwyr, ond hefyd Cymdeithgar gystlwn a Chyfeillach â phob rhai hynaws eraill a chwenychont ymofyn am y Gwirionedd; i bai rai y diolchgar gyfaddefwn ein rhwymedigaeth am eu haddfwyn gymmorth tuagat helaethu a hwylio ymlaen unrhyw gaingc arall o Ddysgeidiaeth a lesol Wybodaeth.

Ac fal y mae yn orfoledd genym mae nynti yw Eppil yr hen *Frutaniaid*, nynti a wnawn ein goreu ar ein hymddwyn ein hunain yn deilwng o'r Alwedigaeth anrhydeddus honno, trwy ddilyn y rhinweddau cymdeithgar haelwiw hynny am bai rai yr oedd ein Hynafiaid mor enwog a chlodfawr; a'n gofal arbennig a fydd gwir les ein gwlad, i chwanegu hyd eithaf ein gallu ei dedwyddyd a'i llwyddiant hi. Ac fal na byddom yn Anolo yn y Rhinwedd Gristianogol ardderchoccaf oll, nynti a wnawn gymmaint ac a allom tu ag at addysgu'r anwybodus a chynorthwyo'r Anghenus o'n Cydwladwyr.

Ac am danom ein hunain, fel yr ydym aelodau o'r Gymdeithas hon; ein gofal gwastadol o fydd ar gadw o honom Iawn drefn a gweddusrwydd yn ein hamryw Yngysfardodau; ar

<sup>1</sup> Neu *Cyn-frodorion*.

the Principality of *Wales*, now residing in and about *London*, inspired with the Love of their common Country, and consulting the Honour of the *British* Name, propose to establish a general Monthly Society, distinguished by the Name and Title of *Cymmrodorion*.<sup>1</sup>

But though the Cultivation of the *British* Language, and a Search into Antiquities, be the principal End of our meeting together ; it is not, however, by any Means intended to make these Inquiries and Speculations the sole Object of our Attention. We likewise propose to render this Society as useful in general as the Nature of the Thing will admit of ; to facilitate which laudable Design, and to make its Influences as extensive as they appear to us to be beneficial ; it is our Desire not only to establish a general Acquaintance amongst our Countrymen, but also a friendly Intercourse and Correspondence with all candid Inquirers into Truth ; to whom we shall gratefully acknowledge ourselves indebted for their kind Assistance towards the Propagation and Improvement of any other Branch of Learning and useful Knowledge.

And as we glory in being the Offspring of the *Ancient Britons*, it will be our endeavour to approve ourselves worthy of that honourable Appellation, by imitating those social and generous Virtues for which our Ancestors were so justly renowned. More particularly we shall be attentive to the true Interest of our Native Country, and endeavour to promote its Welfare and Prosperity. And that we may not be wanting in the noblest and most Christian Virtue, we shall contribute our Endeavours towards the Instruction of the ignorant and the Relief of the distressed Part of our Countrymen.

With regard to ourselves, as Members of this Society, it will be our constant Care strictly to observe a just Order and Decorum at our several Meetings ; to conduct ourselves unblameably and inoffensively, to discourage all Vice and Im-

<sup>1</sup> Or *Aborigines*.

ymarwedd o honom ein hunain yn ddiargyoedd a diniweid,  
 heb roi na chefn nac achles i unrhyw ddrygioni nac Anfoes-  
 garwch : ar gymmorth o honom bob Rhinwedd dda pa un  
 bynnag ai cyhoedd ai neillduol ; ar dystiolaethu o honom ein  
 diysgog ffyddlondeb i Fawrhydi'r Brenhin Sior, ac i'w larya-  
 idd a'i ddedwyddol Lywodraeth ; as gynnal o honom gyttundeb  
 a Theuluedd didor yn ein plith ein hunain ; a Chariad perffaith,  
 ac Ewyllys da tu ag at holl Ddynol ryw.



morality, to promote every private and public Virtue, to testify our firm Attachment to his Majesty King GEORGE, and his mild and auspicious Government, to cultivate a good Understanding amongst ourselves, and to extend our Charity and Benevolence towards all Mankind.





# CONSTITUTIONS

Of the SOCIETY of

*CYMMRODORION* in *LONDON*.

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## I.

THE Society shall consist of Twenty-four Managers, *viz.* Two Presidents (one of whom distinguished by the Title of Chief), Four Vice Presidents, Sixteen Council, a Treasurer, and Secretary; and an unlimited Number of Members: All born or bred in the *Principality of Wales*, or whose Ancestors were of that Country, or who are allied to the Country by Marriage, or are possessed of landed Estates therein; and who can speak the antient *British* Language, or are desirous of becoming acquainted therewith; and who profess themselves hearty Well-wishers and Promoters of the Honour and Welfare of the Principality and its Inhabitants, and shall be of the Age of one and Twenty Years or upwards.

The Society to consist of Antient Britons, or their Descendants, &c.

## II.

There shall be a General Meeting of the Society on the first *Wednesday* of every Month, at some convenient House near the Center of the City.<sup>1</sup> The Hours from Eight to Eleven in the Evening, from *April* to *September*, and from Seven to Ten from *October* to *March*, both Months inclusive. The Officers shall take their Seats, and the Chairman shall call the Society to Order, at half an Hour after the appointed Time of Meeting: and the Form of sitting shall be as represented in the following Figure.

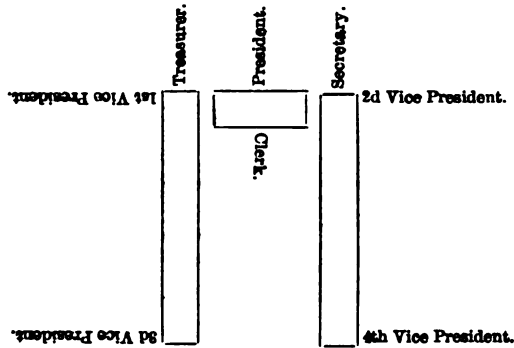
Time and Place of Meeting.

<sup>1</sup> The present House is the Half-Moon Tavern in *Cheapside*.

Form of Sit-  
ting.

When the Chief President is in the Chair, the other

President shall sit on his right Hand. When both Presidents are absent, the first Vice President shall take the Chair, and so on by the others. And the Vice Presi-



dents Chairs shall be filled in their Absence by the Senior Members of the Council, in the order they stand on the Book. When the Treasurer or the Secretary are absent, the Chairman shall depute proper Persons to officiate for the Night in their Stead.

### III.

Candidates  
to be pro-  
posed at the  
Monthly  
Meetings.

Every Person desirous of entering into the Society, must first get himself proposed by one of the Members at a General Meeting, who shall deliver the Chairman a Paper Writing, containing his Name, Calling or Occupation, Place of Abode, and place of Birth, signed by the Proposer: And at the same Time shall deposit Half a Guinea for him in the Treasurer's Hands for the general Use of the Society. The Chairman shall read the said Paper in the Hearing of all the Members, that the Character of the Candidate may be enquired into, if thought necessary, against the next Monthly Meeting, when he shall be balloted for: But if his Proposer be absent, the Ballot shall be postponed till such Time as he is present. If Five Negatives<sup>1</sup> appear on the Ballot he shall be rejected; if there does not appear Five Negatives, he shall be admitted a

Rejected by  
five Neg-  
atives on the  
Ballot.

<sup>1</sup> The Negative was Three till the Members became One hundred in Number.

Brother, according to the Society's standing Form of Initiation. Provided always, that the Half a Guinea Deposit-Money shall be returned to the Proposer in Case the Person shall be rejected.

## IV.

CYFRINACH.

Form of Admission.

## V.

The Officers and Council shall be elected yearly by Majority of the Members present, at a full Meeting, between the Hours of Eight and Nine in the Month of *January*; whereof previous Notice shall be given in one of the public Papers, and also in circular Letters to all the Members in Town. Agreed unanimously that the following Gentlemen be the first named Officers, to continue as such till *January* 1753, viz.

Officers and Council elected yearly in *January*.

Chief President.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN of *Cors y Gedol* and *Nannau* in *Merioneth-shire*, Esq.; *Custos Rotulorum* of the County, and Member of the Honourable House of Commons.

The first named Officers in 1751.

President.

MR. RICHARD MORRIS, of the *Navy Office*.

Vice Presidents.

MR. DAVID THOMAS.

MR. DAVID JONES.

MR. ANDREW JONES.

MR. ROBERT EVANS.

Treasurer.

MR. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

Secretary.

MR. DANIEL VENABLES.



## VI.

Qualifica-  
tion of the  
Council.

The Council is to be composed of Gentlemen of Learning and Knowledge in the *British* and other Languages; vers'd in the History, Poetry, Genealogies and Antiquities of the *Antient Britons*, and acquainted with the present State of *Wales*, with respect to Learning, Trade, Manufactures, Fisheries, Mine-works, Husbandry, &c., of whom Eight new

To meet on  
the Presi-  
dent's Sum-  
mons.

Their Busi-  
ness.

Members at least to be chosen annually. They are to meet occasionally upon the President's Summons, to assist him in conducting the Affairs of the Society: To direct the Disposal of their Money to proper Uses, as in Acts of Charity, Purchase of Books and other Necessaries, or (when it rises to a considerable Sum) put it out to interest in the public Funds, in the Names of the President, Treasurer and Secretary, till such Time as it may be wanted. Audit the Treasurer's Accounts Yearly. Enquire into the Character and Qualification of Candidates for Members, whether they be Persons of good Fame and Reputation, and qualified as required by the first Article of the Constitutions. Consult with the Secretary, and give their Opinion on ancient Manuscripts and Letters from Correspondents, what Part thereof may be proper to be published among the Society's Memoirs. And they are to have always in view the Encouragement of Industry among the Inhabitants of *Wales*, by promoting Schemes for improving their Trade and Manufactures, by Premiums or otherwise: As the only Means of enriching and better peopling the Country; which is continually drained of its most able Hands for want of Employment.

## VII.

Master of  
the *British*  
*School*, Clerk  
of the So-  
ciety.

The Master of the *British Charity School* at *Clerkenwell*, for the Time being, shall be admitted a Member without any Expence at Entrance or otherwise. He is to officiate as per-

petual Clerk to the Society, to enter the Minutes of their Proceedings, call over the Members Names every Night, and <sup>His Duty.</sup> collect the Reckoning: Direct the circular Letters, and send them by his Boys to the Member's Houses: put Advertisements into the News Papers, one Monthly in *Welsh* for the general Meeting: Give Notice to the Members to attend the Funerals of deceased Brethren: And occasionally any other Business of the like Nature. His necessary Expences on those Accounts shall be defrayed out of the common Stock; and the Society shall make him a Compliment at Christmas yearly, adequate to the Nature of his Services.

## VIII.

A Messenger shall be appointed to attend the Inside of the Room Door, to call for and receive every Thing wanted from the Waiter, and deliver the same at the Table. And also to take Care of the Fire and Candle, and see that every Thing in the Room is in proper Order for the Conveniency of the Members. And after the Society breaks up, shall see that their Moveables be taken Care of against the next Meeting. He shall be allowed one Shilling a Night for his trouble, and a further Gratuity at Christmas yearly at the Discretion of the Members. <sup>Messenger's Duty.</sup>

## IX.

A Door-Keeper shall be also appointed to attend the Outside of the Door, who is to receive the Commands of the Society from the Messenger, and must take particular Care that none but Brethren enter the Room, during the fixt Hours of Sitting on any Pretence whatsoever; and shall have the same Allowance with the Messenger for his Trouble and Attendance. <sup>Door-keeper's Duty.</sup>

## X.

Chief President empowered to constitute three subordinate Societies.

The Chief President is empowered to constitute three subordinate Houses, under his Hand and Seal of the Society, by the Names of the *Westminster, Southwark and Eastern Societies*; each of which to be conducted by a President, Treasurer and Secretary, and governed by the same Constitutions. Those Gentlemen shall always act in Conjunction with the principal Society in every Thing respecting the main Scope of the Original Institution, and shall pay a Visit to the Chief President once a Year; and the Societies shall likewise respectively visit one another.

## XI.

Order of Proceedings at Monthly Meetings.

When the Officers, or their Representatives, are all seated their proper places, the Chairman shall drink *Yr EGLWYS a'r BRENHIN*, which shall be pledged by all the Members. Then they shall proceed on Business to ballot for Candidates proposed at last Meeting, and take Cognizance of such as may be then proposed for the next Meeting: Receive Reports of the Council, and determine upon all Motions relating to the Concerns of the Society. When the current Business is over they shall drink *Jechyd TYWYSOG CYMRU, a Llwyddiant i Dywysogaeth CYMRU*: Then to mixt Conversation. When the Hours of sitting are expired, the Clerk shall call over the Members, and the Treasurer shall adjust the Reckoning, allowing therein one Shilling to the Drawer, and also the Messenger and Door Keeper's Allowances; which being discharged, they shall conclude the Night with drinking *Jechyd y PENLLYWYDD, a Llwyddiant i'r GYMDEITHAS*: And the Chairman shall adjourn the Meeting to that Day Month, according to the prescribed Form in the *Antient British* Language. Not any Liquors called for before the Hour of Meeting, or drank out of the Meeting Room, nor any Eatables

to be charged to the general Reckoning, each Member being to defray the whole of such Expence out of his own Pocket. If any Member shall have Occasion to depart the Society before the Hour of breaking up, he shall signify the same to the Chair, and lay down Thirteen Pence at least for his Reckoning.

No Estates to be charged to the Reckoning.

## XII.

The Discourse of the Society shall be as much as possible in the *Antient British* Language, which they are specially bound to cultivate. And all Motions regarding the immediate Concerns of the Society are to be directed to the Chair, the Person speaking standing up uncovered, and only one Person to speak at a Time : And if the Matter should render it necessary, a Committee of the Vice Presidents and Council shall be appointed to take the same into Consideration, who shall withdraw into another Room, and Report their Opinion thereof to the Society.

Discourse in the *British* Language.

Order of speaking.

## XIII.

The Chairman is to be treated with the greatest Respect, and his Orders obeyed by all the Members. He shall see that due Harmony and Decorum be kept up in the Conversation ; and if any Member shall be guilty of Drunkenness, profane Cursing or Swearing, using any obscene or irreligious Expressions in his Discourse ; or shall create any unnecessary Disputes, cavilling or wrangling, to the Disturbance of the Company ; (particularly Religious and Party Disputes, the Bane of Civil Society) the Chairman shall call the Offender to Order, and admonish him to better Behaviour. If notwithstanding such Admonition he still persists in being troublesome, he shall be immediately turn'd out of the Room as a common Disturber ; and if the Majority think proper shall be utterly expelled the Society. And if any Member

Chairman to be respected.

Misbehaviour of Members how dealt with.

shall be guilty of any atrocious Crime without Doors against the Public ; or shall commit any unworthy Action to the Dishonour of the Society, or Prejudice of any of its Members ; upon Complaint thereof he shall be heard in his Place, then ordered by the Chairman to withdraw, and Sentence shall be pronounced in the Case, according to the Opinion of the Majority, to a Reprimand from the Chair, Fine to the Poor's Box, or Expulsion. If he shall be absent at the Time of the Complaint, the Clerk shall give him Notice to attend the next Meeting, to make his Defence. If he disregards the Notice, he shall be proceeded against as if Personally present ; and if he refuses to pay the Fine imposed on him, he shall be expelled the Society.

## XIV.

Moveables  
to be pur-  
chased for  
the Use of  
the Society.

The following Particulars shall be purchased for the Use of the Society, out of the Money received on Admission of Members ; viz.

- 1 A great Chair properly ornamented for the President, with the Society's Arms over it.
- 2 A proper Table to stand before it.
- 3 White Wands with Mottos for all the Officers.
- 4 Desks for the Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary, with Inkstands and Stationary.
- 5 A balloting Box and Counters.
- 6 A large Seal of Arms.
- 7 A Copper Plate of Blank Notices in *Welsh* for the Monthly Meetings.
- 8 A well-bound Book in Folio, to enter therein the Constitutions of the Society, Register of the Members Names, Catalogue of the Society's Moveables, expressing their Value, and whether given or purchased ; and a Cash Account for a Check on the Treasurer.
- 9 A Book for a Monthly Call List, and Minutes of the

Society's Proceedings, whereof so much as deemed necessary shall be transcribed once a Year into the great Book, to be preserved on record.

- 10 A Charity Box, with two Locks and different Keys for the President and Treasurer.
- 11 A Cabinet for the Society's Books and Rarities, with Locks and Nine Keys for the Eight principal Officers and the School-Master.
- 12 A *Morthwyl mawr* for the Chairman to command Silence.

## XV.

Each Member shall put a Sum not less than six Pence every Quarter into the Charity Box; and any overplus Money in Reckonings shall also be put into it, if the Company present approve of it. And it shall be recommended to every Brother at his Admission to remember the Poor's Box. Which Box shall be kept in Custody of the Landlord, and shall be opened every Month, and the Money told in the Presence of the Society. When any of the Country, from unavoidable Losses, Sickness, large Families, or Want of Employment, shall be reduced to Distress in *London*, and come properly recommended to the Society, as real Objects of Charity; the Managers may give them casual Subsistence, discretionally in Time of Need, to be reimbursed out of the Poor's Box; and if from Home, a Sum to enable them to travel thither. The Clerk shall keep an Account of all the Charities in a Book, and a Report thereof shall be made to the Society in the Month of *December* Yearly. Persons inclined to promote so useful a Charity, are requested to send their Contributions for that Purpose to the Society at their general Monthly Meeting.

Every Member to put six Pence a Quarter into the Charity Box.

Charity Money how disposed of.

## XVI.

The Society's Museum and Library shall be at the *School*-Museum & Library.

*house on Clerkenwell Green*, till a more commodious Place can be fixt on : and the Schoolmaster is to frame and continue in Order a proper Catalogue of all the Books and Curiosities contained therein, and take particular Care that no Part of them are damaged, or taken away by any Person whatever.

One Copy of every *Welsh* printed Book to be procured,

and *Welsh* Manuscripts.

Donations of Books, &c., to be recorded.

The Librarian, with the Approbation of the Managers, shall purchase at the Society's Expence one Copy (if to be had) of every Book that hath ever been printed in the antient *British* Language ; and of every one that shall be printed hereafter : also as many antient *British* Manuscripts as can be procured at a reasonable Price : Likewise such Books in any other Language, treating of the History and Antiquities of *Britain*, as shall be judged useful and necessary towards carrying on the Designs of the Society : Each Book to be lettered on the Cover *Eiddo'r Cymrodorion yn Llundain*. All Donations to the Society of Books, Manuscripts, Medals, Fossils, Orns, Shells, or any other curious Productions of Art or Nature, shall be entered on Record with the Donors Names in the Book of Constitutions : And honourable mention shall be made of the Donors in the Society's *Memoirs* : and the Society's Thanks under their Seal shall be transmitted by the Secretary to every such generous Encourager of our Institution.

## XVII.

Moveables of the Society how vested.

The Library, Collection of Curiosities, Great Chair, Table and other Moveables, are to be deemed the joint Property of the Society for ever. But if by any unforeseen Accident the Society should in future Time be dissolved, the Whole shall devolve to the Trustees of the *British Charity School on Clerkenwell Green*, to be preserved by them at the School-House entire : And if that Foundation should cease, then the same to go to the Use of *Jesus College Oxon* for ever.

## XVIII.

The Secretary shall be the Librarian, and Keeper of the *Cymmrodorion Museum*. He shall make Extracts from the Letters of Correspondents, and regularly digest them into a Book; which, with any new Discoveries or Improvements that the Society shall make on the Subject of History, Poetry, Antiquities, &c., after having been approved of in Council, shall be published under the Title of *Memoirs of the Society of CYMMRODORION in LONDON*; from such a Time to such a Time. The Society also propose to print all the scarce and valuable *antient British Manuscripts*, with Notes Critical and Explanatory: To which End, the Possessors thereof are desired to communicate the same, that they may be preserved from being lost to the World. The Copies of all such Books shall be vested in the Society, and the Profits arising from the Sale of them shall be appropriated for other Publications in the *British* Language, such as the Society shall deem useful and necessary for promoting Knowledge and Virtue among their Countrymen. And a Printer and Bookseller to the Society shall be appointed, for the better carrying on the said Publications.

The Secretary the Librarian,

to digest Correspondents Letters for Publication.

Antient Manuscripts in Welsh to be published with Notes.

## XIX.

Corresponding Members shall be elected of the Curious and Learned in the Country: And the Society do heartily invite their Brethren of the *Welsh* Colony in *Pensylvania* to correspond with them; being very desirous of perpetuating the *antient British* Language in that Province: To which End they will give them all the Assistance in their Power, by supplying them with Books on the same Terms with their Countrymen in *Old Wales*. They are also desirous of Correspondence with all Historians and Antiquaries, of what Nation soever, who may have Occasion to treat concerning

Corresponding Members.

The Society desirous of Corresponding with the Historians, &c., of other Nations.



Honorary  
Members.

the former State of this Island: Such of whom as the Society shall approve of shall be elected Honorary Members; and the Society will assist them all they can in their laudable Pursuits of tracing the true History and Antiquities of *Britain*, and in rectifying the numerous Errors which abound in most Books written on those Subjects, through the Author's want of Knowledge of the Original Language of the Country. The Secretary shall write to the Corresponding and Honorary Members elect, to acquaint them therewith, which Letters shall be subscribed by the Chief President, or in his Absence by the President, and the Seal of the Society affixt thereto.

Letters  
from Corre-  
spondents  
how address-  
ed.

Correspondents are desired to address their Letters to Mr. *Richard Morris, at the Navy Office, London*. The Originals of which, after they have been considered by the Secretary, shall be carefully preserved for the Inspection of the Curious among the Archives of the Society.

## XX.

The Annual  
Feast on St.  
David's Day  
to be regu-  
lated.

The Society shall make Rules and Orders for the better regulating and conducting the Annual Feast of the *ANTIENT Britons* on *ST. DAVID'S DAY*, in order to retrieve the Credit and Dignity of that honourable and charitable Institution, which was heretofore conducted with solemn Splendor and Magnificence by the Nobility and Gentry, to the Honour of the *Principality of Wales*, and the great Benefit of the poor Children supported by this Charity: But of late entirely neglected by the Great, and but little regarded by any, for want of proper Regulations. Not any other Feast, Annual

No other  
Feast to be  
held by the  
Society.

or otherwise, shall be held by the Society; but they shall use their best Endeavours for supporting the *British Charity School* on *Clerkenwell Green*, by their own Subscriptions thereto, procuring Charity Sermons for their Benefit, and recommending the same to all their Friends and Acquaintance:

And shall also consider of the most proper Methods to render that Establishment as useful as possible to the Public.

## XXI.

And as the Protestants of all Nations in *Europe* (the *Antient Britons* excepted) have their particular Churches in *London*, for the Worship of God in their own Language, the Society have under Consideration the Building, purchasing, or hiring a Place of Worship here, and supporting an able Minister to perform Divine Service, and Sermons therein Weekly, according to the established Doctrine of the *Church of England*, in the *Antient British Language*: A Foundation greatly wanted and wished for by a numerous Body of People of truly religious Disposition, and firmly attached to his Majesty and his Government in Church and State. They have the greater Reason to hope for Success in this good Work, when they reflect on the noble and truly Christian Spirit which now universally prevails through the whole Nation, in the extraordinary Encouragement of public Charities in general, such as has not been known in any former Age: And which more immediately regards themselves, the late Publication of Thirty thousand *Welsh Bibles*, besides Five thousand more Testaments and Common Prayer Books, distributed, by the worthy *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*, among the poor Inhabitants of *Wales*, for less than half their Value. The Society therefore doubt not, but that the same gracious Providence which so plentifully supplied their Countrymen with the precious Word of God in their own native Language (in which only they can understand it) will also provide them a House for his Worship in this Capital, where they have not hitherto enjoyed that Blessing. Persons inclined to promote this noble Design, are desired to specify in Writing the Sums they are willing to contribute to Mr. *Morris* at the *Navy Office*, *Crutched Friars*; Mr.

A *Welsh* Church to be founded in *London*.

Subscribers to notify the Sums they are willing to contribute.

*Humphreys* in *St. Martins le Grand*; the Reverend Mr. *Evans* in *Cowley Street, Westminster*, or to the Society at their Monthly Meetings. And when a sufficient Sum shall be promised, the Society will give Notice in the public Papers for the Money to be paid into a Banker's Hands, and will take the necessary Measures to accomplish the Work with all Speed, under the Care and Inspection of a Committee to be chosen for that Purpose.

## XXII.

Treasurer's  
Account  
audited in  
*December*  
yearly, and  
reported in  
*January*.

The Treasurer shall keep a fair and regular Account of his Receipts and Payments, which shall be audited by the President and Council in the Month of *December* yearly; and an Abstract thereof, distinguished under proper Heads, reported to the Society, at their General Meeting in *January*. He must produce Vouchers for all his Payments, that will admit thereof, together with the President's written Directions for disbursing the Money.

## XXIII.

Members to  
attend Fu-  
nerals of de-  
ceased Bre-  
thren.

The Members shall attend at the Funeral of every deceased Brother, if within the Bills of Mortality, in Procession, preceded by the Officers with their Wands, and the *British Charity Boys* shall walk before the Corps, singing Psalms, to the Grave.

## XXIV.

Constitu-  
tions, &c., to  
be printed  
in *Welsh* and  
*English*.

Additional  
Laws, how  
to be deter-  
mined.

The Constitutions, with the Introduction thereunto, and general Heads for Correspondence, shall be printed at the public Expence, in *British* and *English* (the Form of Initiation excepted) for the Use of the Members in Town and Country, and one Copy thereof delivered to each Member gratis. *Provided always*, That the Society shall be at Liberty to make additional Laws, if found necessary, for their better Government, so as the same be regularly proposed at a Gene-

ral Meeting, and Notice thereof given to all the Members in Town, who shall determine the Matter by Majority of Voices at their next Meeting: The Chairman to have Two Votes in this and all other Matters relating to the Society. In like Manner, they may alter or amend any of these Articles, the first only excepted, which is hereby declared to be the fundamental Qualification of the Members, never to be deviated from upon any Pretence whatsoever.

First Article irrevocable.



## CANIAD Y CYMMRODORION,

Ar ol Dewis Brawd o'r Gymdeithas.

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### I.

CYD unwn, *Gymrodorion*,  
A'n gilydd yn un galon,  
I ganu clod i'n Gwlad a'n Iaith ;  
Dewisol waith Cymdeithion.

### II.

Wrth ddewis Brodyr ffyddlon,  
I fysg y *Cymrodorion*,  
Caned pawb ar flaenau 'i draed,  
O 'wyllys gwaed ei galon.

### III.

*Cymraeg* fydd ein penillion,  
Hen famiaith, heb wehilion ;  
Na chaffer neb, yn hyn o waith,  
Yn Sisial Iaith y *Saesón*.

### IV.

Dowch yfwch, *Gymrodorion*,  
At Iechyd { ein brawd } rhadlon  
                  { brodyr }  
A ddaeth i'n mysg, mewn dysg a dawn,  
Yn llawen iawn { ei galon.  
                          { eu calon.

## V.

Nyni yw'r Hen Drigolion ;  
 Cynyddwn ein hamcanion :  
 Am garu'n gilydd haeddwn glod :  
 Bid hynod *Gymmrodorion*.

## VI.

Ein Llongau pan ollyngon'  
 Yn rhydd i'r Moroedd mawrion ;  
 Y Daran fawr a deifl ei bollt,  
 I Laenio'n holl Elynion.

## VII.

A Gwnawn i'r *Ffrancod* duon,  
 Fyn'd ar eu gliniau noethion :  
 Gwae nhwy 'rioed y dydd a fu  
 Ffyrnigo *Cymru* a *Saes*on.

## VII.

Bydd yno'r *Spaeniaid* beilchion,  
 Yn crynu 'u hesgyrn crinion :  
 Ni rown mor Cleddyf yn ei wain,  
 Nes Curo rhain yn 'sgyrion.

## IX.

Dowch llenwch bawb yn llawnion,  
 Ag yfed pawb yn gyfion :  
 Na adawn ddiferyn ar ein hol,  
 Drag'wyddol ddoniol ddynion.

*Nodwch* ; Ni chenir y 6, 7, a'r 8 bennill, ond pan fyddom mewn rhyfel  
 a'r *Ffrancod* a'r *Yspaeniaid*.

## CYFFREDINOL BYNGCIAU,

O Bethau i'w hystyried a thraethu am danynt (ym mhlith eraill) yng Nghyfeillach Cymdeithas y CYMMRODORION.

### *HYNAFIAETH.*

- 1 Am hen Enwau Ynys *Prydain*.
- 2 Am y Llyfr *Cymraeg* a elwir *Trioedd Ynys Prydain*, a'i awdurdod.
- 3 Am y Llyfr o hen Ddiharebion *Cymreig*, a'u Hanesawl awdurdod.
- 4 Am yr hen Achau *Cymreig*, a'u hawdurdod drwy ysgrifeniadau a Thraddodiad; a'r Deunydd o'r Gelfyddyd honno.
- 5 Am hen Doriadau ar Gerrig *yng Nghymru, Cymreig, a Rhufeinaidd*; a hen Goiniogau.<sup>1</sup>
- 6 Am yr Ysgriflyfrau *Cymreig*, Hanesol a Phrydyddol, crybwylledig gan Mr. *Edward Llwyd* yn ei Lyfr a elwir *Arch. Brit.* a llaweroedd na welodd Mr. *Llwyd* mo honynt; a hanes gan bwy maent.
- 7 Am yr hen Lythyr-nod *Gymreig*; a'r un *Saisonaidd*.
- 8 Am y Llyfr *Ffreinig* o waith M. *Pezron* o *Lydaw*, (Hynafiaeth Cenhedloedd) ei Ragorau a'i Feiau.
- 9 Am Ansicrwydd hen Hanesion, *Groegaidd* a *Rhufeinaidd*, pan draethant am Faterion *Prydain*.
- 10 Am *Gildas ap Caw, Niniaw, Aser o Fynyw, Gerald o Gymru, Sieffrai, P. Firyniws* o *Wenwys*,<sup>2</sup> ac eraill hen

<sup>1</sup> Hence *Ceiniog*, a Penny.

<sup>2</sup> *Venice*.

## GENERAL HEADS,

Of Subjects to be occasionally considered and treated of (among others) in the Correspondence of the Society of *Cymmrodorion*.

### ANTIQUITIES.

- 1 OF the ancient Names of the Isle of *Britain*.
- 2 Of the *British* Book of *Triades*, and its Authority.
- 3 Of the Book of ancient *British* Proverbs, and their Authority in History.
- 4 Of the ancient *British* Genealogies, and their Authority from written and oral Tradition; and of the Use of that Science.
- 5 Of old Inscriptions in *Wales*, *British* and *Roman*, and ancient Coins.
- 6 Of the historical and poetical *British* Manuscripts mention'd in Mr. *Lhuyd's Archaeologia Britannica*, and several not seen by Mr. *Lhuyd*, &c., with an Account in whose Hands they are.
- 7 Of the *British* Character or Letter; and of the *Saxon*.
- 8 Of Monsieur *Pezron's* Book (the Antiquities of Nations), its Excellencies and Defects.
- 9 Of the Uncertainty of ancient History, *Greek* and *Roman*, when they treat of the Affairs of *Britain*.
- 10 Of *Gildas*, *Nennius*, *Asserius Monerensis*, *Giraldus Cambrensis*, *Galfridus Monemuthensis*, *Ponticus Virunnius*; and



gyn Ysgolheigion ym mysg y *Brutaniaid*, a sgrifenas-  
ant ein Hanes yn y *Lladiniaith*.

- 11 Am *Dyssilio*, gwir Awdwr *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, a Gyfieithwyd o'r *Gymraeg* i'r *Lladin*, gan *Sieffrai* Esgob *Llanelwy*, a elwid drwy goegni *Sieffrai* o *Fynyw*: Ac am y Cyfieithiad a'r amryw Argraphiadau o hono; Ac hefyd am yr hen 'Sgrifenyfrau o hono, a chan bwy maent.
- 12 Am *Wiliam Camden*, *Sion Miltwn*, *Wiliam Llwyd* Esgob *Elwy*, a'u gwrthwynebiad i Stori *Frutanaidd Tyssilio*.
- 13 Am eu gair mawr i *Bede* 'r *Mynach*, Hanesydd y *Saison*; a chymhariaeth rhwng *Bede* a *Thyssilio*.
- 14 Rhai pethau allan o Lyfr Cyfraith *Hywel Dda*, neu hen Gyfreithiau 'r *Brutaniaid*, yn enwedig eu ffordd o argyoeiddi drygioni.
- 15 Am yr hen ffordd o Ddal tir yng *Nghymru*.
- 16 Am gywir Ysgrifenyddiaeth, Enwau Pobl a Lleodd, y prawf goreu o honynt yngwaith y Beirdd: ac am gamgymeriad ynghyfieithiad Enwau, fal *Merlin* yn lle *Myrddin*, &c. yr hyn a fu achos o wag dyb olrheinwyr Tadogaeth geiriau.
- 17 Am Enwau Mynyddoedd, Llynau, Afonydd, Penrhynau, Trefydd, a Gwledydd, y rhai ydynt yr Enwau, hynaf o gwbl, yn enwedig ym mhlith pobl na orchfygwyd erioed monynt. Yr Enwau hyn a fyddant gymmorth mawr i egluro Teithiau *Antwynyn*, sef Eisteddleydd y *Rhufeiniaid*, gynt ym *Mhrydain*.
- 18 Am hen Eglwysydd, Pontydd, ac Adeiladau hynod eraill; gan bwy y codwyd hwy.
- 19 Am Garn, Cromlech, Meini gwyr, Bedd y Wrach, Coeten *Arthur*, Maen Sigl, Tommen, *Barclodiad y Widdon*, Maen Tarw, Maen *Arthur*, Cader *Arthur*, Gorsedd, Eisteddfa, Din, Dinas, Castell, Caer, ac eraill o hen Waith Cerrig yng *Nghymru*.

- other ancient Writers among the *Britains*, who wrote our History in the *Latin* Tongue.
- 11 Of *Tyssilio*, the true Author of the *British History*, translated out of *British* into *Latin* by *Galfrid* Bishop of *St. Asaph*, called in Derision *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, and of the Translation and several Editions of it: Also of the Original Manuscript Copies, and in whose Hands they are.
  - 12 Of *Camden*, *Milton*, *Lloyd* Bp of *St. Asaph*, and their Opposition to *Tyssilio's British History*.
  - 13 Of their great Character to *Bede* the *Saxon* Historian; and a Comparison between *Bede* and *Tyssilio*.
  - 14 Some Extracts out of *Howel Dda's* Laws (or the ancient Laws of the *Britains*), particularly their Method of exposing Vice.
  - 15 Of the ancient Tenure of Lands in *Wales*.
  - 16 Of the true Orthography of ancient Names of Men and Places, the best Proof of them from the Poets; and of mistaken Translations of Names, as *Merlin* for *Merddin*, &c., which have occasion'd the wild Guesses of Etymologists.
  - 17 Of the Names of Mountains, Lakes, Rivers, Promontories, Towns and Countries in *Britain*; being the most ancient Names, especially among unconquered Nations: These will help to explain *Antoninus's Itinerary*, i.e. The ancient *Roman* Stations in *Britain*.
  - 18 Of ancient Churches, Bridges, and other noted Buildings: by whom built or erected.
  - 19 Of the Carn, Cromlech, Meini gwyr, Bedd y Wrach, Coeten Arthur, Rocking Stones, Barrows, Barclodiad y Widdon, Maen Tarw, Maen Arthur, Cader Arthur, Gorsedd, Eisteddfa, Din, Dinas, Castell, Caer, 'and other ancient Fabrics or Erections of Stones found in *Wales*.

## BARDDONIAETH, a'r Iaith Gymraeg.

- 1 Am y *Beirdd* hynaf a sgrifenasant ; Prawf o Briodoldeb eu Gwaith hwynt, ac am heneidd-dra Prydyddiaeth ym mhlith y *Brutaniaid*.
- 2 Am y *Derwyddon* a'r *Beirdd*, yn *Galia* a *Phrydain*.
- 3 Am y Mesur Cerdd Arwraidd hynaf, arferedig gan y *Brutaniaid*, a elwir yn awr *Englyn Milwr*, ac am y mesur Cerdd a elwir *Triban*, o'r un Wreiddyn.
- 4 Am y 24 Mesur Cerdd dafod yng *Nghymru*, ac ynghylch pa amser y sefydlwyd hwynt; a'r Cyffelybrwydd sydd rhyngthynt a'r 24 Mesur Cerdd dant, yn yr hen lyfrau Peroriaeth.
- 5 Am Eisteddfodau 'r Prydyddion.
- 6 Am Gyfrinach y *Beirdd*.
- 7 Ynghylch gwaethygu o'r Brydyddiaeth *Gymreig* ar farwolaeth y Frenhines *Elsbeth*, fal na wnaed un Cywydd da o'r pryd hwnnw, tan yr Oes hon; ac amcan o'r achos o hynny.
- 8 Am Gymhariaeth rhwng y Doctor *Dafis* a Mr. *Edward Llwyd*, fal Ysgrifenwyr Geirlyfrau a Gramadegau; ac fal yr oedd y naill a'r llall yn rhagori yn ei ffordd; a'r Gair am danynt.
- 9 Cyfrif am *Wmffre Llwyd* o *Ddinbych*, Hynafiaethydd godidog.
- 10 Am *Robert Fychan* o *Hengwrt*, yr Hynafiaethydd; a'i Gasgliad gwerthfawr o Ysgrifeniadau *Cymreig*, mewn Prydyddiaeth, Hanesion, Achau, &c.
- 11 Am y 'Sgriflyfrau gwerthfawr o'r *Frutaniaith* yn Llyfrgellau *Llanfordaf*, *Llanerch*, a *Mostyn*, neu ym mha le bynnag arall y maent.
- 12 Rhai hen benhillion *Cymreig*, gwedi eu gosod wrth hen Beroriaeth y *Cymru*, a Rhyddiaith Gyfieithiad o honynt i'r *Saisneg*, neu os gellir mewn Cynghanedd.

POETRY, and the *Welsh Language*.

- 1 Of the most ancient *British* poetical Writers ; Proof of the Genuineness of their Works: and of the Antiquity of Poetry among the *Britains*.
- 2 Of the *Druids* and *Bards*, in *Gaul* and *Britain*.
- 3 Of the most ancient Kind of heroic Verse used by the *Britains*, now called *Englyn Milwr*, and of the lyric Verse *Triban*, being of the same Original.
- 4 Of the present Twenty four Measures in the *British* Poetry, and about what Time they were instituted ; and of the Affinity between them and the Twenty four Measures in the ancient *British* Music.
- 5 Of the Congresses of the *Bards*.
- 6 Of the Secret of the Poets.
- 7 Of the Decline of *Welsh* Poetry upon the Death of Queen *Elizabeth* ; not one Poem having been well wrote since, till the present Age: with a Guess at the Reason of it.
- 8 Of a Comparison between Dr. *Davies*, and Mr. *Edward Llwyd*, as Dictionary and Grammar-writers, and how each of them excell'd in his Way ; with their Characters.
- 9 Of the Character of *Humphrey Llwyd* the Antiquary.
- 10 Of *Robert Vaughan* of *Hengwrt*, the Antiquary ; and of his valuable Collection of *British* Manuscripts in Poetry, History, Genealogy, &c.
- 11 Of the valuable *British* Manuscripts in *Llanvorda*, *Llanerch*, and *Mostyn* Libraries ; also in Possession of his Grace the *Duke of Ancaster*, *Earl of Macclesfield*, *Sir Thomas Scbright*, Baronet, or in whatever other Hands they may be.
- 12 Some old *British Penylls* set to the ancient Music, with a Prose Translation into English, or a Verse Translation if can be procured.

- 13 Am y Gyffelybiaeth rhwng y *Frutaniaith*, ar Ieithioedd *Dwyreiniol*.
- 14 Am Lyfnder yr Iaith *Gymraeg*, cystal a'i Garwder; ac am Englynion yn yr Iaith yma o Fogeiliaid yn unig.
- 15 Am Achwyniad y Doctor *Swift* fod y *Saisneg* â gormod o Eiriau unsyllafog ynddi, a Barn *Erasmus* am yr un peth.
- 16 Am y Cerddfardd godidog *Huw Morus*.
- 17 Cyfrif o rai o'r Prydyddion *Cymreig* Hynodtaf, *Dafydd ap Gwilym*, *Llywelyn Glyn Cothi*, *Iolo Goch*, &c., y Gair iddynt; a Chyhoeddi peth o'u Gwaith ar droeau, & Nodau arnynt a Chyfieithiad.
- 18 Rhai Cywyddau ac Awdlau o'r oes hon i'w Cyhoeddi, ag Eglurhad arnynt.
- 19 Y Carennydd agos *rhwng* yr Ieithioedd *Cymraeg* a *Gwyddeleg*, a rhwng Defodau y ddwy Genedl, a bod rhyw Iaith ddieithr ynghymysg â'r *Wyddeleg*, a pha Iaith yw.
- 20 Mai *Cynt-haid* o Hen Drigolion *Prydain* yw'r *Gwyddelod*; profedig trwy Enwau Mynyddoedd, a Llynnau, a Chytiau Gwyddelod yng *Nghymru*.
- 21 Am y Geiriau, Porthmon, Hwsmon, Allmon, &c., a gawsom oddiwrth y *Teuthoniaid*.
- 22 Am Gyfieithiad a'r amryw Argraphiadau o'r Bibl *Cymraeg*.
- 23 Am Ramadegau a Geiriadurau *Cymreig*, Argraphedig ac Ysgrifenedig.
- 24 Am Lyfrau Printiedig *Cymreig* yn Gyffredinol.

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*Defodau ac arferion presennol y Cymru.*

- 1 Am y Cyffelybrwydd rhwng Defodau 'r *Cymru* a'r *Groegiaid*; ac am Gerbydau rhyfel y *Brutaniaid*, crybwylledig gan *Gaisar*.

- 13 Of the Similitude between the *British* Tongue and the *Eastern* Languages.
- 14 Of the Softness of the *British* Tongue, as well as Roughness; and of Verses in this Language composed of Vowels only.
- 15 Of Dr. *Swift's* Complaint, that the English is too full of Monosyllables, and of *Erasmus's* Observation on the same Head.
- 16 Of the excellent Song Writer *Hugh Morris*.
- 17 An Enumeration of some of the most noted modern *Welsh* Poets, *David ap Gwilym*, *Lewis Glyn Cothi*, and *Iolo Goch*, &c., with their Characters; and some of their Works occasionally printed with Notes and Translations.
- 18 Some *Welsh* Poems of the present Age to be published with Notes.
- 19 The great Affinity between the *Welsh* and *Irish* Languages, and between the Customs of the two Nations; and that there is some strange Language mixt with the *Irish*, and what it is.
- 20 That the *Irish* are a Colony from the first Inhabitants of *Britain*; proved from the Names of Mountains, Lakes and Cytiau Gwyddelod in *Wales*.
- 21 Of the *Welsh* Words *Porthmon*, *Hwsmon*, *Allmon*, &c., had from the *Teutons*.
- 22 Of the Translation and different Impressions of the *Welsh* Bible.
- 23 Of *Welsh* Grammars and Dictionaries, printed and manuscript.
- 24 Of *Welsh* printed Books in general.

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*The present Customs and Manners of the Welsh.*

- 1 Of the Similitude between the *Welsh* Customs and the *Græcian*; and of the *British* Chariots of War mentioned by *Cæsar*.

- 2 Am Gyfenwau yng *Nghymru*, pa bryd y dechreuwyd; a'r hen ddull o dynnu Achau fel y Cenhedloedd *Dwy-reiniol*.
- 3 Am eu dwyn en hunain allan o 15 Llwyth *Gwyunedd*; a phaham y tybiodd yr Achwyr diweddaraf fod yn ddigon dwyn unrhyw Dylwyth o'r Llwythau hynny.
- 4 Am eu ffordd a'u Defod Bendant yn Canu gyd â'r *Delyn*; a hanes y *Crwth Cymreig*.
- 5 Am Ffyrnigrwydd y *Saison* gynt wrth ddieithriaid, ar yr hyn mae Mr. *Lambard* (Sais cywraint) yn dal sulw, fod yn debyg mai dyma'r achos na buasai'r *Cymru* a'r *Saison* ynghynt gwedi eu Corphori yn un bobl.
- 6 Am boeth anwydau'r *Cymru*; ac a oes dim sylfaen am y Dywediad Cyffredin ym mhlith y *Saison*, *Mac ei Waed Cymreig yn Cynhyrfu*.
- 7 Am rai gweddillion Defodau'r *Derwyddon* yng *Nghymru*.
- 8 Am yr *Awen Gymreig*; a hoffder y *Cymru* i Brydyddiaeth a Hynafiaeth.
- 9 Am eu hir Einioes; a'r Clefydau mwyaf cyffredin yn eu plith yng *Nghymru*.
- 10 Am Gyflwr presennol Crefydd yng *Nghymru*; ac am yr Elusen Ysgolion symudol yno.

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*Philosophyddiaeth Anianol.*

- 1 Llyssiau a geir mewn rhai mannau o *Gymru*, na roddwyd etto eu hanes gan un Llysieuwr a ymdeithiodd y ffordd honno; neu rai anaml o honynt.
- 2 Cloddiodau yng *Nghymru*, na adnabuwyd monynt hyd yn hyn, neu na soniodd un Awdwr am danynt, neu ydynt anaml.
- 3 Pysgod Môr, Llynau, ac Afonydd *Cymru*.
- 4 Adar, Milod, ac Ymlusgiaid *Cymru*.
- 5 Dyfroedd Meddyginiaethol yng *Nghymru*.

- 2 Of Surnames in *Wales*, of what Standing; and of the ancient Method of Pedigrees, like the *Eastern Nations*.
- 3 Of their deriving themselves from the Fifteen Tribes of *North Wales*; and why the Writers of Genealogies in later Times thought it sufficient to derive any Family from those Tribes.
- 4 Of their particular Method and Custom of Singing with the *Harp*; and an Account of the *Crwth*, a *Welsh* Musical Instrument.
- 5 Of the Ferocity of the *English* formerly to Strangers; and of Mr. *Lambard's* Observation that seems to point out the Cause why the *Welsh* and *English* were not sooner incorporated.
- 6 Of the hot Passions of the *Welsh*; and whether there be any Foundation in Nature for that common Expression, *His Welsh Blood is up*.
- 7 Of some *Druidical* Remains of Customs, &c., among the *Welsh*.
- 8 Of the *Welsh Awen*, and their Fondness to Poetry and Antiquities.
- 9 Of their long Lives, and the most common Diseases in *Wales*.
- 10 Of the present State of Religion in *Wales*, and of the Circulating *Welsh* Charity Schools.

*Natural Philosophy.*

- 1 Of Plants found in some Parts of *Wales*, not hitherto described by any Botanists who travelled those Parts, or of those that are rare.
- 2 Of Fossils found in *Wales*, either not hitherto known, or not described by any Writer, or very scarce.
- 3 Of Fish upon the Coast of *Wales*, or in Lakes or Rivers.
- 4 Of Birds, Beasts, and Insects in *Wales*.
- 5 Of Medicinal Waters.



*Gorchwyliaethau Llaw.*

- 1 Llosgi Gwymmon, a'r ffordd bresennol.
- 2 Llosgi Calch, a'r amryw foddion drwy *Gymru*; a'r amrafael rywiau o Gerrig Calch: rhai i Wyn-galchu, rhai i Wrteithio tir, rhai i wneud Priddgalch cyffredin, eraill i wneuthur Cymmrwd i adeiladu Pontydd a Gweithiau tan ddwfr.
- 3 Ynghylch Llosgi Rhedyn i wafanaeth Purwyr Aur ac Arian, Gwneuthurwyr Sebon, &c., a'r modd y trinir yng *Nghymru*.
- 4 Cloddfaau Meini Melinau a Cherrig To.
- 5 Am y Maen Ystinos, a'r Gwlan Urael.
- 6 Maen Mynor.
- 7 Gwrteithio tir & Marl, Tywod, a Chalch; a'r modd yr arferir hwynt.
- 8 Am y Gweithiau Mwyn Plwm, Arian, a Chopr.
- 9 Am y Gweithiau Glo.
- 10 Am y Gwaith Gwlan.
- 11 Am y Pysgota ar Gyffiniau *Cymru*.
- 12 Am yr Ymwellhaad mewn Hwsmonaeth, Masnach a Llongwriaeth.
- 13 Golofgi Coed a Mawn.

---

*Ymofyniadau ynghylch y Byd Anweledig, ai gwir ai anwir y pethau a grybwyllir am*

- 1 Ddrychiolaethau, a Breuddwydion.
- 2 Tai yn cael eu Blino, a datguddio Trysor wrth hynny.
- 3 *Cnoccwyr* Mewn Gweithiau Mwyn; math ar Ysprydion Teulaidd Caredig.
- 4 Drychiolaeth Claddedigaethau wrth liw Dydd, o flaen gwir Gladdedigaethau; a'r unrhyw gyd â chanu Salmau yn y Nos.
- 5 Canhwyllau Cyrph.

*Manufactures.*

- 1 Of burning Tang for Kelp, and the present Practice.
- 2 Of burning Lime, and the present Practice in different Parts of *Wales*; and of the different kinds of Limestone: some for White-washing, some for Manure, some for common Mortar, some for Bridges or Works under Water.
- 3 Of burning Fern for the Use of Refiners, Soap-makers, &c., and the present Method in *Wales*.
- 4 Of Millstone and Slate Quarries.
- 5 Of the Lapis Asbestos, and Salamanders Wool.
- 6 Of Marble.
- 7 Of Manurement of Ground with Marl, Sand, and Lime and Method of Manuring.
- 8 Of the Lead, Silver, and Copper Mines.
- 9 Of the Collieries.
- 10 Of the Woollen Manufactures.
- 11 Of the Fishery on the Coast of *Wales*.
- 12 Of Improvements in Husbandry, Trade, and Navigation.
- 13 Of charking Wood and Turf.

*Queries of the Invisible World, whether it be true or false what is reported of*

- 1 Apparitions and Dreams.
- 2 Haunted Houses, and Treasures discover'd by that Means.
- 3 Knockers in Mines, a kind of beneficent Spirits.
- 4 Appearances in the Day-time of Funerals, followed soon after by real Funerals; the same with Psalm-singing heard in the Night.
- 5 Corps Candles.

Caniad i'r Hybarch GYMDEITHAS o GYMMRODORION  
yn LLUNDAIN; ac i'r Hen odidawg Iaith GYMRAEG :  
ar y Pedwar Mesur ar Hugain.

Englyn  
Unodi  
union.

1 MAWL i'r Ion! aml yw ei Rad,—ac amryw  
I *Gymru* fu'n wastad :

Oes Genau, na chais Ganiad,  
A garo Lwydd Gwŷr ei Wlad ?

Prost Cad-  
wynodi.

2 Di yw ein Twr, Duw, a'n Tad,  
Mawr yw'th Waith ym Môr a Thud,  
A oes modd, O Iesu mād,  
I neb na fawl na bo'n fud ?

Prost Cyf-  
newidiog.

3 Cawsom Fâr Llachar a Llid,  
Am ein Bai yma'n y Byd ;  
Torres y Rhwym, troes y Rhod,  
Llwydd a gawn, a llawn wellhâd.

Unodi  
grwcca.

4 Rhoe Nefoedd yr Hynafiaid  
Dan y Gosp, a Dyna gaid ;  
Llofr a blin oll a fu'r Blaid—ffynyddoedd  
Is trinoedd Estroniaid.

Unodi  
gyrch.

5 Doe *Rufeinwŷr*, Dorf, unwaith,  
I doliaw'n Hedd, dileu'n Hiaith,  
Hyd na roes Duw Ion, o'i Rad,  
O'r Daliad wared eilwaith.

Cywydd  
Deuair hir-  
ion.

6 Aml fu alaeth mil filoedd,  
Na bu'n well, ein Bai ni oedd,

Cywydd  
Deuair fyr-  
ion

7 Treiswŷr trawsion

I'n Iaith wenn hon

ac

8 Dygn Adwyth digwyn ydoedd

Awdl Gw-  
ydd ynghyd.

Tros Oesoedd Tra y *Saeson*,

Cywydd  
lloagyrnog

a

Thoddaid  
ynghyd.Gwawdod-  
yn byr.Gwawdod-  
yn hir.Byr a  
Thoddaid.Hir a  
Thoddaid.Happynt  
byr.

9 Taer fin oeddynt hir flynyddoedd,  
Llu a'n torrai oll o'n Tiroedd

I filoedd o Ofalon,

10 Yno, o'i Rad, ein Ner Ion—a'n piau  
A droe Galonnau Drwg Elynion.

11 Ion Trugarog! onid rhagorol  
Y goryw'r Iesu geirwir rasol?

Troi Esgarant traws a gwrol—a wnaeth  
Yn Nawdd a phennaeth iawn ddiffyniol.

12 Coeliaf, dymunaf, da y mwyniant,  
Fawr Rin *Taliesin*, fraint dilysiant,  
*Brython*, Iaith wiwlon a etholant  
Bythoedd, cu ydoedd, hwy a'i cadwant,  
Oesoedd, rai Miloedd, hir y molant—Ner:  
Moler;—I'n Gwiwner rhown Ogoniant.

13 A dd'wedai Eddewidion—a wiriwyd  
O warant wir ffyddlon,  
Od â'n Tiroedd dan y Taerion,  
Ar fyr dwyre wir *Frodorion*,  
Caem i'r Henfri *Cymru* hoenfron,  
*Lloegr* yn dethol Llugyrn doethion,  
Llawn Dawn Dewrweilch *Llundain* dirion—Impiau  
Dewr weddau *Derwyddon*.

14 Llwydd i chwi, Eurweilch, Llaw Dduw i'ch arwedd,  
Dilyth Eginau da Lwythau *Gwynedd*,  
I Yrddweis *Deheu* urddas a Dyhedd,  
Rhad a erfyniwn i'r hydrwiw Fonedd,  
Bro'ch Tadau a Bri'ch Tudwedd—a harddoch  
Y mae, wŷr, ynoch Emmau o Rinwedd,

15 Iawn i ninnau	} roi Anrhydedd
Er ein Rhadau	
Datgan Gwyrthiau	} Ei Drugaredd.
Duw, Wr gorau	

Happynt  
hir.

16 Yn ein Heniaith  
Gwnawn Gymhenwaith, } gynnill union,  
Gan wiw lanwaith  
Gwnawn Ganiadau }  
A phlethiadau } Moliant wiwdon.  
Mal ein Tadau }

Cyhydedd  
fer.

17 Mwyn ein gweled mewn un Galon,  
Hoenfrwd Eurweilch, *Hen Frodorion*,  
Heb rai diddysg, hoyw Brydyddion,  
Cu mor unfryd, *Cymru* wenfron.

Cyhydedd  
hir.

18 Amlhawn Dddawn, Ddynion, i'n mad Henwlad hon,  
E ddaw i Feirddion ddeufwy urddas  
Awen gymmen gu, hydr Mydr o'i medru,  
Da ini garu Doniau gwiwras.

Cyhydedd  
nawban.

19 Bardd a fyddaf, ebrwydd ufuddol,  
I'r *Gymdeithas*, wŷr gwiw, a'm dethol,  
O fri i'n Heniaith, wiw frenhinol,  
Iawn, Iaith geinmyg, yw ini'th ganmol.

Clogyrnach.

20 Fy Iaith gywraint fyth a garaf,  
A'i theg Eiriau, Iaith gywiraf,  
Iaith araith eirioes, wrol, fanol foes,  
Er f' Einioes, a'r fwynaf.

Cyrch a  
Chwita.

21 Neud, Esgud un a'i dysgo,  
Nid Cywraint ond a'i caro,  
Nid Mydrwr ond a'i medro,  
Nid Cynmil ond a'i cano,  
Nid Pencerd d ond a'i pyngcio,  
Nid Gwallus ond a gollo  
Nattur ei Iaith, nid da'r wedd,  
Nid Rhinwedd ond ar honno.

Gorchest y  
Beirdd.

22 Medriaith Mydrau, }  
Wiriaith Eiriau, } wyrth eres:  
Araith orau, }

Wiwdon wawdiau  
 Gyson Geisiau,  
 Wiwlon olau,

}lan wiwles.

**Cadwyn fyr.**

23 Gwypm odiaethol Gamp y Doethion,  
 A'r hynawsion wŷr hen oesol :  
 Gwau naturiol i Gantorian  
 O Hil *Brython*, hylwybr ethol.

**Tawdd-  
gyrch gad-  
wynog.**

24 O'ch arfeddyd wych wir fuddiol  
 Er nef, fythol wŷr, na fethoch :  
 Mi rof ennyd amryw fanol,  
 Ddiwyd rasol, weddi drosch ;  
 Mewn Serch Brawdol, diwahanol,  
 Hoyw-wŷr doniol, hir y d'unoch,  
*Cymru'n* hollol o Ddysg weddol  
 Lin olynol, a lawn lenwoch.

1 Am a'i prydawdd, o dawr pwy,  
 Sef a'i prydes *Goronwy*  
 Neud nid llyth na llesg Facewy.

2 Ys oedd mygr Iaith gyssefin,  
 Prydais malpai mydr *Merddin*,  
 Se nym lle, nym llawdd Gwerin.

**Tri Englyn  
Miliwr, yn  
ol yr hen  
ddull.**

3 Neu, nym doddyw Gnif erfawr.  
 Gnif llei no lludded Echdawr,  
 Am dyffio clod, Gnif nym dawr.

AN  
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OF THE  
SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION,  
With each Member's Place of Abode, and Place of  
Birth, from its first Institution to the 7th of  
*May, 1755.*

*Those marked \* are of the Council.*

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Aaron Ashton,	Southampton Buildings,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
B		
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William Bowling, <i>dead.</i>	Chancery Lane,	<i>Pembroke.</i>
C		
William Carter,	Garlick Hithe,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
D		
*John Davies,	1 Love Lane, East Cheap,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
John Davies,	2 Lincoln's Inn,	<i>Radnor.</i>
John Davies,	3 Newgate Street,	<i>Merioneth.</i>
Thomas Davies,	1 Navy Office,	<i>Anglesey.</i>
Thomas Davies,	2 Bloomsbury,	<i>Merioneth.</i>
Hugh Davies,	Devereux Court,	<i>Anglesey.</i>
*Francis Davies,	Arundel Street,	<i>Pembroke.</i>
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ynghyd â darlun o'i law-y-grifen.

---

Llundain, 1864.

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VOL. I, PART II.

JUNE 1877.

**D**

# **Cymmrodor**

Embodying the

## **Transactions**

of the Honourable

## **Society of Cymmrodorion**

etc.

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EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT JONES, B.A.,

VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', BETHLEHEM

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# D Cymmrodor.

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# **D Cymrodor.**

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*PART II.—APRIL 1877.*

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## **THE HARP.**

**By BRINLEY RICHARDS, Esq.**

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AMONG national instruments of music, the place of honour must undoubtedly be assigned to the Harp; and, although its tones have long since died away in Scotland and Ireland, they are still heard in the country with which its name has been associated from the earliest records of its history. But even in Wales its use has been gradually declining; and had it not been for the patriotic efforts of Lady Llanover, it is probable that "the distinctive instrument of an old and haughty nation, proud in arms", would long since have disappeared. But while compelled to say, in the words of Walter Scott:—

"Receding now the dying numbers ring,  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;"

we trust we shall not have to add with him,

"And now 'tis silent all :—Enchantress, fare thee well."

In writing on the Harp, it is clear we have to deal with the combined subjects of nationality and music; and we preface our paper with remarking it to be somewhat curious, that while strenuous efforts are being made to uphold the national instrument of Scotland, such little interest should be shown in preserving the Harp of Wales. Considered simply

as a question of sound, the bag-pipes have claims which, if not musical, are assuredly boisterous. But even in Scotland the pipes were not always in favour. In 1630 the Magistrates of Aberdeen "discharged the common piper going through the town, it being an uncivill forme to be usit within sic a famous burgh". Nor can we wonder at this, if we are to accept a statement in Sir John Dalrymple's memoirs of Scotland, "that a bag-pipe in possession of the Duke of Sutherland, during the Rebellion of 1775, was so loud as to be heard eight miles". Compared with modern instruments, the harp is placed at a disadvantage, in consequence of the expense of stringing and tuning—strings being so easily affected by atmospheric influences. In a debate before the Privy Council on the accession of James I, about quartering the Royal arms, it was decided that the harp of Ireland should be in the third quarter. The Earl of Northampton, who had little affection for the Irish, remarked "that the best reason for the bearing was, that it resembled the country in being such an instrument that it required more cost to keep it in tune than it was worth".

The purpose of this paper, however, is to attempt a sketch of the harp in its national and historical aspect, rather than in reference to its music; for it is probable that all stringed instruments which have not the means of sustaining sounds like a violin, must in time give place to others more in accordance with the requirements of modern art; and, considering the immense changes that have taken place in the construction of instruments, it is not altogether improbable that even the pianoforte and the harp will at some future period be considered of little value except as curiosities of ancient art. Harps of some kind appear to have been known to most nations, even to the Saxons and the Danes, as well as to the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh. There are ample proofs of the popularity of the harp; and that the art of playing

it was cultivated by persons of the highest rank. This is placed beyond doubt by many historical facts. When King Alfred reconnoitered the Danish encampments in 875, he was disguised as a minstrel; and the same thing occurred many years later when the Danish King, Aulaff, explored the camp of Athelstan. It is related that he took his harp among the Saxons, and played with such skill, that he was at once admitted to the Royal pavilion. From this, it is evident that the harp at that time was small and of light weight, as it was so easily carried about by the player. In attempting to sketch the history of such an ancient instrument, it is difficult to discover what was meant by the term "harp", since it was used to describe all kinds of instruments, however unlike they may have been to our own, except that the sounds were produced by means of strings formed of sinews, silk, hair, or wire. It is evident that the ancient Gauls and Britons were familiar with the harp; but whether this was the identical instrument which has since been recognised under the appellation of the 'harp', it is impossible to say. Diodorus Siculus (who lived in the time of the Cæsars, Julius and Augustus) informs us "that the Gauls had amongst them composers of melodies whom they called bards, and that they sung to instruments like lyres". Vague as is the expression "instruments like lyres", yet, when in conjunction with it a few hundred years afterwards, we find the harp in the hands of their Celtic successors, the bards of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, we see that the harp, rude in construction and with few strings, was probably the instrument spoken of by Diodorus. If it be true, that the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch people all descend from one Celtic origin, it may account for the fact that the harp was familiar to each nation. It is equally clear, notwithstanding the assertions of some historians, to which I shall again refer, that the Britons were acquainted with music and its instruments at a very remote

period. Blegwryd ab Seisyllt, who was King of Britain about 160 before Christ, is said to have been a celebrated musician and performer on the harp; "therefore he was called the God of Music". The ancient laws of Wales mention the harp as one of the indispensable accomplishments of a gentleman. They enumerate three distinct kinds of harp:— 'Telyn y Brenin,' the harp of the king; 'Telyn Pencerdd,' the harp of a master of music; and 'Telyn Gwrda,' the harp of a gentleman. Nevertheless, it is asserted that all instruments in use among the Welsh were derived from Ireland. Welsh writers, however, state that the harp was *invented* by Idris Gawr; but, as he lived no earlier than the fourth century, this must be an anachronism. In the Welsh Triads it is written "that Idris, the champion, invented the harp; and that the three imperial performers were King Arthur, Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr (brave Grey with the powerful grasp), and Crellan, bard of the harp to Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan". However great the reliance we place on the Welsh Triads, there is evidently a mistake here. King Arthur died about 572, and Gruffydd ab Cynan was not born until centuries after. It is also clear that the bard Crellan could not have been contemporary with Arthur, as he fell in battle in the eleventh century, when fighting under the banners of his prince. Neither can we accept the theory 'that the aboriginal Britons had the harp prior to any other nation except the Hebrews'. If we are to believe that the harp is an Irish invention what becomes of the account the Bible gives, "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the organ and the harp"? Mr. Beaufort, in his *Essay on the Harp*, informs us that even the Welsh admit the harp to be of Irish origin. Mr. Pennant, however, is inclined to think, that if it is not British, "they had it from the Romans". Unfortunately for this, there is no proof that either Greeks or Romans were acquainted with it; nor is it to be found on their sculpture or coins, or in their

paintings. If we admit that the harp was as popular in Ireland as in Wales, what are we to believe of Scotland, "which excelled even Ireland"? Giraldus, after describing the wonderful skill of the Irish harpers, says, "In the opinion of many, however, Scotland has not only attained to the excellence of Ireland, but has, even in musical science and ability, far surpassed it; insomuch that it is to that country they now resort as to the genuine source of art". This evidence is of no value whatever. Giraldus never visited Scotland, and merely wrote from hearsay. Whether the Scotch were really familiar with the use of the harp or not, the old historian, John Major, states that it was a royal accomplishment (*Annals of Scotland*, 1521). In enumerating the talents of King James, he says: "Musicus artificiosus, nulli secundus, in Cytharâ. Tanquem alter Orpheus, Hiberenses aut Silvestres Scotos, qui in illa arte præcipui erant, exsuperabat". (He was a skilful musician; second to none on the Cythara. As though he had been another Orpheus, he excelled the Irish or Highland Scots, who are esteemed the best performers on that instrument.) In a work called "*Certaine Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland*, 1597, we learn something of the manner of stringing and playing: "They (the Scotch) delight much in musicke, but chiefly in harpes and clairschoes of their own fashion." The *harps* were strung with sinews, as in Wales, and the *clairschoes* with brass wire, "which strings they stryke with their nayles growing long". This at once proves the use of two distinct kinds of harp; but what these really were, it is difficult to imagine. Probably there was as great a difference between ancient and modern harps as between the old Citole and a modern 'Broadwood'.

In former days it was the custom in Scotland, as in Wales, to have harpers at the head-quarters of the army; and the Earl of Argyle had his own harper with him at the battle of Strathaven, October 3rd, 1594. On that occasion, we learn



the army "was accompanied by a sorceress or witch, who prophesied that on the following Friday, the day after the battle, Argyle's harp should be played in Buchan, and the bagpipe should sound in Strathbogie". The chronicler adds, "both prophecies were fulfilled".

In Scotland, the harp appears to have been in use until the sixteenth century, and in Ireland until the eighteenth century. Indeed, the list of Irish harpers almost rivals that of Wales, though it may be questioned if the harp was ever as generally popular among the Irish as among the Welsh; or if it was, it is singular, that with the exception of Carolan's compositions, there are so few remains of its music as compared with those possessed by the Welsh. But, as Carolan died in 1738, and, as we learn that he was ambitious of imitating Corelli's style, his compositions can hardly be considered examples of ancient *Irish* music. That Scotland was indebted to Ireland, is highly probable; since the music itself and the manner of stringing and playing the harp, were alike in both countries; and, as this was *not* the case with regard to Wales, it is of itself sufficient for rejecting the theory of the imputed Irish origin of the Welsh harp. James I (Scotland) is said to have excelled in the use of many instruments, and, among others, of the harp. "He was richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp" (Bellenden). In the Houlate we read of the 'Psaltery' and 'Citholis' (a kind of dulcimer), the 'Crowde', the 'Recorder' (a small flageolet), but not of the 'Harp', unless it be the one signified by the word Cithill, a quaint term for Cythara, a harp. But we are still puzzled to know how far it resembled what we call 'a harp'. "Probably the Highland music at first, as with all rude nations, was of a warlike kind; and the harp may only have been introduced in the course of a barbarous civilisation" (Robertson's *Inquiry into the Fine Arts*). "In fact", says Mr. Walker, "the Scots have never affected extraordinary skill on the harp"; adding, "their

princes and nobility were content to invite harpers from Ireland". Yet another historian (Gunn) asserts that "Scotland surpassed Ireland in music". In one respect, Scotland has an advantage over Ireland and Wales; as the oldest collection of national music is that in the famous *Skene Manuscripts* (between the years 1615 and 1650). These, however, only serve to prove that the popular instrument at that time was *not the harp*; as the music was composed either for the lute or viol. Nevertheless, there are undoubted proofs that harps similar to those in Ireland and Wales, were known at an early date in Scotland. In 1640 a Scotch harp from Argyleshire was brought, by a lady of the family of Lamont, to the House of Lude, upon her marriage with Robertson of Lude, where it has ever since remained. Gunn (*History of the Harp*) says:—"It had been for several centuries the harp of a succession of Highland bards. It is thirty-eight inches in height, and sixteen inches broad. The strings, thirty in number, are fixed as in the present day, in the middle of the sounding-board. The workmanship is very good, and remarkable for its great strength. Another instrument, known as Queen Mary's Harp, was presented by Her Majesty to Miss Beatrix Gardyn of Banchorry during a hunting excursion in Perthshire. It has been kept in such excellent preservation, that one ignorant of its history would be apt to pronounce its age not to exceed seventy or eighty years". Queen Mary, however, though a highly accomplished musician, did not play the harp; her favourite instrument being the lute, at that time popular both in France and England.

The history of Ireland affords undoubted proofs that the harp from a remote period was the favourite instrument, and that it continued in use until the end of the eighteenth century. In consequence of the rapid decrease of performers on the Irish harp, a Society was established for the purpose of reviving it. A meeting was accordingly held at Belfast, July

1792, when no more than ten harpers could be brought together. Mr. Bunting, who was appointed to note down the airs played on the occasion, has given an interesting account of it. Among the harpers was Hempson, a venerable old man, who attracted much curiosity, as he actually played the "wire strings" with his *long finger-nails*, a custom peculiar to the ancient Scotch and Irish. Another of the party was a Welshman, Williams, the description of whose performance is of singular interest as illustrating the marked difference in the character of the two national instruments; "the bold and martial tones of the Cambrian harp, contrasting with the sweet and more expressive sounds of the Irish harp" (Bunting's *Hist.*). Other meetings were also held in 1809-1813; but it was then too late, and

"The harp that once through Tara's Halls  
The soul of music shed,"

had become a thing of the past, or merely a poetical idea.

In the Museum at South Kensington may be seen a model of a very ancient Irish harp. The instrument itself is still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, and is probably the oldest in Europe, if not in the world. In form and structure it closely resembles the ancient Scotch harps previously alluded to. The one in Dublin is said to have belonged to King Brian Borromh, in the tenth century. This, however, is hardly correct; it more probably belonged to the O'Neils, an illustrious Irish family, in the fourteenth century.

Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, in the fifteenth century, "considerably improved the Irish harp. He enclosed the open space between the trunk and upper part, or arm, after the manner of a box. He covered with lattice-work of wood the open space, and then placed a double row of strings on each side". A harp of this kind is now in the possession of Mr. Carl Engel, and was exhibited at a lecture on "National

Music", given by the writer before the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, in 1874. There were two strings for each note; they were very thin, and the sounds were as confused as those of a pianoforte without 'dampers'. Could this have been the kind of harp described by Bacon? "It hath the concave not *along* the strings, but *across* the strings, and no harp hath a sound so mellow or prolonged." It is highly probable that the sounds were "prolonged"; but it is difficult to imagine what Bacon meant by the word "mellow". This instrument must have been very inferior to the one of which Evelyn, in the seventeenth century, speaks in his Diary: "Came to see my old acquaintance and most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clarke, after his travels; such music before or since did I never hear, the instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but, in my judgment, far superior to the lute itself," the lute at that time being very fashionable. The Scotch and Irish harpers had a peculiar manner of producing the tones from the wires by their fingernails, which they allowed to grow long for the purpose. It is related of O'Kane, a celebrated Irish harper, who had travelled to Scotland, and to various parts of the continent, that he valued himself highly on having his nails nicely trimmed. Being naturally rude, he was apt to forget himself; and to insult his superiors. On these occasions, the gentlemen of the Highlands found that the best way to punish him was, to order his nails to be cut quite short, and then send him away, being thus rendered incapable of playing on his harp until they grew again to their former length. Another famous harper was Rory Dall (time of James I). He, however, was of a very different class from O'Kane. He was a man of good family, and when he travelled in Scotland "was attended by the retenue of a gentleman of figure". He has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott "as the most famous harper of the Western Islands", in the *Legend of*

*Montrose*, where he is represented as the instructor of Annot Lyle.

In glancing thus briefly at the annals of harp-playing, our object has been to stir up the Cymry to a higher appreciation of their national music as expounded by the harp, and to induce them to cultivate an art so closely connected with their history. If Charlemagne deemed it of importance, for political influence, to write the 'chants populaires' of a nation, it can hardly be thought less momentous to stir up anew in the Welsh a love for their music and harp. That harp has, in times past, led them on to victory in their battles for freedom; it has made their hills to re-echo with glad songs of contentment in the days of peace. And are its tones now to cease?

"Harp of the mountain-land, strike forth again,  
As when the foaming Hirlas-horn was crowned,  
And warrior hearts beat proudly to thy strain,  
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round;  
Strike with the spirit and the power of yore;  
Harp of the ancient hills, be heard once more."

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## WILLIAM SALESBURY AND HIS DICTIONARY.

BY THE EDITOR.

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GWALLTER MECHAIN—the Rev. Walter Davies—in his brief memoir of William Salesbury,<sup>1</sup> aptly quotes the words of Samson :—" Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Thus, he says, from the stem of the red-handed Saxon and the shafted Norman, came one who sowed the seeds of a rich harvest of blessings, spiritual and temporal, for our poor, persecuted Wales. The Salesburies, he continues, were of Norman descent, and, as tradition has it, came into England with the Conqueror. According to the herald-bards, the son of the first Salesbury was John, the father of Sir Harri Ddu, a name familiar to every lover of our Cymric melodies. John died in 1289. Reinalt, however, tells us that Sir Harri Ddu was the fourth Salesbury; and that he married Nest, the grand-daughter of Ithel Fychan. By thus intermarrying with Welsh heiresses, the Salesburies, like other Norman families, such as the Herberts, Stradlings, Bassetts, and Turbervilles, became Cymric in lineage and language, as well as in devotedness and affection.

Not only was the Salesbury stem prolific, but it spread its branches far and wide, until ere long it overshadowed considerable portions of the counties of Denbigh, Flint, and Merioneth. They had mansions at Bachymbyd, Rhug, Bache-

<sup>1</sup> See 'Gwaith y Parch. Walter Davies, A.C. (Gwallter Mechain) Dan olygiad y Parch. D. Silvan Evans, B.D.', vol. ii, page 191. A work most carefully edited, and got up regardless of expense at the cost of the bard's daughter, Miss Davies of Penmaen Dyfi, and published at Carmarthen in 1868, in three volumes.

graig, Clocaenog, Lleproc, Llanrhaiadr, Llywesog, Llanfwrog, Maescadarn, Gwytherin, Dol Beledr, and Llandyrnog.

As with nations, so it is with families; they spring up, flourish for a season, and then decay. If their growth has been rapid, equally rapid is their decadence. Such was the fate of the Salesburys. Though we cannot say with Ieuan Brydydd Hir:—

“Y llwybrau gynt lle bu 'r gân,  
Yw lleoedd y ddallhuan;”

we may with strict truth assert, in the words of Goronwy Owen, that there remain of this once flourishing stock,

“Prin ddau, lle 'r oedd gynnau gant.”

It was from the Lleweni branch of the family that the subject of this paper sprang. Robert, the second son of Thomas Salesbury, married Gwenhwyfar, sole daughter and heiress of Rhys ab Einion Fychan of Plas Isaf in Llanrwst. Of them was born Ffoulk Salesbury, who married a Puleston, and had issue, Robert, the elder son, and William, the author of the Dictionary. Robert had two daughters; Gwen, who was married to Griffith Wynn of Gwydir, and Ellen, who became the wife of Ellis Llwyd, the ancestor of Sir John Wynn of Wynnstay. It will be seen from this brief pedigree of the Salesburys, that our author was connected with some of the chief families of North Wales.

An accusation has been handed down against William Salesbury, of having dispossessed his nieces, Gwen and Ellen, of their inheritance of Plas Isaf; but Gwallter Mechain maintains, that not only is the charge devoid of evidence for its support, but that it is in the highest degree improbable. It cannot be entertained that a man of William Salesbury's high name and character, would stoop to dispossess his nieces of their property. And it is still more incredible, that the Wynns of Gwydir, a bold and resolute stock, would suffer

themselves to be so dispossessed. Besides, had it been so, what could be thought of the high-minded Sir John Wynn, the proud historian of a long line of ancestors, condescending to speak of the wrongful possessor of his inheritance as "a rare scholar" and a "great Hebrician"? We grant that high mental attainments are no proofs of the presence of lofty moral qualities; but William Salesbury made mind and intellect subservient to the cause of patriotism and religion, as every work that he has written testifies. The probability is, that he inherited Plas Isaf in his own right, as the next male heir of his brother Robert; for, as we learn from Sir John Wynn, in his *History of the Gwydir Family*, one condition of the Welsh tenure of lands was, that the inheritance should not descend to daughters, but to the heir male of the house.

Born at Plas Isaf, William Salesbury, it is probable, received his early education at Denbigh or some other neighbouring town, whence in due time he proceeded to complete his studies at Oxford. Nothing is known of his career at the University, save what we learn from the brief account given by Anthony Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, and which we now quote:—"William Salesbury, a most exact critic in British Antiquities, was born of an ancient and gentle family in Denbighshire, and spent several years in Academical learning either in St. Alban's or Broad-gate's Hall, or both. Thence he went to an Inn of Chancery in Holbourn near London, called Thavies Inn, where he studied and made sufficient progress in the Common Law; and thence, it is probable, to Lincoln's Inn. Afterwards he applied his Muse to the searching of Histories, especially those belonging to his own country, wherein he became so curious and critical that he wrote and published."

Wood then gives the titles of the several works of our author, and which are as follows:—

"A Dictionary in *English* and *Welsh*, much necessary to



all such Welshmen as will speedily learn the *English* tongue. London, 1547."

"A little Treatise of the *English* pronunciation of the Letters. London, 1547." "From this Dictionary and Treatise", adds Wood, "Dr. John Davies obtained many materials when he was making his *Dictionarium Britannico-Latinum*."

"A plain and familiar Introduction, teaching how to pronounce the letters in the *British* Tongue, now commonly called *Welsh*. London, 1567."

"Battery of the Pope's Bottereux, commonly called 'The High Altar'. London, 1550."

Without mentioning Salesbury's Translation of the New Testament, and with a passing glance only at his *Laws of Howel Dda*, Wood thus concludes his brief biographical notice:—

"He was living in the House of Humphrey Toy, a Bookseller in St. Paul's Church Yard in London, in 1567, in the ninth and tenth year of Elizabeth, being then esteemed a Person to be *much meriting of the Church and British Tongue*; but when he died, I find not."

Soon after this date William Salesbury retired to his estate in Wales, where he again devoted himself to Cymric literature.

Salesbury was an extraordinary linguist for his time. He is said to have been conversant with at least ten languages. In addition to the testimony of Sir John Wynn, we learn from the remarks that preface the 'Rhetoric', and to which Henry Perry has strangely appended his name, that he knew Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as English and Welsh. He was thus fitted both by talents and attainments for a lexicographer. And it is in this character that we would now introduce him.

Compilers of dictionaries have generally been assisted by

vocabularies or other elementary works already in existence. Le Gonidec had several at hand, in addition to one or two dictionaries, when he began his great Armorican lexicon. The Highland Society was similarly circumstanced, when it brought out its compendious Gaelic work. It was the same with the Irish dictionaries: their writers built them up of materials collected by other hands. Canon Williams, too, in the construction of his Cornish lexicon, derived assistance from previous efforts, and especially from those of Tonkin. But William Salesbury had nothing of the kind. He was the pioneer of the little band of philologists that have elucidated our rich old Cymric tongue. Without help, without material, save the spoken language and the few MSS. within his reach, he constructed a valuable and, taking all the circumstances into consideration, a marvellous work; as useful to the men of his day, as it is interesting and useful to the student of these later centuries. While other builders have had their material at hand, Salesbury had to traverse the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges for most of his. Had there been a few printed books, his labours would have been considerably lessened; but there were none. And as for MSS. in the reign of the eighth Harry—where were they to be found? They were both rare and difficult of access. I have spoken of Salesbury's work as a building. With much more justice I might have termed it a creation.

Salesbury's compilation, with all its defects, is a reliable work. His idea of a dictionary, it is true, is different from that of William Owen Pughe's. The latter is theoretical. Salesbury, on the contrary, is always practical. The work of the latter is a faithful record of the language of his day, and with all its errors and imperfections. From Dr. Owen Pughe we glean how the Welsh should be spoken; but from William Salesbury how it actually fell from the lips of the men of his time. And we are led to the conclusion, that the

spoken language of the sixteenth century differed but little from that of the present day—certainly, far less than the English of the different centuries.

English words in a Welsh form, which are altogether discarded by Owen Pughe, constantly appear in Salesbury's work. They were in common use, and he consequently records them. We have, for instance :—

Ambassador	ambassador	Entent	intent
Alei	ally	Execusiwn	execution
Aliwn	alien	Esecutor	executor
Baets	badge	Felni	felony
Bayt	bayte	Gossip	gossip
Bordyr	border	Gwaar	ware
Bowl	Bowl	Labet	label
Bribri	bribery	Ladyl	ladle
Brein	brine	Lafer	laver
Bwi	buoy	Las	lace
Sids	siege	Lappio	lap
Debiti	deputy	Ledio	lead
Declario	declare	Lifrey	livery
Defeys	device	Loydsio	lodge
Delifro	deliver	Haits	hatche
Dout	doubt	Haitsiet	hatchet
Efidens	evidence	Hemm	hem

These are but a few of the number given in the Dictionary; but they suffice for the purpose of illustration.

One of the difficulties attendant upon a first compilation would be the different form of the same word. There would be the variation of dialect, as well as that between classic and spoken Welsh. We give the following instances :—

Allwys	arlloes	Addaw	gaddaw
Ammarch	amparch	Gwaranty	gurance
Bowyd	bywyd	Ederyn y bwn	byn ederyn
Chwerthyn	chwerthin	Hagyr	ehagyr
Anifal	anifail	Hebdaw	hebddaw
Aredic	aretic	Dulluan	dallhuan
Ffeigyssen	figyssen	Twyllhuan	tylluan

The chief difference between Salesbury's language and that of the present time, consists in the following consonantal and vowel changes. We begin with the former, placing the older Welsh first :—

T is changed into D, as in—

Alltut	alldud	Dattot	dattod
Aratr	aradr	Diawt	diawd
Anffawt	anffawd	Coet	coed
Arbet	arbed	Enait	enaid
Basget	basged	Kysgot	cysgod
Llygat	llygad	Ergit	ergyd
Darfot	darfod	Escusotol	escusodol

C is changed into G, as in—

Amlwc	amlwg	Bowyoc	bywiog
Anrhec	anrheg	Diffic	diffyg
Aredic	aredig	Dirmyc	dirmyg
Drwc	drwg	Eurawc	eurawg
Dryllioc	drylliog	Ewinawc	ewinawg
Euawc	euawg	Gostec	gosteg

K is used for C, as in—

Koec	coec	Kywain	cywain
Kyntaf	cyntaf	Kyw	cyw
Kynllwyn	cynllwyn	Kywen	cywen
Kynt	cynt	Kywayth	cywaeth
Kyscy	cysgu	Kaer	caer
Kystudd	cystudd	Kanu	canu

Of the vowel alterations we have

A changed into Y, as in—

Damunaw	dymunaw	Dachanu	dychanu
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E into A, as in—

Bendigait	bendigaid	Geneu	genau
Dimeî	dimai	Gefeil	gefail
Diweir	diwair	Gefeill	gefaill
Donieu	doniau	Goreu	gorau
Eheng	ehang	Glinieu	gliniau
Enwir	anwir	Heu	hau

E into I, as in—

Amean	anian		Arean	arian
-------	-------	--	-------	-------

O into A, as in—

Anhowster	anhawader		Blowdlyd	blawdlyd
-----------	-----------	--	----------	----------

O into Y, as in—

Bowyd	bywyd		Dodwy	dydwy
-------	-------	--	-------	-------

Y into A, as in—

Eiry	eira		Yt	at
------	------	--	----	----

Y into E, as in—

Mayn	maen		Glwys	gloes
------	------	--	-------	-------

Y into I, as in—

Annogyat	annogiad		Dayar	daiar
Arwayn	arwain		Golchyd	golchiad

Y into U, as in—

Anghredy	anghredu		Chwynny	chwynu
Barny	barnu		Chwythy	chwythlu
Brathy	brathu		Dibenny	dibenu
Brefy	brefu		Diareby	diarebu
Chwaly	chwalu		Ffynny	ffynnu

There are a few other changes, such as

The dropping of K after C, as in—

Diangck	diange		Gwanck	gwanc
Arwyddockau	arwyddocau			

Some letters have been expunged, as

Y before the final consonant—

Anadyl	anadl		Dadyl	dadl
Aruthyr	aruthr		Dwfyr	dwfr
Arogl	arogl		Dwbyl	dwbl
Bustyl	bustl		Diofyn	diofn
Cenedyl	cenedl		Ewybyr	ewybr

Some vowels have been added, as A in

Barieth	bariaeth	Drudanieth	drudaniaeth
Barddonieth	barddoniaeth	Gofanieth	gofaniaeth
Dewinieth	dewiniaeth	Gwlybanieth	gwlybaniaeth

I in—

Anobeithol	anobeithiol	Athrawaeth	athrawiaeth
Anifal	anifail	Gweithwr	gweithiwr

We have thus glanced at Salesbury's orthography; and although our space will not allow us to deal with every point, we have noted its distinguishing characteristics. He makes no attempt at syllabification; but divides words to suit the space assigned to them. Even *ll*, which represents but one sound, he cuts into two—placing one *l* at the end of a line, and the other at the beginning of the next—sometimes using a hyphen, and sometimes not.

It is worthy of remark that instead of endeavouring to establish fixed rules of orthography, he regards it as the perfection of the art to write a word in as many different ways as he can possibly invent. That he does this designedly is clear; for he rarely writes a word a second time alike, especially if it quickly follows its predecessor. *Cymraeg* is written *Camraec*, *Kymraec*, *Camberaec*, *Kamberaec*, and when it follows *Groec*, 'Greek', the term is quaintly and humorously changed into *Camroec*, 'crooked Greek'. The word *Saesneg*, has as many forms. We have *Sasnec*, *Saesnec*, *Saesnaec*, *Saesonaec*, and, lest variety should be wanting, *x* is imported from the English to make *Sazonaec*. This same literary freak he has carried also into the English part of his Dictionary; where in one and the same column, under the words *twyllhuan* and *tylluan*, we have 'owle' and 'houle'.

Passing for a moment from orthography to etymons, and from the Dictionary to Salesbury's Translation of the New Testament we discover another peculiarity—the transferring of Greek and Latin Words into Welsh.

Of the former, we have instances in—

Eccles	Ecclesia	Parabolæ	Parabolai
Episcop	Episcopus	Hypocritieit	Hypocritai
Euangel	Euangelios	Membranae	Membranas
Batyddio	Baptizo	Angelion	Angeloi

Of the latter, in—

Cariat	Charitas	Pechat	Peccatum
Deficio	Deficio	Pytew	Puteus
Dew	Deus	Temp	Tempus
Discipulon	Discipuli	Tristit	Tristitia

We have already given several instances of the transferring of English words into Welsh in the Dictionary. The following are added as examples taken out of the New Testament :—

Hypocrisi	Hypocrisy	Ymgwestioni	Question
Monei	Money	Yscysio	Scourge
Compellio	Compell	Amprofitiol	Unprofitable
Descendio	Descend		

The use of such Greek and Latin words, as are given above, must be attributed to the lexicographer's anxiety to represent with great exactness the same idea or thing in the language into which they were introduced, as was signified by them in the one whence they were taken. The whole of the New Testament, indeed, is rendered into Welsh with a scrupulosity and exactitude which well mark the conscientiousness of the translator when dealing with sacred things.

We have alluded to Salesbury's quaintness and humour. They are discernible in other parts of his Dictionary—the very last book in which we should expect such things—and so discernible as to characterise the man. An English lexicographer has ventured on one such instance, and on one only. Dr. Nares accused Garrick of wrongly pronouncing the vowels *i* and *u*, making the former an *a*, and mouthing

the word *virtue* as though it had been written *vurtue*. Gar-  
rick replied in the following epigram :—

“ If it is, as you say, that I’ve injured a letter,  
I’ll change my note soon, and I hope for the better ;  
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,  
Hereafter be fixed for the tongue and the pen ;  
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,  
And that I may be never mistaken for U.”

There are also one or two instances in the Dictionary of Johnson. Defining *oats*, he speaks of them as “grains which in England are generally given to horses, but in Scotland support the people”. A more peculiar one still is given under the word ‘pension’, of which we have the following definition : “An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country”. “This”, says Dr. Latham, “is Dr. Johnson’s explanation ; one which is somewhat famous, partly from its characteristic eccentricity, and partly from the fact of the writer of it having afterwards accepted a pension.”

But William Salesbury’s humour bursts forth freely and spontaneously, arid though the ground of lexicography be, wherever it can find vent. It comes out in the ‘Introduction’ to his Dictionary. Teaching his countrymen to pronounce the aspirated English *s*, he gives the following lesson : “Wherever it is met with, it hisses like a roused serpent, not unlike the Hebrew letter *schin*. And if you wish for any farther information respecting this sound, you should listen to the hissing voice of shellfish when they begin to boil, if perchance they should take to sing out. Take this homely lesson, lest you should not have an English tongue at hand to instruct you.”

His quaintness comes out in the name he gives the capital letter at the head of a sentence. It is the ‘Captain-



letter'. But his humour overflows as he defines the term *Wynwyn*, 'onion.' "This", he says, "is the herb which the women put to their eyes to compel the tears when their husbands die."

We have the same quaintness introduced into rhyme under the term *Dywsul* :—

Dywsul ynyd  
Dywsul befyd  
Dywsul a ddaw  
Dywsul garllaw.

This distich has no poetical merit. He quotes it doubtless for its proverbial character. It was probably a common saying of the people; one of those expressions which the Welsh have so admirably described by the title of '*llafar gwlad*'. Still Salesbury was not without poetical discernment. He would not otherwise have selected so neat a line for illustration in his Introduction as :—

"Mae imi gangen deg o Fedwen."

And although the following *braich cywydd*, which closes the Introduction, and was probably written by himself, is not an extraordinary production, it suffices to show that the lexicographer was also a poet, and not unacquainted with *cyng-hanedd* :—

"Dyswch nes oesswch Saesnec;  
Doeth yw e dysc da iaith dec."

We cannot leave the Welsh portion of our subject without calling the reader's attention to the great beauty of certain passages in William Salesbury's New Testament. We are indebted for the selection to Gwallter Mechain, as, indeed, we are indebted to him for many other things in our paper. It will require no great discernment to see even grandeur in some of the following descriptions :—

"A ei ddillad oedd mor gannaid ar goleuni."  
"Nycha wybren olau yn eu gwascodi."

"Yn addurnaw monwenti y cyfiawnion."

"Gan ddamunaw gwawrio o'r dydd."

"Y mae ein gobaith yn fyrf am danoch."

"Llydany eu cadwadogion a wnant."

In some instances we are bound to say that Salesbury's translation is better than the one that has taken its place. His truly idiomatic expression: "I wneuthur un och proffes eich hunain", has been altered into, "I wneuthur un *proselyt*". And where Salesbury's Cymrycised English term *yscyrsiodd*, "scourged", is explained in the margin by *ffreuryllawdd*, the later translations have *fflangellodd*—a word, adds Gwallter Mechain, as *un-Welsh* as *yscyrsiodd*.

We leave the Welsh portion of our subject with one remark on the etymon of words. In so initiative a work as that of Salesbury, it was scarcely to be expected that he should deal with words otherwise than in a very rudimentary way. Still we derive many a lesson from his simplicity and homeliness. He does not, it is true, give the *unde derivatur* of words, but he gives—what is of almost equal value for deciphering their pedigree—their original unpolished forms, ere the heat that friction generates had caused their etymons to fuse one into another. How few, for instance, know the components of *diddyfnu*, 'to wean'. But in the form given by Salesbury it is self-interpreting. *Di-ddafn-y*, hyphened, is seen at once to be 'to deny a drop', or, 'to deprive of a drop'. Take *athrylith* again. Salesbury writes it *athrawlythyr*, 'master-literature', or 'the lesson of the master'. Owen Pughe, it is true, derives the term from *try* and *llith*; but without pronouncing a decided judgment, we lean to Salesbury's view of its etymology.

We now proceed to give some illustrations of our Author's English as developed in his Dictionary. Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, whose work on *Early English Pronunciation* is one of the marvels of modern philology, thus writes to the editor:

"I am delighted to see a *fac-simile* reprint of Salesbury's Dictionary. I first saw the book on Valentine's Day, 1859, and in one respect it has proved a true valentine to me; for it gave me 'a partner for life', in the shape of my *Early English Pronunciation*, at the fifth volume of which I am now at work (there are to be six volumes); and I shall be very much pleased to announce in the preface to this fifth volume—which is to be ready at the beginning of 1878—that the Cymmrodorion Society has reprinted a book, which was my sole trustworthy guide in disentangling the books of Sir T. Smith, Hart, Bullokar, and Gill, which treat of the English pronunciation of the 16th century. You are aware, of course, that I reprinted the preliminary matter, with the first page of the Dictionary, in pp. 768-788 of my *Early English Pronunciation*, with a translation by the late Dr. B. Davies and by Mr. E. Jones. I hope the Cymmrodorion Society will also reprint the still rarer little book on *Welsh Pronunciation* by the same author, of which I have given the essentials in pp. 744-768 of my book. It is closely connected with his Dictionary, and must be highly interesting to all Welsh students."

What higher warranty could we offer our readers for the estimation in which the old lexicographer is held, and that his usefulness has not passed away with the century in which he lived? Mr. Ellis's testimony is clear and decisive. But we have more. William Salesbury enables the philologist to decipher English words which, though common in the sixteenth century, are now either obsolete or so defaced by the wear and tear of three hundred years as hardly to be recognisable. Take the following instances:—

Bicker	conflict	Amner	almoner
Villayne	exile	Wanhope	despair
Purfyll	fringe, hem	Antemme	church
Ammell	enamel	Jape	jest

Fleere	laugh, grin	Fedder	feather
Augrym	sign, token	Whyrl bone	knee bone
Marterne	martin	Keness	keenness
Nath	nave of a wheel	Bier	beer
Petygrewe	pedigree	Dome	doom
Hekefer	heifer	Wrake	rack
Ayer	air	Brest	breast
Auntur	adventure	Gyrdyron	gridiron
Ariamatyke	arithmetic	Neese	sneeze

Salesbury's work is valuable in giving words, English as well as Welsh, in their primitive form. In so doing, he enables us to detect their true etymon. *Beside* does not give the clear indication of its meaning, which *byside* does; nor is *because* as self-interpreting as *bycause*. How clear the signification of *royalme* as compared with *realm*; *onely* with *only*; etc.

Nor are we sure that Salesbury does not give oftentimes the true etymon of words, when English philologists derive them from a different source. *Good-bye*, or instance, is derived by Johnson, Webster, Latham, Worcester, and others, from *good* and *bye*. Its meaning, they tell us, is, 'a good going' or 'a good passage'; the equivalent of 'farewell'. Salesbury throws a new light upon its etymology. He tells us that the parting salutation, "God be with you", was in his day clipped into *God biwio*. If spoken thus curtly in Henry the Eighth's time, we can well conceive how a century or two more would wear it down into *good-bye*. This derivation of the word makes it equivalent to *adieu*, and a far more beautiful parting expression than either of the others.

The *Rheitheg* or 'Rhetoric' of Salesbury demands a passing word in any paper treating of his linguistic works. It is an excellent treatise, and for the times in which it was written might well be characterised by a loftier epithet. It was not published, however, until after his death. It then came out under the editorial care of the Rev. Henry Perry, B.D., who,

in speaking of *rhetoric* calls it 'the handmaiden of true wisdom'. A second edition of the 'Rhetoric' was published with the 'Greal' in 1807 ; and a third at Llanrwst in later years. The last is a reprint of the edition given with the Greal.

But of all the patriotic works of William Salesbury, his translation of the New Testament is the one that demands the deepest gratitude of the Cymry. This undertaking, requiring all the care and exactitude which time and patience could bestow upon it, as well as a thorough knowledge of Greek and Welsh, was wrought by him alone, if we except the epistles that follow those to the Thessalonians and the Book of Revelation. And even of these Salesbury translated the second Epistle to Timothy, and the Epistle to Philemon. The others were done by Richard Davies, Bishop of St. David's, and the Book of Revelation by Thomas Huet, Chaunter of St. David's. A short biography of these, our author's coadjutors, will be found in the *Cambrian Register*, vol. ii, page 210.

Salesbury's Translation of the New Testament has now stood the test of centuries. The alterations made by Bishop Morgan, and the few emendations afterwards by Bishop Parry, have in no way interfered with the vigour and grandeur of Salesbury's work, whatever they may have added of beauty. The version of the New Testament that we now have is, indeed, based upon Salesbury's. In his desire to conform his mode of writing Welsh to that of the twelfth century, the words are given in their rough original garb, ere they had been softened and modulated by consonantal changes. This peculiar orthography has been altered by Bishop Morgan ; and we have now, in its new and more becoming dress, a version of the New Testament, or rather of both the Old and New, as replete with grandeur and pathos, as any that the world has ever seen. The honour, however, of being not only the pioneer, but the great toiler, in the work, belongs to William Salesbury.

We cannot bring our short essay on William Salesbury more appropriately to a close, than by quoting the concluding passage of Gwallter Mechain's brilliant apostrophe to his memory. After enumerating some of his excellencies, he almost wailingly asks:—

“ But where shall we find any monument raised to honour the man who thus laboured for the temporal enlightenment, and the spiritual welfare, of his benighted and superstitious countrymen? Columns that cleave the sky have been raised to commemorate the mighty hunters of the old world. Triumphant arches stride across our highways, telling succeeding generations of the prowess of heroes who lay in wait for blood, and hailed their captives to the regions of death. England has her pillars commemorating the bravery of Rodney, Nelson, and Hill; but Wales, rich though she be in the marbles of her Mona, and in the variegated boulders on the sides of her Snowdon, has not a stone raised, or a letter chiselled, to perpetuate the names of Cassivelaunus, Caractacus, Llewelyn, or Glendower—the illustrious defenders of her national liberty—no, nor yet a line to the memory of Salesbury, the man who laboured so assiduously in establishing her spiritual freedom. Not a letter even marks his resting-place. But heed it not, noble Salesbury. Sleep on in peace, till the dawn of that bright morning, when thou shalt be greeted with the joyous welcome—‘ Good and faithful servant of mine, well done ! ’ ”

For nearly a century Salesbury's remained the only Dictionary of the Welsh language. In 1632, however, the *Antiquæ Linguae Britannicæ Dictionarium Duplex* of Dr. John Davies of Mallwyd made its appearance—the Welsh-Latin portion by himself, and the Latin-Welsh, a condensed abridgement of a larger Dictionary, by Dr. Thomas ab Wiliam of Trefriw. Both are of a high and trustworthy character. This

was followed in 1707 by the first volume of the *Archæologia Britannica* of Edward Lhuyd, containing the Glossography—a still more erudite and reliable work; and this again in 1730 by Dr. Wotton's Glossary in his *Cyfreithjeu Hynwel Dda*. With the aid of these several compilations, the Rev. Thomas Richards of Coychurch, brought out, in 1753, his *Antiquæ Linguae Britannicæ Thesaurus*; and this remained the standard Lexicon of the Cymry until the great work of William Owen, afterwards Dr. William Owen Pughe, appeared in 1803. Several others, of a minor importance, were added to the list, both in the latter part of the last, and during the present century. That of Dr. Owen Pughe has continued to be the standard Lexicon down to the present time; although Welsh scholars are by no means satisfied with his work, masterly though it be. It is not a reliable work. In his anxiety to derive every word and even syllable from a Cymric source, he oftentimes gives a false etymon of words, while he is not consistent even with himself. We will give one instance as an elucidation of our indictment. *Yspail*, he tells us, has *pail* for its root. We naturally turn to the latter word for an elucidation of its meaning; but we search in vain. He has no such root. His translations, too, of the old poets are oftentimes faulty. Even Goronwy Owen has not escaped misrepresentation.

These remarks will suffice to shew that *the* Lexicon of the Welsh language is yet to come. In the English-Welsh Dictionary of the Reverend D. Silvan Evans, we have a guaranty that an author still lives among us equal to so national an undertaking. Nay, more; at the close of his edition of Rowland's Bibliography we have an advertisement stating such work to be in preparation. Some ten years have elapsed since the announcement was made, and we have reasons for believing that it is now complete and ready for the press. But the publication lags. And why? Is its author afraid

of encountering the risk attendant on so expensive a work? Does he fear that a sufficiently grateful response will not be made to his enterprise? He need not. Every lover of our rich old Cymric literature will regard it his duty to help in the publication; every Welsh scholar will even make sacrifices to obtain it. It is of all desiderata the one such a scholar most longs for; and we are sure that if fearlessly entered upon the undertaking will be highly remunerative. The learned Lexicographer will, by the work, raise to himself a loftier and a more enduring monument than a column of marble. And this is the true way of perpetuating name and fame. The first Napoleon, feeling that he had attained imperial dignity by his own unaided prowess, placed the crown on his head with his own hand. And if we would raise to ourselves the

“*Monumentum ære perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,*”

we must ourselves raise it by some noble work wrought of patient and enduring toil—by some glorious achievement that shall benefit our race and nation.

---



## Y R YSTORM.

GAN Y

PARCH. ROWLAND WILLIAMS (HWFA MON).

---

DAETH dydd ! daeth dydd !

Cyneuaf gwyn !

Mae 'r haul yn chwerthin

Ar y bryn !

Dwyfoldeb santaidd

Wisg y nen !

Mae bŵa 'r ENFYs

Ar ein pen !

Gorwedda 'r defaid

Yn y twyn,

I wrandaw cerdd

Y bugail mwyn ;

Breuddwydia 'r gwartheg

Dan y pren,

A'r borfa 'n tyfu

Dros eu pen !

Mae 'r adar mân

Yn gân i gyd,

Yn pyncio 'u dawn,

Am rawn yr ŷd ;

Mae natur fel

Nefolaidd fûn,

Yn hoffi siarad

Wrthi 'i hun !

# THE STORM.

TRANSLATED  
BY THE EDITOR.

---

DAY dawns! day dawns!  
     On harvests white;  
 The sun from the hill sheds  
     A laughter of light.  
 A glory divine  
     O'er the earth is spread;  
 While heaven's arch of azure  
     Glow's overhead.

The flocks are resting,  
     The brakes among,  
 To hear their gladsome  
     Shepherd's song.  
 The kine are dreaming  
     Beneath the trees,  
 Where the tall grass waves  
     To the flow of the breeze.

Of the feathery choir  
     A song is born—  
 A chant of praise,  
     For the golden corn.  
 A nymph divine,  
     Fair Nature rejoices;  
 Whispering sweet music  
     With her myriad voices.

Ust! beth yw 'r sibrwd lleddfol sy  
 I'w glywed yn yr awyr fry?  
 Ust! clyw! mae 'n nesu oddi draw  
 Mae 'n ymwrdd yn y dwfn islaw!

Ysbrydion ystormydd  
 Sy 'n deffraw drwy 'r nefoedd!  
 Elfenau sy 'n udo  
 Hyd eigion y moroedd!  
 Cymylau sy 'n rhwygo  
 Gan gyffro y trydan,  
 Y gwyntoedd sy 'n meirw!  
 A Natur yn gruddfan!!

Clyw gnul ystorm! clyw gorn y gwlaw!  
 Gwel wib y mellt! clyw daran braw!  
 Clyw dyrfaeu dŵr! gwel ffwrn y nen!  
 Clyw 'storm yn tori ar dy ben!

Mae 'r haul yn tywyllu!  
 Mae 'r mellt yn goleuo!  
 Mae 'r wybren yn crynu!  
 Mae 'r dyfnder yn rhuo!  
 Mae mellten ar fellten!  
 Mae taran ar daran!  
 Mae Duw yn dirgrynu  
 Colofnau pedryfan!  
 Mae 'r ddaear ar drengu!  
 Mae 'r nefoedd yn syrthio!  
 Arswyded y bydoedd!  
 MAE DUW 'N MYNED HEIBIO!

---

Hark ! whence those mutterings in the sky,  
That wildly rave—then gently die ?  
Again they call ; and now nearer sweep  
In surges from the yeasty deep !

The storm-fiends are yelling  
Amid the commotion ;  
Whistling, bellowing, crackling,  
They plough up the ocean ;  
The black clouds rent piecemeal,  
With a roar are flying :—

And now the winds sink low,—  
And now are dying.

Again clangs the knell : the rain-floods fall,  
New lightnings blaze, new thunders call ;  
Seas seething boil ; and skies of flame  
The grandeur of the storm proclaim.

Darkens the god of day,  
Heaven's bolts are flashing ;  
Hills rock in the fray,  
Forests are crashing ;  
Lo ! lightning on lightning,  
Thunder on thunder ;  
God in wrath is riving  
Creation in sunder ;  
Nature in throes is expiring,  
The heavens downward are bending :—  
O Earth, be admonished :  
THY GOD IS DESCENDING!

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## THE REV. JOHN PETER, F.G.S.

(IOAN PEDR.)

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AT the request of the Editor I have undertaken to write a few words respecting my lamented friend Mr. Peter. As my personal acquaintance with him was of comparatively recent standing, I have had to copy most of the jottings that follow from the various notices which his unexpected death on the 17th of January last called forth in our Welsh periodicals, especially the *Beirniad* for the month of April. For a detailed account we have to wait until the biography of her husband, which it is the intention of Mrs. Peter to write as soon as her health will permit, has been published.

Mr. Peter was born at Bala on the 10th of April, 1833 ; his father was an intelligent man, who followed the vocation of a millwright ; to which his son was also brought up. The latter learned his work so thoroughly that his friends felt that they had lost a skilful workman when he turned his attention to other things. As in the case of so many others of Cambria's most distinguished sons, so in that of Mr. Peter, it was through the instrumentality of a literary society that it was discovered that he had a talent for work of a higher order. The first occasion of his attracting public attention was that of his winning a prize for poetry offered by the Merioneth Literary Society ; but, unlike many of our countrymen who continue all their lifetime to turn into verse what they know instead of acquiring knowledge of things they do not know, Mr. Peter passed on to the rank of a student, whose thirst for learning never knew any bounds. This was most opportunely met by the appearance of Cassell's *Popular Educator*, which he devoured as fast as it appeared.

But, unlike another Welshman, whose taste for languages was similarly called forth by the *Popular Educator*, Mr. Peter read with equal delight the non-linguistic portions of it, and thereby laid the foundation of the very varied knowledge on which he continued to build during the rest of his life. Special mention must here be made of his study of geology, which secured him the honour of being made a fellow of the London Geological Society. It was when lecturing on geology in Anglesey some fifteen years ago that the present writer first saw and heard Mr. Peter, and it was *à propos* of his labours in that branch of study that a Welsh bard sang the appropriate lines:—

“Torog haenau tir Gwynedd,—haen ar haen,  
Olrheiniai i'r fodfedd;  
Gwelai ger y graig dal gref,  
Oed hono wrth ei dannedd.”

But of all the various subjects which had an interest for him, the one to which he grew most attached, and to which he would probably have devoted all his leisure time had he lived longer, was that of Celtic philology, more especially the study of the Welsh language and Welsh antiquities. Every one who knows anything about comparative philology must know that, in order to study one language out of a family of kindred tongues, he must provide himself with a knowledge more or less perfect of as many as possible of them. So Mr. Peter was not content with his native Welsh and the English he picked up at school, but proceeded to learn German, in connection with which the following anecdote is related, as serving to show that, like all other men who have left their mark behind them, he, also, was possessed of a will and force of character not to be overcome by difficulties.

One fine afternoon at Bala his attention was called to a band of Germans playing in the street; he noticed that they looked cleaner in their persons and more respectably clad

than the ordinary strolling musicians who pass in this country as German bands; and that made him anxious to speak to them, which he did, greatly to the surprise of the lookers on, in a language which they knew to be neither Welsh nor English—it was his first trial of his German. He learned from the foreigners that they were brothers, the sons of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Stuttgard, and that they did not make music their profession, but merely the means of enabling them to travel through this country on the cheap. He had another interview with them in the evening, when they pressed him to come to see them in Germany, and promised him a hearty welcome. From that moment he resolved to save all the money he could, with a view to visiting Germany, and it was not long before he surprised a friend of his who lived in London by an unexpected call on his way to the Continent. In due time he reached his German friends, whom he found as good as their word; but, after spending a few days with them, he took up his quarters at the house of a gentleman, who helped him to perfect his knowledge of German. By and by he had to turn homewards as his money was beginning to run short; but, for the sake of seeing the country, and studying the habits of the peoples he passed, he appears to have travelled a great part of the way to Ostend on foot, and to have got somewhat out in his reckoning, as he found himself at Folkestone with only a few coppers in his pocket. With some difficulty, however, he reached the house of his friend in London, whence he managed to get home in comfort.

How he acquired his knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish I have not been told; but, as to Greek and Latin, he studied them at the Bala Independent College, where he was not only prepared for the ministry in connection with the religious body of that name, but also enabled to become one of the tutors of the College, a post which he held to the

day of his death. Although he was always hard worked, he managed to pursue without interruption his favourite studies in Celtic philology, and to write a great deal in various periodicals. Among other recent products of his pen may be mentioned a review in our Welsh quarterly, *Y Traethodydd*, on the "Grammatica Celtica", in which he established his name as a Celtic glottologist; an article on "Welsh Phonology", published in the *Revue Celtique*, edited by M. Gaidoz in Paris; and another, rich in instances, on "Welsh Particles", in the first number of the *Cymmrodor*, as to which, it may interest our readers to know, he wrote to the Editor a short time before his death as follows:—"I am glad to see the first number of the *Cymmrodor* looking so well, and especially the reprint of Salesbury's Dictionary. This is really splendid; and if all feel as I do, although I am poor, you would bring out the parts monthly instead of half-yearly." But it would be impossible, within the space at our disposal, to give the reader any account of the numerous and varied writings of Mr. Peter extending over the last twenty years of his life, and we have no exact information as to what he may have left behind in manuscript ready for publication. But one may venture to say, that enough has already been published to prove that all we have read formed but a prelude to greater works, which he could not have failed to produce had his life been spared.

Before leaving this point, I may add that, besides Welsh philology, he devoted his attention to Welsh archæology; and that, in his travels, he was constantly on the look out for old manuscripts and ancient inscriptions. One of the last opportunities which the present writer had of enjoying his society was on an excursion to examine an early inscribed stone near Llandudno; but he had before been in the habit of giving me information as to the nature and the whereabouts of similar monuments in different parts of the principality.



As a man, he was unobtrusive, kind, naturally polite, and a born gentleman, but resolute and persevering. In the Eisteddfod he took his stand on the side of honesty and common sense. In the pulpit, he was sincere and earnest, but no fanatic or lover of hysterical religion. Such being the case, it could hardly be expected that his co-religionists should be able to value him so highly as some others who make more fuss and noise in the world, and I have heard that it was but lately that his salary reached the modest figure of £150 a year. His acquirements were too varied and his sympathies were too wide to be duly appreciated by any sect as such. In point of constitution, he was, to all appearance, a thoroughly strong and healthy man, and his untimely death, which was the result of a violent cold taken whilst travelling in South Wales, has left his widow unprovided for, and the Welsh people in tears over a grave which has closed with stern suddenness over hopes which promised to ripen into an abundant harvest to enrich the literature of his beloved Cambria.

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## L E T T E R S

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD  
RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.

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IF we regard the writer of these letters in his three-fold character of Poet, Philologist, and Antiquary, we must accord to him the highest place in the literary annals of Wales in the last century. Not only was he a poet, but the friend and patron of the most talented poet of modern times—Goronwy Owen, with whose name his own will be associated for all time. His letters, sparkling with thoughts as fresh as they are graphic, will be found teeming with matters of deep interest to the Celtic scholar. We offer, therefore, no apology for their publication, nor yet for the re-printing of such as have already been given to the world. We would have his correspondence with the celebrated scholar and pastoral poet of Ystradmeurig complete.

These letters declare the unabated fervency of their writer's love for all that was Cymric, even when disease was impairing his frame, and old age sending him tottering towards the grave.

“The ruling passion, strong in death,”

swayed, if it did not absorb, his noble faculties to the last.

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TO EDWARD RICHARD.

“Penbryn, August 5th, 1758.

“Dear Sir,—How do you do is generally the first salutation when we speak, why not when we write? And how do

all your family and my little ones? I should have stepped to see you, but that the hay-harvest had taken me by the nose, and the corn-harvest is at my heels. Therefore, I sent Wil. Gruffudd to reconnoitre you in my room, and to examine how matters stand. He will open his private instructions when he comes to your parts. Who do you think I have at my elbow, as happy as ever Alexander thought himself after a conquest? No less a man than Ieuan Brydydd Hir, who hath discovered some old MSS. lately, that nobody of this age or the last ever as much as dreamed of. And this discovery is to him and me as great as that of America by Columbus. We have found an epic poem in the British, called Gododin, equal at least to the Iliad, Æneid, or Paradise Lost. Tudfwlch and Marchlew are heroes—fiercer than Achilles and Satan. But, as I suppose you will see the Bard soon, he can tell you more than I can of these things; I am only an admirer and stander by, and fit for nothing but growing fat. In the midst of all these fine things, Thomas Williams and D<sup>d</sup> Davies vex me, that they do not follow their work; you have some influence over that part of the country: for God's sake, spur them on, that I may have that little bark off before it is spoilt. My wife joins heartily with me in our service to you and family, and believe me to be with a very cool head this morning,

“Yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.

“The Bard says that the capture of MSS. in London was not so bad as represented to me.”

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“Penbryn, August 6th, 1758.

“Dear Sir,—I have yours, and it is extremely welcome, and am sorry the Bard and I have put you in any fear of our invading the territories of Homer and Virgil. As for the

Bard, let him answer for himself. But I can assure you I have not the least inclination to attack those worthies; for I am not capable of treating with them about terms of peace (if it was wanted), without the help of an interpreter, who may deceive me. So much for epic poetry. I send Wm. Gruffudd again on a sudden notice, to stay a few days to weigh the bark, part of which is ready. And also let Richard Thomas know, that if the timber are thought by all to be too dear at 12d. a foot, he may sell at 10d.; for it will be to no purpose to keep them to rot. My eyes can perform their offices to-night no more, therefore good night, and God bless you all.

"Yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, August 14th, 1758.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for yours of the 12th, and would not have troubled you with this, but that I am obliged to send Wm. Gruffudd to push on the dressing of about a ton of bark which the Cossacks have left me unburnt, or had left on Saturday. I am now surprised they did not set fire to the whole, or was it the discontented among our own people that set fire to our magazine? William Gruffudd is to make an end of it this trip in some shape or other, and I wish I had never anything to do with it.

"By the bearer, my sons will receive two pair of breeches each, and a pair of shoes each, and their mother says that she will make them a visit next Rô's fair, and desires to know if it be absolutely necessary for her to bring them any shirts then. The harvest has kept me so busy, that I could not possibly spare an hour to answer the queries, but shall endeavour to do something very soon. I am sorry to find you so discouraged from studying the old British tongue, because critics are puzzled at it. Should not that be a reason, that you should give them a helping hand, as you have really

a greater capacity ? Should not you that have such talents, natural and acquired, strip to your shirt, and work tooth and nail at such a jobb, which your simple and almost illiterate countrymen have attempted to perform. You'll say you are breeding up other people to do that business for you. That is, you will leave the slavery for them and for poor labourers who are fit only to carry mortar. This is not fair; your ancestors lost their blood as well as others in defence of their country and language, which thay have handed down to us ; why don't we keep what they have left us ? I should be glad to receive letters from my sons, giving me an account that their master hath taken off his great coat to study the works of Llywarch Hen and Aneurin Wawdrydd, or what, perhaps, would be more agreeable for him, to translate Nennius's history of the Britons out of the Latin. By this time, perhaps, you'll imagine that I am not sound in the head, when I could leave my haymakers and reapers to write such incoherent stuff as this, and when the sun shines as in June. God be with you, and your little family.

“ I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“ Penbryn, November 7th, 1758.

“ Dear Sir,—I have yours by Richard Thomas, and am glad you are well ; I have seen the account, which is very well as far as it goes, but, &c., &c., &c. I like that the money should be in your hands, but I have not contrived as yet what to do with the timber, further than the old man should sell them as well as he can in the same manner as he begun. When my foot gives me leave, I may think of some further measures. If people will not buy I cannot sell ; and I find by Richard Thomas that the call is very little, though they were to be sold for a quarter the value. Peth yw hyn a fyn fod.

"The Talysarn trees will not do for me, I have heard of them, they are too dear and too far. If I was to convert all Penbryn to an orchard, it would not be much larger than a Saxon orchard; what should I do in that case for bread and cheese? However, I intend, please God, to have such an orchard soon, that will supply my own house with cyder, and my family with apple pies, &c.; and I shall be glad to see a friend come to take a share with me, and to admire my family of trees of my own propagating. There is not a word in your letter that you will come to spend a night with me. Death is very busy, and possibly may save either you or me the trouble unless we make haste; why then don't you come soon, before my orchard equals the Saxons'? My eyes are almost shut; having stirred a vast deal to-day, I am quite jaded. Richard Thomas has seen some of my labours. 'E dyra olud ag nis gŵyr pwy a'i casgl, efe a blan goed, ag nis gŵyr pwy a fwynhâ eu ffrwythau. [Rhoir peth] ym mhennau plant ag nid oes wybod pa bryd y daw allan o'u pennau fal y rhoed i mewn; gwagedd, medd Selyf, yw 'r cwbl. Dowch gan hynny gynta galloch.'

"Yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, January 21st, 1759.

"Dear Sir,—With this letter you will receive two of my sons, who are tired with playing and sporting here, and are glad of a variety, even school confinement. I have been so busy after my long lying in, that I have not taken the least care of them, and I don't know but they have forgot their letters; nay, I have been so much out of doors, too, since they came home, that I have been within death's door, and with great difficulty returned here, and the children's company hath been a great help to my recovering. I had another inducement to keep them here a little longer than

ordinary. I found they were grown meer dunces as to the knowledge of mankind, which is always the effect of a solitary life, monasteries, schools, &c. Therefore, I let them have their full scope among all the busy lads in the neighbourhood, which I find has raised their spirits, and given nature a phlip. A person hath promised to come and treat with me about all the wood, but is not yet come. I hope Richard Thomas sells off as much as he can in the meantime; I shall make but a sad hand of them at last. I return you the queries, but could not possibly do anything in them; for all my papers of antiquities are in sad confusion; and having lost above three months by illness, I have been so busy in bringing up my lost time about my husbandry affairs, and providing for the belly, that I really could not spare an hour for those lighter studies, and, unless my head takes another turn, I shall hardly ever look into them any more. Last night I came home from Aberystwith, where I staid one night, and where I had not been for three years, nor have I worn a boot or spur since August, nor have I been in the condition to read or write but very little since. You see I am quite an invalid, and nothing can be expected from me but slothfulness and indifferency about everything. Llywarch Hen's three companions are mine. Pâs a henaint haint a hoed.

"I am out of the busy world, and do not care who is in it, and I have no chance of having an agreeable neighbour to converse with, such as you can be, if you please to lend a body a day now and then. God be with you and prosper your labour, which is the most useful of all labours; and I could wish that I could creep to see you, though you will not give me the pleasure of seeing you here. My service to your mother, and believe me to be,

"Yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

“ Penbryn, November 8th, 1759.

“ Dear Sir,—I hope this will find you in health, though it is more than we can say here, and yet we are much better than we have been of late, and for a good while. I wanted to hear from you, which is one of my reasons for sending this. The other reason is, I want to get rid of the wood, and I would have come myself to give them the finishing stroke, but that the wound in my leg is not yet so healed as to bear touching a stirrup, though I am in other respects pretty well, I thank God, and may probably live a few years longer, unless such another accident happens. I look upon myself now like the hysterical lady, who fancied herself a glass-bottle, and was afraid of being touched lest she might be cracked. One John Roberts, a shipwright from Aberystwith, proposes to take all the timber in both coppices off my hands, and is willing to give me a trifle (a meer trifle) for them. I sent the bearer, Will. Gruffudd, with him to view them the other day, with an order to see old Richard Thomas, and to know of him the situation of affairs, what was sold, and what not. But either they did not enquire after him, or could not see him; they only called at your mother's, and heard you were at church and went off in a hurry, and William made his report that John Roberts thinks them of very little value, and heard that Richard Thomas sold them off very slowly. Ond fe ddywaid Bran imi, that William and John have concerted a scheme to be partners in the timber if they can get them very cheap, and it is thought no sin to outwit a master in a bargain, though it is a breach of trust. John Roberts came to me again last Sunday and wanted to strike a bargain about them, but I told him as Richard Thomas had sold a good many pieces of them since he saw them last, it would be better for him to go again this week, and take a view of them. To-day he



writes me word, he has been there and could not find Richard Thomas, and that, in his opinion, the full value of them all was but four pounds ten shillings! There is some little mystery in the matter. This is the very sum he proposed for them about a month ago, when he said there were fifteen pieces marked by the country as bought. Perhaps those 15 pieces are gone, and 15 or 20 more sold or marked. So that it is impossible to make any bargain with this man or (men) without knowing of Richard Thomas how matters stand; and whether some neighbour or other would not give much more money for them. They would be worth here at least £20, and it is very extraordinary that they are worth no more than a quarter of that money where they are. Now my request of you is, to send for Richard Thomas (without consulting William Gruffudd) and ask his opinion of them, whether they are not worth a great deal more money, and whether any honest man will give considerably more for them, perhaps £8 or £10, and to have a year's credit, that he may have time to make his money out of them. Perhaps Thomas Morris may get a partner on such terms as these, and I desire you'll send for him. I have ordered William Griffith to stay one night with you, for by that time you'll have more time to make an enquiry into this matter. You are to understand that the firewood, and everything as well as the crooked timber, &c., for ship building, is included in this great sum of £4:10. We have about four months still to dispose of them, and I should think that double this money might be picked out of them by a person that lives on the spot, and sell them at half value. Contrive something as well as you can at this critical juncture to my advantage, and let me have your answer by the return of the bearer, for if nothing can be done of any consequence I shall bargain with John Roberts as well as I can, perhaps he may come up to £5 or £6, but query. John Roberts is to have his answer

next Sunday. Sixty pieces of timber was all John Roberts could find there about a month or six weeks ago, but he doth not tell me how many he saw there now. Enquire of Richard Thomas whether there are now there 60 pieces unsold, or how many, and, whether there are many remaining there that have been marked by the country, and how many. Dewi Fardd has made but a cursed lame piece of work of his book, having stuffed into it some of his own productions with those as low or lower than himself,—people that understand no language in the world, and not fit to wipe the shoes of Hugh Morris, whose place they fill up. Blindness, ignorance, and folly to the last degree! He'll be soon in this country to distribute them. I am sorry to see two pieces of Mr. William Wynne, and a Cywydd Ieuan Brydydd Hir in the company of such balderdash stuff; but they will say Hugh Morris will countenance them. There is another bungler now a-publishing some poetry by subscription, one Hugh Jones. Mr. William Wynne says he is a professed poet, and he hath given him leave to print some of his works. Mr. Wynne is fonder of fame than I should be, when got through such mean channels. Pam na ddysg y bobl ddarllen yngyntaf?

Why should a fool pretend to publish Horace, that never understood one word of grammar? My sore leg has confined me to my desk, so as to make my 'Celtic Remains' a considerable gainer by it, for I have been fit for nothing but scribbling these two months, a great loss to my orchard and garden. As you govern my sons, perhaps you may think you have some right to call the father to an account of what he has been doing these two months past. I am very obedient to superiors, and confess as followeth. In the beginning of my disorder, I was in extreme pain and danger, and preparing for a long voyage. In some hours of ease I collected names of men and places in Flaherty's Ogygia and Tyssilio's

Brut. When I mastered my dangers, I stuck to Usher's *Primordia* and Stillingfleet's *Origines Britannicæ* to the same end. And lastly, to Edward the Third's *Extent of Wales*, called generally the Prince's Book. This was a tough piece of work, which I supposed nobody ever attempted, and I own it has added greatly to my store.

"These were my principal actions; but I had many smaller irons in the fire, such as sorting all my poetical rhapsodies for 40 years past, and burning half of them. The scraper of money, the dealer of cattle, the man with twenty thousand sheep, and the owner of the wild horses, will laugh me to scorn if they hear this; never considering that there are men as well as dogs that hunt after different games. The terrier despises the greyhound and mastiff. Pray let me know if my boys ripen at all in knowledge. I am afraid they are not cut for scholars.

"I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, Nov. 18th, 1759.

"Dear Sir,—Yours, without a date of time or place, I received on Friday, and am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and the impartial opinion you gave about the wood. Let the old man, therefore, sell off as well as he can, till he has orders to the contrary. The more he will sell, the better it will be for him. My chaps here begin to think it a favor to rid me of them; and I would not for the value of the whole be under obligations to people of that stamp. If they come for ship timber, let them agree for them with Richard Thomas as the country buys them. So much for wood and timber.

"I am glad you and the children are in health and in high spirits; but as to their making as good scholars as their

master, I am almost sure they never will, for Nature has not been so kind to them; they may be excellent for coursing and cockfighting, the only qualifications of this country: their genius seems inclined to nothing higher. I agree entirely with you, that they may be as good scholars as their father, who is none at all. School learning is different from that little store of knowledge which I have, as chalk is to cheese (cheese I should have said first). My masters were only sycamore and gozze [gorse?] bushes, and few lads chuse to study under such wooden masters if they can be better diverted. But God's will be done; it is He that distributes His gifts to whom He pleases, by first implanting the inclination, and by giving the strength of mind to receive the impression of the knowledge of His works: every excellence and knowledge in men is a gradual step towards that perfection of all wisdom and goodness, and is to be valued according to its use to human society. But hold, I am no preacher, and must turn my face to poetry, which your letter seems to require. You have said so much in few words about the faults of our Welch poets, that it would require a volume to either defend them or explain the matter. But I shall be as short as possible, saying a word or two only to try if you and I can agree in sentiments about them, or that I can prove myself a man of sense by agreeing with you; for I remember the saying of a very great man:—'That all men of sense in the world would conclude the same, if they understood one another's premises.' When you see David Jones's book, you will say, I suppose, it is a very bad collection of mere jargon, worse than ever was done in any other language, some of it (and a great deal) wrote by people as ignorant of all learning and knowledge as Mathew Wirion or Anghawr Trawscoed. Good God, what instruction this must afford! I suppose the good song attributed to Humphrey Owen (that you heard) was made by Hugh Morris, for I never saw anything of his that

would not set my teeth on edge in the reading. Want of language, want of thought, want of that great ingredient in song writing, a melodious easy cadence which lulls the soul, while the contrary of it pulls sense by the hair of the head, is so often to be met with in almost all our song writers but Hugh Morris, that I am in pain when I read any of them. I wish you would procure me a copy of that good song, for the man might be inspired at a particular time, as I have heard of men that made songs in their sleep, &c. I own Hugh Morris has many faults; no man is without them. He has wrote a great deal in his youth, and so have most men, when not only their judgment was unripe, but the fire of youth unruly, which brought unguarded expressions that they would gladly recall if they could. Dafydd ap Gwilym should not be mentioned on the same sheet of paper with any of the song writers (not even Hugh Morris); he is in a higher sphere, and a spirit of a superior order. One line of his work is worth hundreds of their songs, in the same sense as we say of Horace or any of the great poets, that a single verse of theirs would weigh down all the ballads of the kingdom. But I am far from defending Dafydd ap Gwilym's morals. He had none; he was as debauched as a wandering poet. He also wrote some poems in an extreme loose style as to poetry, and they can hardly be called poems, for there is no poetry intended to be in this new way of writing, but in every other line. The other was a beauty-spot to set it off. He was such a master of poetry, that he was the first that had the confidence to introduce that loose way of writing in our language since the establishment of the new prosody, and he knew that nobody would dare to oppose him, nor has any poet ventured to write in that way after him, though he was followed in his Traeth Odlau (another kind of loose writing) by John Tudur. But there is no fear that those examples in poetry will ever gain ground, for the people in

our age (except a few) write all bad lines, and not good and bad alternately; and as for immorality in his works, the common people will hardly ever see them, and the men of letters are too often taught immorality before ever they read D. ap Gwilym. He has never wrote any thing against true religion, and only to ridicule image worship and confession. The rest is merely a head love-passion, which perhaps was in his constitution (being a bastard), and certainly was the taste of the age he lived in: the Popish religion and civil government allowing great lengths then on payments of certain mulcts, &c. Has not Horace wrote some things which are concealed from vulgar eyes, and some that are published had better been suppressed; but what has that to do with the poet? Look into Dr. Davies's Dictionary and Grammar, a famous divine of our Reformed Church, and you will see D. ap Gwilym is his chief authority. I do not lay as much stress upon this as upon the general approbation of mankind for 350 years past, which has suffered this poet's works, with all that we call their faults, to live to this day, and probably some of them will live while the Welch language has a being. Those poems he had taken pains with are inimitable; his images full of life; his language pure and nervous; his prosody unexceptionable, according to the new rules just then adopted: but he might have led the whole nation into what rules he pleased; his felicity of expression was such, that he never was at a loss to express his ideas in strong colours. I think I have said enough on this head, to prove at least that if we look for good language and poetry to charm the witchcraft, we may find it in or among D. ap Gwilym's works. If we have a mind to recreate ourselves with another kind of poetry set to music, whose rules are governed by the numbers of the tune and not by grammar, we may find the utmost extent of human nature in Hugh Morris (I mean in some pieces of his), the original pattern of

song writing; we never had a good song before his time, nor one after him (that ever I saw), that equalled him; and, considering he had no liberal education, there are very few barbarisms in his language, as if Nature had intended him as her darling nightingale. What have I got to finish this half sheet? Nothing but Ieuan Hirfardd. I know no more of him than what I told you before, that he is Curate of Trefriw, near Llan Rwst, and the dull dog, Dewi Fardd y Blawd, is his bellman there (Clochydd) (clerk). I am afraid that he has caught the infection from that fellow, for he writes to my brother at Holyhead, that he is about translating the Gododin and Meilir's works. I hope he will not attempt such an impossibility; if he doth, I shall write him down (as the Irishman said) a figure of 9 without a tail. I shewed him in the copy he has of the Gododin, that it has been copied from different MSS., and that there is a repetition of about 20 lines of the poem near the end of it, vastly different from the other; and till a correct copy can be got, a translation will be only heaping one nonsense upon another *ad infinitum*, and criticising upon the smoak and effluvias of an empty brain. Let us be honest, and not deceive mankind; our MSS. are mysterious enough already; we have no occasion to make them more so, by adding our guesses and amusing the world with our dreams. This advantage of the common ignorance hath been taken by some great writers, but it was dishonest. The truth, and the naked truth, should be told, when we deliver any thing for the instruction of mankind. Nos da 'wch bellach; chwi a wyddoch mai amleiriog a fydd hennodyn, a gwyech ganddo ei glywed ei hun; chwi ewch chwithau felly, ag a ysgrifennwch yn fynychach; ond bod yn rhy hir imi aros wrth hynny.

"Eich ewyllysiwr da a'ch gwasanaethwr,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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“ Penbryn, Nov. 21, 1759.

“ Dear Sir,—I am glad to find that the boy’s arm is not as bad as was represented, though he had more luck than cunning, for he had a very ugly accident, considering the bone was scarce thoroughly knit. Now his mother is thoroughly convinced that he is in no danger, for she has felt his arm. Your Virgil is a Phoenix among the poets for his chastity; very few of them (if any) have been guilty of that virtue, and I take it to have been his constitution rather than his choice. Where was the chastity of the great Jewish poets, David and Solomon? What poet of any fire ever made a figure in the world, without exerting his talents in praise of the female sex, which naturally brought out some extravagant expressions, that gave offence to the cool-headed part of mankind, that were either past the crisis of enjoying those pleasures, or that never had warmth enough to enjoy them. There is nothing wonderful in this, for the love of women is a principle implanted in man by his maker, equal at least to the love of any thing else in the world; and so it should be, in order to preserve the species. The legality or illegality of such enjoyments, in different countries of different constitutions of government, makes it a virtue or otherwise. I never heard Virgil blamed because he tells the story of the lady in the cave.<sup>1</sup> I am apt to believe that Roman ears in those days (days of Heathenism) were not so tender as to be offended at the recital of such a story, though it happens not to accord with the taste of a sober Christian, whose religion will neither admit of such dallying, nor of even the thoughts of it, when against the Christian law. But why do we cry up a

<sup>1</sup> The writer refers to the story of Æneas and Dido, as related in the fourth Æneid, at line 160. Not only are different countries found to vary in their estimate of morals, but the same people differ from themselves at different periods of their history. Shakespeare, a pattern of purity in his time, is now oftentimes presented to the reader in an expurgated edition.



thing for a virtue in a heathen writer, when the religion of his country allowed far greater breaches of what we call modesty than kissing a girl in a cave? However, I shall drop my argument here, and only give it as my opinion, that modesty, chastity, and impudence, take their names as virtues or vices generally from the religion and laws of countries, and not from Nature; so that it is not fair play to make comparisons between authors of different countries and religions. Let Roman Catholic writers be examined by the principles and liberties of that Church, and let the poets of the reformed religion be called virtuous or otherwise by the test of their professions. Have I said enough about this affair? Yes; and perhaps too much, if it is not to the purpose. It seems your chief quarrel with Hugh Morris is because he has set his words to melancholy tunes—'Heavy heart', 'Crimson velvet', &c. I own his choice was bad, and that the Welch nation had fallen before his time into that strain of music that produced ideas of love and pity, and certainly, as you observe, it must be the effect of losing their lands. It is observed by naturalists, that martial spirits naturally fall to the strains and softness of love; witness the effect of Timotheus's flute on Alexander. It was not Hugh Morris's fault; for he found them in that humour. I also agree with you that W. Wynn's *Cywydd y Farn* is better in the main than Gronwy's. He had an advantage in having Gronwy for a model. There are some lines in Gronwy that are bad, and came out too hastily; but there are others, that in my eye, seem to outdo every thing that has been wrote in our language. I wish Evans would give us some translations, such as Nennius, Myrddin Wyllt, Taliessin, which no man else in the world can do, and leave such a common piece of drudgery, as translating modern English books, to some heavy brother of the Church, that is fit for nothing else. No ship-builder puts his best caulker

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to pitch oakum. You see, your wishes and mine don't always tally. A horse that can draw the plough and carry muck is very valuable ; but a horse that can carry you or me to London is far more valuable. Now I have answered your letter from top to bottom, and you see plainly by this time, that it is mere itch of scribbling, and a sort of familiarity has caused it, like some women that are never easy till they tell their story to some familiar friend, and then they will rest very well that night ; and I am just a-going to bed with the same intent.

" I am, yours sincerely,

" LEWIS MORRIS.

" The 22nd. I have just got out of bed, having rested hardly any last night ; a tickling cough and an asthma prevented me all night ; perhaps owing to my writing nonsensical letters of too great length, when I should have been in bed.

" Nov. 24th. A taylor, having got my wife by the ear these two days past, hath prevented the boy from returning directly. The taylor tells her there are twenty things more necessary than Latin wanted to make him a compleat man ; and she believes him ; but I think in spight of them both to send him off to-morrow. Well, I have at last sold the remainder of the wood to Stephen James for six guineas, and have given him an order in writing to come to you, to direct Richard Thomas to deliver him all that are unsold."

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" Penbryn, Dec. 7th, 1759.

" Dear Sir,—I have yours of the 28th ultimo, where, like a miser, you plead poverty, when you roll in abundance, and your fund of knowledge, if you had the heart to open it, would shew more than all the rest in the country put together. What have I to say to the Itinerary (quoth he) ? As much as any Cambro-Briton has, and more than most. If a miner or a sailor had asked the question, I should not have

stared ; however, I hope you have chewed upon some of the old names ere this, and that you have consulted our antiquaries about them. I shall defend D. ap Gwilym no further than you have his brother poets Dafydd ap Jesse and Selyf ap Dafydd. Ap Gwilym was a true penitent before he died, as appears by an ode of recantation, which is more than you can say of Solomon.

‘Trugarog Frenin,  
Wyd Dri cyffredin  
Ac un Cyntefin,  
Dewin diwad.’

“My agreement with Stephen James was in the paper I wrote to you, and not otherwise. The tallies have nothing to do with the bargain. Here is the catalogue for you. Your friend Lewis Wirion forgot it. Now the holydays begin with you, is there a possibility of seeing you here for a few days to revive a poor man that is just a-dying for want of company that he likes ? I am afraid you are taken so much with the great ones, that a man, as it were in miniature, can hardly expect any share of you ; but, I assure you, go where you will, you will never be more welcome than with your assured friend and servant,

“LEWIS MORRIS.

“Modryb Gwen told my wife that this was the day the boys were to be at liberty, and I intend to send for them to-morrow.”

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“Penbryn, January 2nd, at Night, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—I send you back one of my sons, the other is gone on his travels ; his mother would not agree to send a tutor along with him, but has undertook the business herself, as birds teach their young ones to fly ; and when he has finished the tour of North Wales, I suppose he will return again to you to make him fit for some public employment. This is the way the great ones educate their children ; very

little knowledge in books will do, knowing the world is every thing; only my son will not see as many fine pictures in Mona as they do in the grand tour of Italy, etc. But hold, there is a story or stories among the Jewish antiquities, of a hankering itch among the Patriarchs to go and see their relations in distant countries, where they were kidnapped and obliged to turn herdsmen for many years, &c. My son has an uncle in Mona, who has a daughter, and that island is noted for breeding cattle of various colours. He may take it in his head to be his uncle's herdsman, which is a business he may be capable of. I always told you he would make no scholar. But his mother will not part with him on those terms, and intends him for greater things.

'A chwedl Siôn Tudur,  
F'em gwnai mam fi'n Escob  
I gael aur ar fy nghob.'

"I knew a gentlewoman that never could be easy all the week, unless she had a good hearty scolding with her maids on Monday morning, which she called clearing her pipes. I find in myself something of her temper. I could not have rested to-night, if I had not discharged myself of this nonsense to you, and I do not know but it might have fallen upon my lungs, seeing I am just recovering of a terrible cough I have had. The doctor prescribes all manner of evacuations in those cases, especially in a plethora; and is not this kind of cure easier than sweating, vomiting, bleeding, &c. I heartily recommend it to you, to do the same by me when any thing ails you; but, above all things, whether well or ill, let me have your first thoughts on the names of the Roman stations in Antoninus. My eyes are ready to close, so good night to you.

"I am yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"Where are Ieuan's explications of the names of mountains and rivers that you promised me?"

“ Penbryn, Jan. 22nd, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—At length, and after various accidents and misfortunes which would make as large a volume as the travels of Cyrus, my rib and son are arrived here sound-winded and limbed. As for their intellects, they may be a little impaired by the many dangers they have run through ; but time will best shew that. I have not forgot the promises you have made of Prydydd Hir, and Gemsege’s letters, and of some glances at the Itinerary. I don’t expect a critical view of it; for no man can work without materials and tools. I return you my son with this. I hope he will be able by Easter holidays to give some account of himself, and that his brother Jack will stop a little for him. My eyes are just shut, and I am in a dream ; however, let me hear from you.

“ I am yours sincerely,

“ LEWIS MORRIS.

“ 25th Jan. Rheidiol stopped this letter from coming as intended, and last night yours came, which I shall answer by the next opportunity.”

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“ Penbryn, March 28th, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—I received a packet from you containing Mr. Pegge’s, Dr. Philip’s, and your own letter, for which I am greatly obliged to you. The task you impose upon me to clear up Galfrid’s character, is a hard one, and requires more time and room than the compass of a letter ; for, as Mr. Pegge observes, Thompson has said a good deal in his behalf, and indeed as much as an Englishman and a stranger to our antiquities could say. But alas ! he knew very little of the matter, having never seen the original British history, no more than Vertot, and such sportsmen as shoot in the dark. How despicable must that critic look in your eyes, who would

dare to criticise upon Homer or Ogilby's translation. If there can be murder committed among the dead, this is actually murdering Homer. And all those that pretend to judge of the British history from Galfrid's translation, are actually accessories to the murder of Tyssilio, the author of that history in the British. Nothing can be more unjust, and shews either great ignorance or great partiality. I do not know a name bad enough to give such audacious gentry as would impose their groundless opinions on the public, without ever so much as seeing the original of the author they treat of, nor understand one sentence of the language he has wrote in. I am extremely busy in grafting and planting, &c. (being just got out of my infirmary), that I have not an hour to spare to write a proper answer to your letter; but I shall endeavour to do it in about a week's time, and return you Mr. Pegge's and the Doctor's letter. Why doth Mr. Pegge nick-name us? We are not Welch but Welsh, an honourable name, and not a reproach, as some pretend. It seems he has not dipped much into our antiquities, though he may be a very learned man. Edward Llwyd could have told him where many of our ancient MSS. are, but we have a great many more than he ever saw or heard of. The bearer hereof comes for the boys, who, I suppose, look like ragged colts by this time; and I herewith send you one of David Jones's still-born bastards. I am sorry my name is among the subscribers. The fool, to feed his own vanity, hath stuffed the book with his own silly poetry, and that of others as bad as himself, and left out what he promised to insert (*i.e.*, all the works of Hugh Morris), and mangled even those he inserted. O, fie! O, fie! I wish I could see you here for a night or two, but you are like your brother Pumlumon, who will never budge an inch from the heads of Rheidiol Gwy and Hafren. It grows dark, and I have sore eyes, and cannot bear writing by candle-light.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"By candle-light perforce.—P.S. You wonder I should deal out my knowledge in antiquities by retail and in letters, and not print something for the good of the public. I never have as yet been in those easy circumstances as to afford time to publish any thing that way correctly, nor in those indigent circumstances as to be obliged to do it out of necessity, so that I lye between a hawk and a buzzard, and really want a powerful friend to keep up my spirits, before I can do any thing to the purpose. You wonder, likewise, that I have taken no notice of your etymons of the Roman stations. If you have given me your opinion of them all, I should have thanked you heartily. I was afraid if I thanked you for two or three, you would have done no more, and I daily expected your continuation of them, which would have been very acceptable, and will be still."

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"April 9th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours by Richard Thomas, and am glad you are well, but wish you were better, and then perhaps I might have a sight of you here, which would make me better. I shall never be reconciled to David Jones, while I am on this side of the grave; and I hope I shall never meet with such people on the other side. I admonished him to leave out the names (sacred names, I had like to say) of Plato, Horace, &c.; but his obstinate pride, like a pig, would not give way. I beg you would go on in your guesses about the Roman stations. If you hit upon one in six, it is a great matter, and I would hardly thank you for them after you have read Burton or Camden on that head, for they vitiate our natural thoughts. Gell Gymmysg, Llyfr Dewi, &c., are the names of some MSS. which Deio had the luck to see, and misfortune to corrupt the things he picked out of them. It is impossible for me to send you an answer to Mr. Pegge's queries, and the

Doctor's, in so short a time. You think I am still like yourself, and able to sit and write at pleasure; but, alas! when I have my pen ready, I must have some assistant to bring me ink and paper, and a literate person to fetch me a book; and 'oh, my toe!' and 'oh, my arm!' come next. However, I shall endeavour to send you something with the boys when they come. I have no more that I can say at present, but that

"I am yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"Why did not you let me know that Mr. Pegge is Rector, or something, of Whittington, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, and then I might have better guessed at his rivers and mountains?

"I have satisfied old Richard, as he says."

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"Penbryn, April 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Here you have the boys till the next Carnival, unless the strawberry season intervene. I have been so busy about my garden and orchard this fine weather, and am still, that I could not spare an hour from my men to mope over antiquities or to write letters. So that Mr. Pegge's doubts are still unanswered, and will be for a few days longer. Grafting season is over, but I have not quite finished sowing; when that is over, we shall pray for rain and then for fair weather; and so the world goes round. 'Oni heuir, ni fedir', is a very comprehensive proverb. I am really tired, and can write no more to-night, but that

"I am yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, April 22nd, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Amidst all my hurry and want of health, I



have sat down to consider seriously of your letter and the Doctor's, and his correspondent's doubts about the authority of the British history, translated out of Welsh into Latin by Galfridus Monemutensis. This is a heavy task you have laid upon me; but, as a friend, I cannot refuse you, in hopes that it will make you eager in pursuit of these studies. In compass of a letter, you cannot expect that an affair should be thoroughly cleared up, which hath been disputed for ages by men of the greatest learning in Europe, *pro* and *con.*; but I can promise to give you and your friends some lights into this dark controversy, which none of the disputants knew any thing of, and indeed none of either side were perfect masters of the matter in question, or had considered it thoroughly for want of being better acquainted with the original history in the British, wrote by Tyssilio, entitled *Brut y Brenhinocdd*. It was impossible for foreigners or for strangers to the British tongue to understand the affair; for they ran after shadows, as they had but a translation before them, and that but a very sorry one, and our countrymen, the Welsh, since Galfrid's translation appeared in print, A.D. 1508, have not taken sufficient pains to compare the translation with the original, and to inform others of the translator's faults; so great strangers did they become at last to the history of their country, that very few of the literati took the trouble to peruse the British copy. Galfrid's Latin translation being taken to be more elegant and full, and in great vogue among the learned in England; and yet of the Welsh who understood no Latin, and the British poets who mostly stuck to their own language, there was not one of them, that I can find, that ever heard of the name of Geoffrey, the translator, nor is his name known at this day in Wales, except among antiquaries; for they wholly relied on the histories and traditions of their own language, and they still look on the Latin translation as of no weight. Sir John

Pryse, of Brecknockshire, who wrote in Henry 8th's time, was a person of great abilities, and had good opportunities of understanding the history of the ancient Britons, being one of the commissioners employed by the king to survey the monasteries to be dissolved. He was an intimate of the industrious Layland, and helped him to write his *Assertio Arturii*; and, being a noted antiquary, he had a sight in his travels of many valuable old MSS. in Welsh and Latin, which corroborated the British history. What he wrote under the title of a defence of the British history, was an answer to the calumnies of Polydore Virgil, an Italian, collector of the Peter pence here, who, in his works dedicated to Henry the 8th, A.D. 1533, had attacked that history which had been published in Latin in the name of Galfrid, and bitterly abused the British nation. Sir John Pryse's defence is in Latin, and was printed in London by order of his son Richard Pryse, in the year 1573, about twenty years after his death. He, sticking only to answer the objection of Polydore, hath not touched on several disputable places in the translated history where it disagrees with the original British history, and which gives it in Latin the air of a fable. It doth appear to me by his book, that Sir John Pryse had carefully perused the British copy, interrupted perhaps by his hurry of business; for he hath not urged all that he might have said on the matter in dispute, provided he had carefully compared the original and translation, and if he also had a thorough knowledge of our ancient British bards, who best knew the use of words, and whose works indeed are the very root and foundation of the ancient British history—the histories of the origin of most other nations in the world being on the same footing. But it is plain from page 10, 11, 12, and other places in this book, that Sir John Pryse was but slightly versed in the British poets, probably for want of leisure, and could not therefore draw proper arguments from

their works. Mr. Thompson, the English editor of *Galfrid* (following Mr. Wynne, editor of *Caradoc's History*), hath collected in his preface several good arguments in defence of this history; but, as your correspondent well observes, the fabulous air strikes a man at first sight, and the grand blur is still unremoved. Among abundance of other materials which I have collected, and which I intend to make public, in order to rescue our national history from the dirt that is thrown upon it, I shall mention here a few heads for the satisfaction of your correspondents to clear up what has given a dislike to all that ever read this history in Latin or English. In the first place, the stories of giants with which *Galfrid's* book is interlaced and embellished: this is the great stone against which *Galfrid* stumbled and broke his shins, as he ignorantly cut capers to divert the public, as he thought. It was the custom of all writers in those early days of literature to mix the marvellous in their works, in order to make their readers stare. Not one of all the gravest of the historical writers after the Norman Conquest is exempt from this weakness; and even old Bede, long before. What can be more ridiculous than the miracles with which he hath stuffed his whole Ecclesiastical History? All is superstition and dotage! In our British History, in the original Welsh, of which I have a very fair MS., which hath been collated with several other ancient ones, the persons called *Cawri* and *Cewri* are translated by *Galfrid*, *Gigantes*; but these really were princes and not giants; for the word *Cawr*, plural *Cawri*, meant among the ancient Britons, princes, heroes, and men of great power, and *Cawr* was an epithet given to their most warlike princes, and was the primitive meaning and use of the word, though it was afterwards applied to giants or strong men who got dominion by force. So *Nimrod* is by our poets called *Nemrwlth Gawr*, *Samson*, *Samson Gawr*, *Locrinus*, *Llocrin Gawr*; but *Galfrid*, not being thorough master of the British

tongue and of our antiquities, or to give the story a pleasant turn, turned his princes into giants. I shall produce some very ancient authorities for what I here advance, that the primitive meaning of Cawr among the Celtæ was a prince, and was afterwards used for a man of great strength or a giant. There is an old British MS. in Hengwrt Library, which I have had the perusal of, which gives an account of the first founders of all the ancient British Castra or Forts, the ruins of which are in abundance on the very summit of mountains in North Wales, as that on Cadair Idris, Moel Orthrwm, &c., which were erected by Idris Gawr, Orthrwm Gawr, &c., who were princes in those parts in very ancient times, if not at the very first peopling of that country, as their first settlement seems to shew. But nobody ever dreamt they were giants; and we that are acquainted with the writings of the Britons, know that the epithet of Cawr or Hero given to their most valiant princes in Cambria or Wales, was of the same sense with Priodawr in the dialect of Albania, or Scotland, and with Gwledig in Lloegria, or England; but that Gwledig had a more extensive signification, as the Lloegrian prince was always the supreme of the other two—the word being derived from Gwlad, a country. My next authority is the British Book of Triades, a MS., wrote about the year 700, quoted by Camden, though he never saw it, which says that King Arthur had three wives—the first, the daughter of Gawryd Ceint; the second, the daughter of Gwythyr ap Greidiawl; and his third wife was the daughter of Ogyrfan Gawr. The kings of Britain never used to make queens of the daughters of giants. Galfrid would have made a strange piece of work of the Triades, if he had attempted a translation of it into Latin. Gildas Nennius, a Briton, who wrote in Latin about the year 850, mentions Benlli, a man of great power in Iâl, who was an abettor of the Pelagian heresy against St. German. Iâl is a part of North Wales, well known at this day, and Benlli

Gawr is mentioned by many of our British writers to have been a prince of great authority and sway in those parts. Read the 20th chapter of Gildas Nennius's 'Eulogium', and you will find this Benlli called Rex and Tyrannus. So that Benlli Gawr was no giant. Iorwerth Fynglwyd, a Demetian poet, who wrote about 300 years ago, says, 'Camp cawr yw cwympo caerydd', *i.e.*, 'the quality of a Cawr is to overthrow city walls', meaning a warlike prince. Giants have but little *stile* or skill that way. Rhys Brychan, a Brecknockshire poet, on the death of Henry 7th, says:—

‘Truan fei ’r cyfrdan dwyn cawr—y Cedyrn  
A’u ceidwad a’u blaenawr.’

Cawr y Cedyrn is the prince of heroes; it would have been no credit to have made him a giant. John Brwynog, an Anglesea poet, who wrote in the time of Henry 8th, gives that king the epithet of Cawr, as descended from Owain ap Maredudd ap Tudur of Penmynydd in Anglesea, 'Cawr paun Mon carw Penmynydd'. In the Welsh Bible, 1 Sam. 17, 51, Goliath of Gath is called 'Cawr y Philistiaid', which in the English translation is the 'Champion of the Philistines', which shews the various uses of the word Cawr even down to our days. But the most common acceptance of the word among the vulgar at present (since we have no Welsh native princes) is, as it is taken in Genesis, chap. 4; and Numbers, chap. 13, a man of great strength, like the sons of Anak; and in some parts of South Wales, y Cawr mawr, or great Cawr, signifies the Devil or Prince of Darkness. Abundance of the most noted Celtic princes, especially among the Cambrians, which is the chief and most uncorrupted branch of the Celtæ, had this epithet of Cawr added to their names, as *Rhitta gawr*, *Rhuddlon gawr*, *Phili gawr*, *Albion gawr*, *Lleon gawr*, &c. By all this, it appears that if Galfrid had worded the exploits of Corineus and Arthur, as the original history in the British tongue required, there would not have been that air of fable

in his translation. For if they fought duels with princes or champions of armies, it is what all ancient history is full of. Most of the other objections of Camden, Milton, Burton, Nicolson, &c., took their rise from falling foul of a bad translation, instead of an original, which they never saw. In our British original we have no Sylvius, son of Ascanius; it is Silius, in the Latin orthography Julius, which answers Milton's objection (*History of England*, page 12), and agrees with and corroborates Mr. Lombard's Brutus Julius (*Perambulation of Kent*, page 12), and our British poets. Here are no flamines and archiflamines. Archbishop Usher had observed in his *Primordia*, page 57, Dublin edition, that in an ancient British copy of this history, then in the Cottonian Library, there was no flamines nor archiflamines, and that the MSS. had been in the possession of Humphrey Lloyd, our famous antiquary, and was supposed to be the book that Galfrid translated. Most of the speeches in Latin are Galfrid's. There are very few in the British copy, and those short. Galfrid's Fulgenius is here Julien, which should, by analogy, be Latinised Julianus.—See Milton's *History*, p. 100. No Leil in the British copy, the king's name was Lleon. Galfrid's Caerlisle is here Caer Lleon, which is West Chester; this was an intolerable blunder. Llew ap Cynfarch, which should have been translated Leo, he turns into Lotho, which has brought a confusion into the Scotch history, which mistook him for their Llewyydyn Luyddawc o Ddinas Eiddin. We have no Belinus in the British book; the name is Beli, which should have been Latinised Belius or Belgius, and this would have saved Mr. Camden, Mr. Burton, Dr. Gale, &c., a great deal of wild guessing, and would have cleared the history of the Gaulish expeditions in Roman writers. Galfrid's Brennus is, in the original British copy, Bran; and so Vossius, out of Suidas, a Greek author, calls him Βρην. What, then, will become of Camden, Milton, and other random etymolo-

gists' guesses, from Brenin, a King. Bran was a common name in Britain, as Bran ap Dyfnwal, Bran Galed or Gogledd, Llywarch ap Bran, Arglwydd Menai, Bran ap Llyr. It appears by the British copy, that Carausius's British name was Carawn, though his name among the Romans was Carausius, as appears on his coins; and from him Tre Garawn, and the River Carawn in the North, whence Abercorn, got their name. We have no Homer quoted in the British copy, for the building of the city of Tours, for which Galfrid is laughed at, though Selden's good nature endeavours to make an excuse for it. We have no divisions of books or chapters in the British copy, which plainly shews its antiquity. Not one word in it of the Bishop of Lincoln or the Earl of Gloucester, which shews it not to be the original history which Galfrid had before him, and dedicated the translation to them. Those whom Galfrid calls Consules at Rome, when Brennus took it, are in the British copy called *Tywysogion*, princes, or, literally, leaders. In the British copy we have no Gwalenses, Gwalo, or Gwalas, which we find in Galfrid, l. 12, ch. 19; and Giraldus Cambrensis, who was cotemporary with Galfrid, took notice there were no such persons to be found in the Welch history, and sharply charges Galfrid for making this addition out of his own head. Lastly, there are very few names of men or places through the whole Latin translation of Galfrid, but what he has twisted and turned either to give them Latin terminations or to make them agree with other historians, which is a thing not to be endured in any translation, where an author is made to say what he never intended. With these bastard Latin names all the world has been quarrelling, without looking for the right names in the original, or knowing any thing of them; and it is not only in these points that Galfrid hath slipped, but in abundance of other things, too many to be mentioned in the compass of a letter; but, if made public, would stop the current of abuse which

Tyssilio, the author of this history, suffers from persons that are mere strangers to his name and character. Add to this, that the three printed editions of Galfrid were made in foreign parts—two in France and one in Germany, where none of the publishers had the least knowledge of the British names or the language; and they not only greatly disagree with one another, but with all the MS. Latin copies of Galfrid which I have seen, and were bad enough before, and almost in every thing disagree with the British original.

Tyssilio was a bishop of great renown in Wales, and was son of Brochwel Yscythrog, Prince of Powysland, and his name was held in such veneration that no less than six churches in different parts of Wales have been dedicated to him, or erected by him, and bear his name to this day. For this reason the Welsh cannot help wondering at the partiality of such writers as set up a few obscure monks against the authority of this venerable author, and despise his works, only because they do not understand him. This is usage not to be met with among the living, and why should it be given the dead, who cannot answer for themselves. Let this history be translated into English from the Welsh original, and taken in its true light, making some small allowance for the British phrase which, like the Eastern languages, is too pompous for the English taste. I see nothing in it but what may very well pass with a candid English reader (as it doth in Wales) as a national ancient history of Britain, equal to most that we have in any other language, of the origin of nations; for at best they are all involved in darkness, Moses's writings excepted; and surely the ancient received traditions of any nation are far preferable to any modern guesses. Many passages in this ancient history may be corroborated by ancient MSS., inscriptions, and coins, of which English writers know very little or nothing, and whereas your correspondent wants to know where these very ancient MSS.



and authorities are repositied, let him read Mr. Edward Llwyd's *Arch. Brit.*, tit. 7, where an account is given of all the MSS. Mr. Llwyd had met with; but there are several more in the hands of antiquaries, and other persons all over Wales, besides large collections in England, particularly in the possession of the Earl of Macclesfield and the Cymmrodorion Society in London. So far rheumatic pains, or the gout, will let me write, and let this suffice for the present.

"I am, your most humble servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, May 9th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—This is the third day of the carriage of the ash from Pwll Caradog, and the last, I hope; and I have sent David Morgan his demand for warehouse room, so that I am entirely clear, I think, of that foolish affair. Make out a bill of what you laid out for my boys' books, and send it me as soon as you can, that I may send you the money when I send for the boys at Whitsuntide. Have you heard what success my reveries had in converting the doctor and his friend from the Camdenian faction. I am now at my leisure hours a drawing up some heads on the same subject, for the Cymmrodorion, who talk of publishing some Memoirs in the nature of those of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. All that I am afraid of is, that we shall draw so many English antiquaries about our ears by starting these mountain antiquities, that we shall be bore down with the noise, like a poor fellow with a good cause, whose rich antagonist had feed all the Counsel on the circuit against him. Neither truth nor reason can withstand the madness of a mob composed of all languages, and all manner of learning. It requires the learning of a Selden, or an Usher, to stop the current of such a monstrous stream, and to bring truth into its

own channel. If such a person as you had a paper war with such a powerful party, you could call to your aid Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, &c., whose very names would make a London bookseller tremble ; but there is a set of those people in London engaged in the publication of Camden's Britannia, as rich as Jews, and would search all the garrets in town for writers, if their darling Diana of the Ephesians were touched, and they would mind no more to hear of Taliessin, Aneurin, Wawdrydd, and the Triades, than if they were Hottentots from the Cape of Good Hope : and would get affidavits inserted in the publick papers, that these were mere infidels that came over with the East India ship, to the great danger of the Church and Constitution. You then, who have such powerful auxiliaries from the coast of Greece and Italy at your back, should break the ice in publishing something on this head, and I wish you would. You will see, in reading Camden's Britannia, room enough to animadvert upon him without any great stock of British antiquities. A Cambro-Briton with a sharp eye and a sound judgment would make such remarks upon him as would make an English reader wonder where his own eyes had been all the while. It grows late, and I am almost asleep ; but asleep or awake,

“ I am, yours sincerely,

“ LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“ Penbryn, May 16th, 1760, 10 o'Clock at Night.

“ Dear Sir,—I have your kind favor of the 12th, and am glad you move your hand, though you say you are dead. I am so tired in working in my garden, that I really have not spirits to write any more than that I send the bearer for the boys, who will be glad of the news. I beg you will read Camden's Britannia over carefully, with your pen and ink in

your hand. It is not looking at a lion; it is standing a friend to truth.

‘O’m lleddir am wir pa waeth.’—J. T.

“It is impossible to write common sense to-night, so must take my leave of you; good night.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

“June 2nd, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—I received yours with the doctor’s letter. I thank him for the compliment in it, which is more owing to his good nature and the love of his country, than to any merit of mine. I know my own weakness, and have nothing to recommend me but perseverance. Our friend Evans is here now (No, he is just gone to Aberystwith to bleed for a fall he had some time ago); he spits blood excessively, and if he doth not take care, it is all over with him. I keep him here on low diet, which is my own regimen, and he is to return in two days to lay our heads together about some very ancient affairs which he has brought here, and which few people in the world know any thing of. It is a pity that some Briton with a heavy purse did not assist him, ‘Anhawdd yw pobi heb flawd. Fe a ellir yfed yr afon, ond nid ellir bwytta mor dorlan’; and these kind of studies require a clear head, void of all care for sustenance of life. Evans is a man that would do wonders if he was independent in the world; and he has done wonders as it is, though he is obliged sometimes to think of to-morrow. I send you the boys back, and I hope to hear from you, that you have attacked that Goliath Camden in his heel, or some vulnerable part; and, like little David, you will give a good account of him by and bye. The edition I think you have got of him is his first, A.D. 1585, where you have him unguarded and without armour. Begin with his

Celtic words, which he endeavours to explain by the Welsh, and you will see that he knew nothing of the matter, though he is so positive about our etymologies and antiquities. Why should we bear abuse, if we can defend ourselves against ancient authors? I am to-day tired with poring over old things. I may possibly say a little more in my next, which shall come with the doctor's letter by the bard, when his day comes.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, June 5th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Time runs on very fast, and I am afraid we shall die like other men, and be buried among the herd, without doing any thing to preserve our names, no more than modryb Ellyw o'r ty bach ar y mynydd. This is a mortification to think of. Take Camden, then, in one hand, and animadvert upon him at the hours you can spare from Homer and Virgil. Ask him how he came to use the fallacy of deriving Servius Gessi (*virī fortes*) from 'gwas dewr'? Might not 'gwas llwfr' here fit us as well as 'gwas dewr'? for the comparison is between 'Gessi' and 'gwas', and so on, and room enough for you to play your great guns against the enemy. 'Dyna ichwi lythyr y doctor. Ffei! nid felly y mae.' He wonders to see any of his countrymen to have more knowledge than an English old woman. It is the love of his country that causes it. Love is blind, and hides faults, and he is very partial. We shall hear what Mr. Pegge says; more doubts and objections, I suppose. 'Calon Sais wrth Gymro.'

"I am afraid there are few Lelands and Seldens now-a-days, that can bear to hear an ancient Briton praised. Bid a fynno, sefwch wrth eich tacclau ag amddiffynnwch eich henafiaid.

"I shall say nothing of the curious collections our friend Evans has in his budget. I have moidered my head in copying some of them, and I can write no more but that

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

*(To be continued.)*

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## EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 1.

GWGAWN AB RHYS.

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Deunaw o gampau dawnus  
 A roed i Wgawn ab Rhys;  
 Ond un camp ddrwg ar Wgawn  
 Sy 'n andwyaw 'r deunaw dawn.

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NOTES OF AN ORATION,  
 DELIVERED BY  
 GWALCHMAI AT THE WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD,  
 IN 1876.

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(We are indebted to Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies, of Bangor, for the following carefully prepared transcripts of portions of the Oration.)

Every age and country has its own national customs and institutions. Whether their tendency be for good or evil, they so intertwine themselves with the affections of the people as to render it impossible to uproot or destroy them. Nor are the Welsh in this respect less impressible than other nations. They have had their peculiar observances and customs from the earliest period of their history; and it is acknowledged by every credible historian that the *Eisteddfod* is one of the oldest literary institutions in existence. Its gatherings were the Olympian festivities of Britain. The *Cymry*, we repeat, had their bardic and musical assemblies while as yet the nations by whom they were surrounded lay buried in the depths of heathenism and degradation.

The *Eisteddfod*, by its very name, introduces us to the *seat of judgment* and the *senate of the nation*. In accordance with our Cymric laws, it was of a three-fold character—a triad in its constitution. There was the *Royal*, where laws were enacted; that of *Justice*, where criminals were tried and law-suits decided; and the *Bardic*, established in accordance with the chartered rights and customs of the bards of the Isle of Britain, and held for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of poetry, music, and high art. In the time of

Edward I, according to the statute of Rhuddlan, enacted at the union of the two countries under the same sovereign, the functions of the first named were handed over to the Lords and Commons of England in Parliament assembled; those of the second passed to our Courts of Judicature for administration; but those of the last remain to the present day unalienated, and form an integral portion of our national constitution; as was proved in the reigns of Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth, as well as in later times.

*The Gorsedd* was the original institution; and it may be compared to a tree dividing into two branches. These are *the Eisteddfod* and *the Chair*. *The Gorsedd* was the stem; *the Eisteddfod* and *the Chair*, the branches growing out of it. And yet, as of yore, they form but one institution. The *Eisteddfod* was established in the reign of *Owain Finddu ab Maccen Wledig*, on the departure of the Romans from Britain. But the *Gorsedd* dates as far back as the time of *Prydain ab Aedd Mawr*, about a thousand years before the Christian era.

There were three kinds of *Eisteddfodau*: *Gorsedd Gyfarch*, *Gorsedd Hawl*, and *Gorsedd Gyfallwy*. The consent of the nation could be determined and ratified only by this three-fold council.

There were four *Bardic Chairs* established—the Chair of *Morganwg, Gwent, Ewas*, and *Ystrad Yw*; the Chair of *Deheubarth, Dyfed*, and *Ceredigion*; the Chair of *Powys* and *Gwynedd* above the *Conway*; and the Chair of *Gwynedd, Mona*, and *Manaw*. London, Armorica, and Devonshire, were included in the district of *Morganwg*. Each had its motto or pass-word and was held on one of the *albanau*, when bards, ovates, and druids graduated according to their respective gifts and offices. Here it was that the competitive principle was brought into play and carefully introduced into every department.

We shall not be trespassing too far, perhaps, if we here point out, with respect to the development of the competitive principle, introduced into so many organisations in England and other countries, that all are indebted for the idea to the old Cymric Eisteddfod, however loth they may be to acknowledge the source whence they derived it.

We must add a word or two on the continuance of our language and national customs. The question is often asked, "How long will the Welsh language continue to be spoken?" By some, the number of its days is glibly predicted; while by others, the cry is vociferously raised: "Oes y byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg." We reply: Language is the gift of God; and He only who gave, can take it away. Its annihilation is not to be effected by means of human laws. When its usefulness is gone, it will be annihilated,—but not till then. And when the work is to be done, it will be done almost imperceptibly. The speech of a people will linger on after its fate is sealed. Even when in a moribund condition, it will still struggle for renewed vitality. And when at last it has ceased its utterances, its echoes will continue to resound amid the mountains and valleys of its ancient home. The machinery of Providence—so large is it—takes a longer period to perform one revolution than the petty machinery of man to make a hundred.

Many and various have been the attempts to extirpate the Welsh language. There was the irruption of the Roman conqueror into our land, about the time of the introduction of Christianity, and his powerful sway here for at least four centuries. What prophecies were then uttered respecting its extinction! But they proved false, in the event. The Roman was powerless, as far as we can learn, to change the name of even sea or hill, valley or plain, lake or river. It is true that an exception or two may be found here and there. We have



*Gallt Domi*, from Domitian, and *Aber Swetan*, from Suetonius. But what are these, if we contrast them with the myriad names throughout the country? The Romans departed to their homes scarcely leaving one word behind as a record of their invasion. There was afterwards the attempt of King Edgar in the tenth century. He instituted a law, forbidding the Island of Mona to be called by any other name than *Angles' Isle*, under the penalty of treason. But the ancient 'Mother of Wales' is still known as *Mon*, the *Island of the Mighty*, the *Dark Island*, the *Island of Hu*, etc., just as in the days of old. There was again the landing of the Norman barons in the eleventh century, many of whom, as petty princes, lorded it over the length and breadth of the country. Great were the expectations that they would stamp the language out of the land. But how different again was the event. Their sons married Welsh heiresses, and their descendants became Cymric in affection as well as in language. And there was yet a fourth attempt at the work of destruction in the harsh laws made by Edward I; but with no better success. Harsher still were the edicts of Henry IV. He enacted that the Welsh language should cease to be spoken at noon on a certain day, under the pains and penalties of high treason. But the old language has laughed them all to scorn. One hundred and twenty years have elapsed since Wyndham, the tourist and historian, after a visit to South Wales, declared that in a century the language would be extinct. The century has come and gone; but the language remains firmer than at the time of the prediction. And where is the Eisteddfod? It is at this moment making *Moel Fama* and *Dyffryn Maelor* to resound with its harmonies, as the strains of *Dafydd ab Gwilym* and *Iolo Goch* rise upwards, or the poetry of *Williams of Pantycelyn*, *Edmund Prys*, *Goronwy Owen*, and *Dewi Wyn*, cleaves the air. But where are the Romans and their language? our oppressors and their bonds? Gone. Gone as

irretrievably as the years that gave them birth. Their place knows them no more.

As we look on the host of rising bards and youthful *literati* that are gathered around, what an incentive do they offer us to become of use in our generation! When we think of the briefness of our sojourn here on earth, how it calls on us to be up and doing! Fourteen years only have elapsed since we met in *Eisteddfod* at Caernarfon; but how have our ranks been thinned in the interval! Many of our best men have fallen; some at their very post. Where are Ab Ithel, Eben Fardd, Caledfryn, Alaw Goch, Talhaiarn, Carn Ingli, Creuddynfab, Rhydderch o Fon, Ioan Emlyn, Glan Alun, Iorwerth Glan Aled, Tegai, Nicander, Emrys, Llanerchudd, Ieuan Alaw, Elis Owain, Alfardd, Owain Gwyrfaï, Glasynys, Rhisiart Ddu, Meurig Idris, I. D. Ffraid, Cynddelw, Macwy Mon, Dewi Arfon, and Taliesin o Eifion, and probably many more? Their departure brings to our memory the stirring lines of Dafydd Ddu Eryri, recited by Caledfryn on the platform of the *Eisteddfod* at Caernarfon:—

“Gwyro mae fy moel goryn,  
Efo 'r allt gyda 'r gwallt gwyn;  
Daw eraill feirdd awdurol  
Yn fuan, fuan, ar f' ol!”

And now I deem it right to conclude my address with congratulating the patrons and supporters of the great *Eisteddfod* at Wrexham on their great and deserved success; adding only:—

Caed deddfau Iorwerth yn ddinerth weinion,  
Ag angau Harri yn ei gynghorion;  
Gofynai y nef gofiaw 'n hynafion,  
Nes y cai 'n ceraint wisgo ein coron;  
Dodir mawl ar Dudur Mon—a'r hyn wnaeth;  
Dyddiau Rhagluniaeth doddai 'r gelynion.

Prawf yr Eisteddfod ei bod heb edwi,  
Heddyw mae Gwynedd yma i'w gweini,  
Ac anadl einioes cenedl o yni,  
Awen a thelyn am ei bytholi,  
Gwrecsam & 'n wenfflam lawn i—roi ar dân  
Y dyrfa allan i'w chyd arfolli !

Tymmor ein heniaith, i'w hirfaith arfer,  
A fyddo lewyrch canrifoedd lawer,  
Yn groes i galon rhai gwŷr yageler  
Y dalio 'i gemau i deulu Gomer ;  
Genau ein hiaith gan ein Ner,—i'r bobloedd,  
Holl oesau 'r bydoedd a'i llais arboder !

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## A MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP FOR WALES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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IN the choice of their future profession, we consult our children's tastes and inclinations. To act otherwise would argue a want of judgment, if not feeling. Who would compel his boy, stout though his arm might be, to row against the stream, if the voyage could be made, and the destination attained, by floating with the current? In the same spirit should a nation be educated. Peoples, as well as individuals, have their peculiar bent. Englishmen delight in the manly exercises of cricket, football, boating, and other athletic pastimes. Our Irish neighbours are never so happy as when brandishing their shillelahs at Donnybrook Fair. While our Gallic friends, across the Straits of Dover, have their tastes and predilections consummated in their innumerable *fêtes* and Saints' days. Welshmen, however, turn to poetry and music for the staple of their recreations. It is to the Eisteddfod that they wend their way for

“ Their feast of reason and their flow of soul.”

With the harp for his national instrument of music, and a collection of melodies unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, by those of other nations, the Welshman possesses an innate love of music, which may be almost termed his national temperament. In addition to this, he has a language which is at one moment rich in sounds as it is at another musical and soft. If the inclinations, therefore, of a people veer with the advantages they possess, and their tastes incline them to legitimate and worthy objects, by all means let the sails be trimmed and

the helm directed, to give the ship a bearing that will best develop her sailing qualities.

If this love of music by the Welsh people be doubted, enter the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, on a certain day, amid the applause of crowded thousands, five hundred men and women of Wales—miners, colliers, quarrymen, artisans, and farm-labourers, with a working blacksmith for their leader—are making the pile to echo with the martial strains of ‘The Men of Harlech’, or the pathos of ‘Ar hyd y Nos’. And why are they there? They have come, and have succeeded in their enterprise, to carry away the one thousand guinea prize, offered by the Directors of the Palace for the best choral singing. They retire to their homes; and where a few years afterwards do we discover some of these same musical competitors? In the depths of an inundated coal mine; amid peril that might shake the stoutest heart and unnerve the strongest arm; fighting hand to hand with death; and, for once, tearing the crown from the old mower’s brow, as they help to deliver their entombed brethren out of his ruthless grasp. The terrible accident at the Tynewydd Colliery needs no repetition here. It is indelibly stamped, with its incidents of heroism, on every Cymric heart. One of the rescuers, Gwilym Thomas, the brave coadjutor of Isaac Pride and Abraham Dodd, was present a few weeks ago, for the second time, at the Crystal Palace, taking part in a concert which, through the patriotic and untiring exertions of Mr. Brinley Richards, was given in aid of these same miners’ fund. Doffing the collier’s dress and donning that of a gentleman, Gwilym Thomas sang a song that might have ranked him as a no mean singer of the day. What country we would ask, besides Wales, could turn out colliers and miners such as these? and what higher proof could we offer, that our mountain land continues

"To be one bright sea of song."<sup>1</sup>

Not only are Welsh men and Welsh women constitutionally lovers of music, but they have proved their capabilities of rising to the highest ranks of vocalists. Madame Edith Wynne, a genuine daughter of Cymru, has held her own for years among the *prime donne* of English singers. Miss Mary Davies, Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Marian Williams, Miss Mary Jane Williams—we class them alphabetically—are not only fast rising into eminence, but have already distinguished themselves at the Royal Academy. The last mentioned young lady has made rapid strides of late. Eos Morlais and Mr. James Sauvage, with others of our countrymen, are also giving proofs that there is no degeneracy in our Celtic blood. And there are many and many others at this moment in Wales, who are but waiting for the helping hand to bring them out of their retirement, and provide them with suitable training, to become vocalists of a superior if not of the highest order.

Of the advantages of a Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music for young men and women of Wales, we have convincing proof in our experience of the last few years. Miss Mary Davies, during the three years she enjoyed its emoluments, became an accomplished vocalist. We are enabled to point her out to future aspirants as their model, and bid them follow in her wake. Her success shows the necessity of making the Scholarship a permanent institution. Once established, it will give an impetus to musical education throughout the Principality.

It is to this end that Mr. John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwalia*)—all honour to him for the work—has issued the prospectus which will be found in our advertising sheets. He proposes

<sup>1</sup> "Môr o gân yw Cymru i gyd."

The form of the English line may seem awkward; but it arises from the rendering of it into *cynganedd Sain*.

to raise a thousand pounds by the contributions of the Welsh people ; and to devote the interest to found a permanent Scholarship at the Royal Academy, tenable for three years ; during which its holder will receive an education of the highest kind, and such as could be had nowhere else. At the end of his tenure, another would be elected for a similar period. And thus Wales would never be without a permanent representative at the Academy.

Fears have been expressed lest this Scholarship should interfere with the success of the Musical Department of the University College of Wales. We apprehend no such untoward event. On the contrary, we feel sure that much benefit will arise to the College from the establishment of a Scholarship at the Royal Academy. The prize will not only give an impetus to college teaching, but it will act as a beacon which, ever kept in the scholar's view, will incite him to new exertions, and to a more devoted practice and study. But were it otherwise, the benefit that would result to Wales in general, by holding out a prize of such importance, and the high advantages it would give the musical student, would more than counterbalance the evil, even if it did take place. To give the sons and daughters of Wales the same advantages as those of England, it is necessary that they should be trained where a staff of professors, consummate in their several departments, are ever at hand, and where the scholars would receive the most classic kind of training.

We trust Mr. John Thomas will meet with the success he so richly deserves, and that a generous and cheerful response will be made to his appeal throughout the length and breadth of the land.

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## THE PROSPECTS OF EDUCATION IN WALES.

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At a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday Evening, February 20th, of the present year, for the purpose of hearing a Lecture on "The Educational Wants of Wales", by Mr. Marchant Williams, one of the Inspectors under the London School Board, the Reverend Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, took the Chair and spoke as follows:—

"My business on this occasion is very easy and short—in fact, nothing more than to introduce the reader of the paper of the evening. The duty of a chairman is to efface himself as much as he can. A chairman is very much in the position of an editor of the classics. Dutch editors seemed in times past chiefly to aim at overlaying the text by bringing into prominence their own learned effusions. Well, I propose, on the contrary, to present my classic with as little comment as possible. I feel it difficult to give any rational account of how I came to occupy the chair at this meeting. I regret to confess that I have not the honour of being a native of the Principality. I have no Cymric blood in my veins, and although my ancestors were not English, it is now such a long time since they came into England, that I must admit myself guilty of the crime—which I suppose is not participated in by any of my audience—of being a Saxon. In my youth, it is true, I was acquainted with your beautiful country, its rivers, hills, and valleys, which are still as ever the charm of artists and poets. At that time, however, I never thought of the people who inhabited that part of the



kingdom, whether they differed from their neighbours or whether they possessed any characteristics peculiar to themselves. I had, of course, read and heard of the names of many of the old bards of Wales—Taliesin, Myrddin, Aneurin, and others. I had also studied the Latin history of the Monk of Monmouth, and other literature bearing on the ancient history of Wales, and I know that the chief English poets derive much of their inspiration from these fragments. Perhaps, however, the true account of my coming here this evening is that it is owing to the request of my friend Mr. Hugh Owen. The circumstances which two or three years ago brought me into acquaintance with Mr. Owen, are, in fact, nearly allied to the subject which will occupy your attention this evening—viz., education in Wales. When I first became associated with a number of gentlemen interested in the University College of Wales, not only was I struck by the intense love of country which they all exhibited, but I was not prepared to find such a number of gentlemen so united in a common desire to raise the people and their country by means of higher education. All of you have heard much of education in England and Scotland. I have no wish to depreciate the rest of the country, but I must say, that in much that I have heard in England and Scotland, there was mixed a large proportion of talk about education, not for its value in itself, but simply as a means of getting on. Great efforts were being made to acquire education for this purpose, and to find in it an outlet for the superfluous energy of the English race. The wish to get on carried the Anglo-Saxon all over the world, but it destroyed the purity, the simplicity, and the nobleness of the desire of education for its own sake. The just appreciation of education, for its own sake, by the gentlemen I have referred to, I have not been accustomed to find in other parts of the country. I have had a great deal to do professionally with

English youth of the higher classes. There is one thing observable in these young men—while many of them were capable of appreciating education for itself, yet in them as a class that desire was a very feeble one. I failed to find in them any just appreciation of learning as it is, or for what it will do, except as a means of getting on in the world. Referring to the debate in the House of Commons on the previous evening, I was much struck with the remarks of Sir John Lubbock, who might be regarded as the foremost representative of Science in the present day. Sir John had said that Natural Science did not receive its fair share of attention in Oxford, and he desired that the Commissioners might have special instructions to further the development of scientific teaching in the University. He also expressed his opinion that Science would never be cultivated in Oxford until Fellowships were attached to it; for no one would teach it unless he were well paid for it. That," said Mr. Pattison, "fell upon me like a cold weight, and yet the truth of it could not be denied. Prizes have been the means by which subjects of study have been kept alive. But I refer to this by way of showing the contrast to what I became acquainted with in those gentlemen who are promoting the University College of Wales with a disinterested spirit, such as I should very much wish to see in those connected with my own University."

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At another meeting of the Society, held at the Theatre of the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, on the evening of Saturday, the 18th of May, Professor Rudler, of Aberystwith delivered a Lecture on "The Potter's Art in Britain".

The Chair was occupied by the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who, on his entrance, was greeted with a burst of acclamation. At the close of Mr. Rudler's Lecture, Mr. Gladstone spoke as follows:—

“ It will certainly be our fault if we leave this place without some fair conception of this most curious art of the potter. It is a subject to which I myself have paid some attention, although not in a scientific or regular manner, but as an observer, a lover, and at one time a collector of these objects (hear, hear); and I should feel very desirous of addressing some remarks upon the subject, but that I am absolutely compelled to leave you in the course of ten minutes. I will, however, just say a word or two upon a portion of what Mr. Rudler has mentioned. I am bound to thank him for having made me acquainted with the operations of the birds of Australia (pointing to the drawing of the nest of the pied-grilling) as pioneers of industry in this great work. It is to me a most singular and interesting fact—though it does not appear that the good example they set in regard to pottery has been followed by the natives—both in connection with the present subject and likewise in connection with natural history, as indicating higher gifts than are usually possessed by birds. When we consider the limited share of the higher gifts usually possessed by birds, it would really appear that, although we may find among insects far more remarkable gifts than we generally find in that region of the animal kingdom which is occupied by birds, it will be difficult to find anything so remarkable as the exhibition of the nests made of clay, put together by birds. Passing onwards, I must quite sustain, so far as I am able, what has been said by the lecturer with regard to the potter’s wheel. We have enjoyed the presence this evening of a gentleman of great distinction, Dr. Schliemann (cheers), to whom you are desirous of paying a tribute of admiration, and to whom all those who are interested in the early stages of human history and human efforts are most deeply indebted. He, like me, is apt to date the beginnings, in many instances at least, of our knowledge from the period of Homer, which may be fixed at somewhere between 1,000 and 1,200 years before Christ, and as the period at which we find the potter’s

art, not in its very earliest stage, but in the stage at which, apparently, the potter's wheel had been just invented and had come into use. It was then a rare object, attracting a great deal of curiosity, and the use of which had not been at all common. Coming from that period to the earliest remains of British art, I am induced to mention two specimens which I myself possess, and which enabled me to follow with peculiar interest the remarks of the lecturer. One of them belongs to the British period, and it agrees essentially with the vessel here represented (pointing to a drawing on the wall marked "Ancient British"). In shape it is exactly the same; in the character of the ornamentation it is the same; and I am induced to make this observation—that the Celtic race, which then possessed this country exclusively, had a very strong natural sense of beauty (hear, hear): in which race the audience here assembled, I hope, feel very great interest. (Cheers.) I trust the lecturer will agree with me in the view I have formed of them from my own specimen, which is that, although it is true the ornamentation upon this vase does not indicate any technical advance, yet it indicates a great natural sense of beauty. (Hear, hear.) The second specimen of ancient pottery I possess is certainly a very curious one, because, after listening to the lecture, I find it belongs to and combines the features of two different periods. It is in shape and character Anglo-Saxon, and it has ornamentation of the same description; also similar bosses, and likewise handles upon it of the description ascribed to Anglo-Norman pottery, while it has the glaze of the same character as vases that are of a later period. With reference to what I have said of the Celtic race, myself being Scotch in blood, and not of the Celtic race at all, I may say without partiality that I am struck by this, that as regards the sense of beauty in their ornamentation I think you come to an improved period of fabrication when you come to these of later ages; yet I think the sense of beauty, to my mind, is by no means so strong in

those specimens marked Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman as in those of the ruder constructions of the British period, and in the ornamentations of that period. I may say that the specimen of the British period I possess is of such a character, that it is very doubtful whether it can have been fired at all, and if it has, it must have been fired in a very imperfect manner. I cannot pass by the name of Wedgwood without a word. Perhaps I am a little given to what is called hero-worship, and Wedgwood is one of the heroes whom I worship. (Cheers.) I do not hesitate to say that I consider Wedgwood, taken altogether, to be the most extraordinary man whose name is recorded in the history of the commercial world. (Applause.) Putting together the whole of his qualities and the whole of his performance, Wedgwood completely revolutionised the character of the fabrics made in England in his period. He recalled into existence the spirit of Greek art. Whatever we may say of earthenware and porcelain manufacture prior to Wedgwood's period, it had never risen to the loftiness of the spirit of Greek art. (Cheers.) If you compare the famous porcelain of Sèvres—the vases of Sèvres—with the vases of Wedgwood, or the forms of Chelsea and Bow work with the forms of Wedgwood, I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, they are greatly inferior. If you run your eye along this line of production of the eighteenth century in England (indicating)—although I am not by any means denying there are very good forms in others—those of Wedgwood stand pre-eminent. Although Wedgwood revived Greek art, although he seems to have shown he was not satisfied with the forms of Sèvres, yet he did not revive classical forms in a servile spirit. Though in all his productions you are reminded of Greek art, they are not mere reproductions. His style is strikingly original; and although, as the lecturer has said, he was most powerfully aided by such men as Bentley, yet I may say—

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what people have justly said of Queen Elizabeth and her ministers Burleigh and Walsingham—‘How came she to have these great ministers?’ It was because of her judgment and discrimination which enabled her to bring them around her. (Cheers.) Not only did Wedgwood completely revolutionize the character of the fabrics, but he carried the manufacture of earthenware, which is not porcelain, to by far the highest point which it has ever attained in any country in the world. Before the time of Wedgwood, England was not particularly distinguished in respect of the potter’s art, and down to the eighteenth century, on the whole, we were importers and not exporters of pottery; we learnt from the world rather than supplied the world; but from the hour Wedgwood came upon the scene all this was altered, and we became great exporters of pottery; and from St. Petersburg on the one hand to the Mississippi on the other, the name and the productions of Wedgwood became familiar, and were everywhere met with. The crowning triumph that he achieved was this—that continental factories set about the attempted imitation of his works, and the royal factory of Sèvres, richly and largely endowed as it was by State funds, not only condescended to endeavour to rival Wedgwood and his works, but directly imitated them. At the same time, it must be admitted that, great as was the power applied in their department of this art at Sèvres, Sèvres Wedgwood is not equal to the genuine work of Josiah Wedgwood. (Cheers.) Those who love the art of the potter and his works should ever bear in veneration the name of Wedgwood. (Applause.) There is a very curious circumstance in connection with Worcester porcelain I might mention, which I think will be interesting to those who have heard the lecture. Unless I am very much mistaken, the Worcester porcelain works were distinguished from most of the factories of the day by their self-supporting character. Chelsea, in a great degree, was

dependent upon the assistance it received from the Duke of Cumberland. The factory at Worcester took its origin from a very curious circumstance. You have heard of Whigs and Tories. In the middle of the last century one of these parties had the upper hand in the elections in the town (a laugh); and I am so impartial in this matter that I have absolutely forgotten which it was. (Laughter.) The party that were undermost founded the Worcester porcelain factory in order to keep together a compact, stout body of voters, that they might regain predominance at elections. I quote from Mr. Binn's history. But what is astonishing to me is, that this strong political infusion into the factory did not utterly spoil the work. I should have feared, in the circumstances, that the workmen, instead of thinking of anything beautiful or likely to give vitality to their works, would have had their thoughts directed to the last or to the coming election. (A laugh.) It is presumptuous of me to endeavour to fill up what I may be pardoned in supposing to be a blank on the part of the lecturer, but I would suggest that the anchor-mark, which Mr. Rudler described as peculiar to Chelsea pottery, may have been derived from the original connection of Chelsea pottery with the Venetian porcelain manufactory. It is a known sign of the Venetian, and there are many resemblances between the Venetian works and those of Chelsea. I am bound now, after what I have said about Worcester, to state that the Worcester people made great use of what the lecturer has called the 'blue checkers mark'. I am afraid I must now convey to you a suspicion which prevails upon my mind of a painful character. I am afraid that the blue checkers mark savoured strongly of forgery, and was intended to convey in an illegitimate manner the notion that this kind of ware was the product of the East. It is a common mark upon Eastern porcelain; and I will give you my reason for fearing this is the case. The Worcester people did not con-

fine themselves even to the marks which are here delineated on the diagrams. I think three have been referred to. I was on one occasion in an auction-room at Christie's, when I had more time for such a purpose than I now have. I noticed there what was manifestly and palpably a Worcester teapot, with a beautiful blue glaze, and flowers in red and gold. I took up this teapot, and to my great astonishment I found upon it the German mark 'Karl Theodor'. I thought this was very singular, and that I should get this old teapot for an 'old song'. I was unable to stay myself, so I commissioned a dealer who was in the room to buy it. I told him that as it had the 'Karl Theodor' mark upon it, it might not be recognised as Worcester work, and that he would most likely get it for a guinea. He got it for under a pound. (Laughter.) If, instead of having the 'Karl Theodor' mark upon it, it had its own Worcester mark, it would have been worth at least five guineas. This was a remarkable illustration of the proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy'. (Laughter, and 'Hear, hear'.) I think it supports my suspicion that the checkers mark was intended to convey to the uninstructed the idea that the work was an Oriental product. There is a great deal to be said upon this subject, even beyond what it was possible for the lecturer to compress into his most interesting discourse. As to what the lecturer has said of the factories at Swansea and Nantgarw, lasting for a very short time in Wales, I can only say that when he mentioned this circumstance, I could not help looking at the emblem represented on the wall, and it occurred to me that the reason was that they were marked with a butterfly—a gay being, born, as Shakespeare says, "to flutter and decay". (Laughter.) I do not know whether the commercial conditions will be favourable or not, but I hope the industry may revive in Wales. (Cheers.) I am quite sure the tastes of the people, which they show in many ways in their wonderful musical



faculties, will be eminently conducive to its excellence. (Cheers.) I wish, in conclusion, to express the strong opinion that I entertain, which matter has hardly come within the scope of the comprehensive lecture, that the fictile art of porcelain is directly a branch of fine art—as truly a branch of fine art as the art of the sculptor, or the art of the painter. I do not say it is as important a branch, or so high a branch, or one by which we may rise so far into the region of the ideal as in sculpture and painting, but, in my opinion, it is strictly a branch of the fine arts. (Hear, hear.) I will tell you why. The representation of the human figure is the crowning point of all fine art in all branches of it. Now, I contend that there are certain specialities in the use and application of the art of making porcelain to the representation of the human figure. You represent the human figure in the solid in porcelain, and you can represent it in the most complicated groups. You are accustomed to see four, five, six, or eight figures put together in groups of porcelain without the smallest sense of impropriety; the combination appears perfectly harmonious. To the sculptor in marble it is almost impossible. Even among the famous works of the ancients—I am speaking of solid figures—it is extremely difficult to find instances where as many as five or six figures have been successfully combined; indeed, it has seldom been attempted. It has been attempted in the famous case of the Dircean Bull at Naples, which is a very unsuccessful attempt, and most unsatisfactory in itself. In the case of porcelain, you will find no difficulty in these combinations; they are perfectly natural and proper. When you produce the human figure in the solid in porcelain, you can combine with it a perfectly free use of colour. That is peculiar to porcelain, and you cannot have it in bronze or in ivory; and even those who have carried furthest the doctrine of the application of colour to sculpture have never proposed

anything more than an extremely limited application of it. The limits of size in dimension in porcelain appear to be fixed by the law of nature. Of porcelain figures so modelled as to be called works of art, the smallest, I think, are between three and four inches high, and then they ascend from about twenty to twenty-four inches; but within these limits of size there is scope for every facility of combination, for every variety of attitude, as well as a free and unrestrained use of colour. It appears to me that this description of production has a peculiar claim to be denominated a branch of fine art on account of those facilities in the expression of the human form, with specialities of colour, which belong to productions of no other description. I commend to you this very humble contribution to what is a very great and important subject, and I will conclude by proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer." (Loud applause.)

The Bishop of St. Asaph, in moving thanks to the chairman, referred to Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with Wales. He had been a friend of the oppressed in every part of the world. (Loud cheers.) He had been a friend of an ancient people who had been long neglected. In conclusion, the right rev. speaker trusted that the Society would fix their eyes firmly and continually upon their chairman of that evening, who would—he felt sure—really assist them in their desire to improve the education of the Principality of Wales. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gladstone, in reply, said he was very much touched by the appeal that had been made by the Bishop of St. Asaph, and was fully alive to the importance of the subject upon which he had spoken. In this country, happily, they were not bound to set up sharp distinctions of nationality; at the same time, he was obliged to echo the words of the Bishop, and to say that he did not think either the State or the public thought that the nationality of Wales had, upon

the whole, obtained a perfect, just, and due recognition. They had by their Society achieved a good deal, and he rejoiced to think that the Bishop of St. Asaph and others would encourage them in their work ; but there was much to be done in order to develope freely those abundant capabilities for every kind of excellence which were freely scattered over the whole length and breadth of Wales. This was his deliberate and impartial opinion, and he earnestly hoped that he might be allowed to co-operate with the Bishop and others for the purpose of giving effect to his views. (Loud cheers.)

As the right hon. gentleman left the theatre, the audience again rose and warmly cheered him.

From the remarks both of Mr. Pattison and Mr. Gladstone, we may look forward hopefully to brighter days for Wales. St. David's College, at Lampeter, and the University College of Wales, at Aberystwith, are up and doing. The approaching jubilee of the former, while terminating one era of its existence, will, we trust, be the commencement of another of a loftier character. We are anticipating great educational benefits from a friendly rivalry between the two institutions. A proposition has been advanced by some of the best friends of both, that they should make common cause in their appeal to Government, and endeavour to obtain University powers whereby the same Board may examine and confer degrees upon their respective students.

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## Reviews of Books.

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LECTURES ON CELTIC PHILOLOGY. By JOHN RHYS. Trübner, London. 1877.

WHILE its sheets were yet flying through the press, we were permitted to examine portions of these Lectures of Mr. Rhys, and to make quotations for the *Cymmrodor*. We then offered our hearty congratulations both to author and readers for the valuable additions the book made to Celtic philology. Now that we have it before us in its completeness, we not only endorse our previous judgment, but we would add considerably to the high praise we then gave. Mr. Rhys has already made important discoveries in deciphering the early forms of our Cymric tongue and the laws by which consonantal mutations are governed; and we predict, now that the first sods have been turned up, that we shall have something like a royal rail-road through the territory of the Celtic languages. We impress on every Cymric student, be he an advanced scholar, or a mere beginner, the necessity of a careful study of these valuable Lectures. The first edition is, we understand, nearly expended.

We take this opportunity of heartily congratulating Mr. Rhys on his appointment to the Celtic Chair at Oxford. Even in these degenerate days, merit is often acknowledged and rewarded. Despite the wail of the

“ . . . Laudator temporis acti,”

Time's wheel, in its revolutions, often raises aloft 'the right man into the right place'. Our space will not allow us to lengthen this short notice either of Mr. Rhys, or of his Lectures; but our readers need not be troubled at that. We shall hear of him again.

THE EPIC OF HADES. By the Author of *Songs of Two Worlds*.  
Henry S. King and Co., London. 1877.

THIS work completes Mr. Morris's beautiful poem, and will add greatly to his fame. Although the subject is foreign to the purposes of *Y Cymmrodor*, it is impossible not to make mention of any work of importance by the great-grandson of our celebrated antiquary, poet, and philologist, Lewis Morris — *Y Llew* of the last century.

No mere make-believe, the poetry of this volume is thoroughly genuine. We have read it throughout with no common interest; but we confess our deepest sympathies are with *Phadra*. Exquisite, indeed, is Mr. Morris's description of a storm in that admirable little poem. We feel we must quote the following passage:—

“ . . . But on the verge,  
As I cast my eyes, a vast and purple wall  
Swelled swiftly towards the shore; the lesser waves  
Sank as it came, and to its toppling crest  
The spume-flecked waters, from the strand drawn back,  
Left dry the yellow shore. Onward it came,  
Hoarse, capped with breaking foam, lurid, immense,  
Rearing its dreadful height. . . .  
. . . Then like a bull  
Upon the windy level of the plain  
Lashing himself to rage, the furious wave,  
Poising itself a moment, tossing high  
Its wind-vexed crest, dashed downward on the sand  
With a stamp, with a ruah, with a roar.”

If “good wine needs no bush”, it is a work of supererogation to commend poetry such as this.

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THE LITERATURE OF THE KYMRY. By THOMAS STEPHENS.  
Second Edition. Edited by the REV. D. SILVAN EVANS,  
B.D. With a Life of the Author, by B. T. WILLIAMS,  
Esq., Q.C. Longmans, Green, and Co., London. 1876.

THE *Literature of the Kymry*, by Mr. Stephens, is so well known and appreciated as to require no eulogy from us. That it is not perfect—nay, that it is in places a very imperfect production—we are aware. As a pioneer, however, and the leader of a long train of diggers and delvers into our Cymric literature, Mr. Stephens has wrought well, and bestowed upon his countrymen an invaluable boon. The author has cleared the way, and every Welsh scholar will be grateful for the help rendered him towards unravelling the intricacies of our old prose and poetry writers. It would require volumes to open up the extensive domain of Cymric literature; and years must elapse before the work can be accomplished. But it will be done. Among all the Indo-European languages, there is none that lays a firmer hold of linguistic scholarship than the Celtic, especially in its Cymric form. It has a literature also to be developed, that will one day surprise the cavillers who are ever taunting us for our want of it. We hail, therefore, with no little satisfaction, the re-appearance of a book, that will not only assist in enlisting and marshalling many a new scholar under our Celtic banner, but speed him on his march.

The work is carefully edited, but only edited, by Mr. Silvan Evans. Scarcely anything has been added to the original text. We exceedingly regret this. The book was placed in the right hands for revision and alteration. The accumulated labours of author and editor would have added greatly to its value, even if they had not made it all we could wish. Still we are thankful for it in its present state.

The 'Life', by the Recorder of Carmarthen, is excellent.

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It portrays the man as well as the scholar. And so should it ever be with biographies. Authors intertwine themselves with our thoughts and affections. We are anxious for intimate acquaintance with their persons, their haunts, their daily life, and even their foibles. Mr. Williams has done all this, entering, as far as it was proper to enter, into the inner life of the man; and he has done it well. It affords us no little satisfaction to find that the expounder of our Cymric literature was not one that

“ Varied from the kindly race of men”;

but an amiable and benevolent patron of our rising *literati*, and a friend of humanity even in its lowest forms. The episode of “The Welsh Writer and Bard”, at page xxxi, is so graphically given by Mr. Williams, that we must henceforth style him the ‘Recorder of touching incidents in human life’, as well as the ‘Recorder of Carmarthen’.

The volume is an exceedingly handsome one, and has an excellent portrait of Mr. Stephens,—just such a volume as we should expect from the house of the Messrs. Longman.

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THE MABINOGION, translated, with Notes, by LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST. B. Quaritch, London. 1877.

OF the many places of interest in which London abounds, there is none more deserving of a visit than Mr. Quaritch’s great book-shop in Piccadilly. If the visitor be an admirer of rare old books, and of Aldine and Elzevir editions; or if he be devoted to linguistic studies, he need not fear but that he will be gratified to the utmost. Ere he enters he will find the windows crowded with large folios, royal and imperial, nay, with larger still, if larger there be; each seeming as though it would thrust its next neighbour into the street. Making his way within, he will find the same wonderful gathering of duodecimos, octavos, and quartos; shelf rising above shelf, and heap over heap:—

Books to the right of him,  
Books to the left of him,  
Books in the front of him,  
Bound, gilt, and lettered.

And as he goes still onward, he will reach a part of the shop considerably raised above the rest, where the Bookseller himself sits at a table, not exactly a

“Rex Æolus antro,”

but rather the personification of the ruler of Olympus, swaying his attendant gods. This impression will be confirmed, as he turns round and beholds the myriads that are gathered around him, in the shape of glorious conceptions and imaginations wrought and hammered into form by the mighty men whose works are strewn around. Among them he will find a host of Celtic lineage—Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, Gwalchmai, with a long retinue reaching down to Goronwy Owen, the greatest of modern Cymric poets. And it is because he deals thus largely in Welsh books, that we dwell on Mr. Quaritch's extraordinary place of business.

But this is not all. Mr. Quaritch is an enterprising publisher; and we could not adduce a better proof of it than this beautiful edition of Lady Charlotte Guest's Translation of the *Mabinogion*. Although the linguistic character of the work is destroyed by the excision of the Cymric original, it is still most valuable—unrivalled as it is as a specimen of the chivalrous and romantic legends of the Middle Ages. It is well known how popular the Arthurian stories have become through the graphic illustrations of Mr. Tennyson; this book will be deemed, therefore, an invaluable acquisition by the many admirers of the poet.

The typography and illustrations are of a high character—we had almost said, equal to those of the former edition; and seeing that the work has been brought within reach of a wide class of readers, by means of a moderate price, we predict a



large sale. Not only will it be more generally read, but a farther use will be made of its contents. We would not have the deeds of Arthur and his knights desecrated or turned to ignoble uses, but they will be made to supply the basis for many a fairy tale and *libretto* of an opera. Verily Wales is coming into the front!

The talented authoress has fallen into an error in her new preface. The Rev. John Jones (Tegid) was not a Fellow, although at one time a member, of Jesus College, Oxford.

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THE GOSSIPING GUIDE TO WALES. By ASKEW ROBERTS.  
London: Hodder and Stoughton; Oswestry: Woodall  
and Venables. 1877.

AN enlarged edition of this little book has just appeared, with at least twelve maps besides engravings. We have perused its multifarious contents with more than ordinary interest; and we can thoroughly recommend it to the tourist as an instructive and pleasant companion in rambles through North Wales. While professing to deal only with gossip, it gives valuable and reliable information. The writer touches scarcely a spot that he does not reanimate with life. Description, history, anecdote, and poetry, flow from his pen as though they would chase one another for the precedence. The old heroes renew their prowess, and the bards re-sing their songs. In short, the "Gossip" is exactly what we would recommend to one seeking recreation and rest from the worries of daily life amid romantic and quiet scenery.

There are a few things, however, that we are sure its careful editor will correct in a future edition,—and we trust there will be many. His Glossary is not altogether accurate, *Dyfrdwy* is given as derived from *dyfr* and *du*, 'black water'. But the beautiful Cymric name of the Dee comes from

*dwfr* and *dwy*, 'divine or sacred water'. *Hafod-tai* is translated 'summer-farms', although the term contains nothing that can possibly imply 'farms'. *Llafar* is made to mean 'sonorous, applied to a brook, etc.' Whereas *llafar* is simply 'speech', and can only be applied to a brook figuratively, as by the English poet, when he calls it:—

"The babbling brook."

These, however, are pardonable errors. Not so the following; and we protest against the desecration of Myfanwy's Castle into a rookery. In page 62, the heading of 'Stage II' is thus given:—"The Vale of Llangollen and Crow Castle." It is true that the author tells us, further on, that this Anglicised appellation of *Castell Dinas Brân*, 'the Castle of the City of Brennus,' is a vulgar one; but why adopt it in the heading of his chapter? We love the name of Myfanwy. A heroine of the twelfth century, her praises are handed down by her poet-lover in exquisite verse. Her love-story has also been admirably told by a poet of the present day. But although her castle is a ruin, there is no reason why its name should be a bye-word.

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GLÂN-ALARCH, HIS SILENCE AND SONG. By EMILY PFEIFFER.  
Henry S. King and Co., London. 1877.

THERE are some beautiful thoughts strewn over the pages of this book; and the volume will undoubtedly give its authoress a niche in the temple of song. The fair writer, however, scarcely does herself justice from want of condensation. Conceptions of a rare kind may be lost amid the verbiage of a sentence, just as we have known fruit, rich and ripe, lost amid the too abundant foliage of a tree. If Mrs. Pfeiffer will defer to our opinion, we believe we can predict far greater success on a future occasion, and that she will give us a poem worthy of herself and of Wales. Our advice is to

lop here and prune there, that the rich, ruddy grapes may be exposed to view.

How felicitous in its expression, for instance, is the following line :—

“The smile which doubles all he gives.”

Nor less so is the following passage :—

“ . . . She swept from out the hall,  
Proud and uplifted as a wave that rears  
Its foam-capped crest, and glides before the storm ;  
But glides before the storm to break at last,  
To sink, and to subside in helpless ruin ! ”

Had we space, we could transplant many and many a flower out of this volume into our pages ; but we are compelled to content ourselves with what we have already given.

We have tendered Mrs. Pfeiffer advice, and we hope it will be taken in the spirit with which it is offered. But we must go further, and express our strong dislike to the liberty she takes in her book with our Welsh nomenclature. *Glân-Alarch* is not Cymric in its formation, and sounds discordantly in our ears. It would have been better if both circumflex and hyphen had been discarded. *Eurien* has the appearance of a Greek word, prefixed, as it is, with *eu* ; whereas *Urien* would have been thoroughly Welsh. *Modwyth*, on the other hand, is gifted with a Saxon affix. *Crag-Eyrie* again is English, although *Crag* is derived from the Celtic *craig*. Is *Moel-wythfa* softer, or does it contain fewer consonants than *Moel-wyddfa* ? There is no consonant in any language softer than the *dd* of the Welsh. *Cynorac* has the accent on the antepenultimate syllable, whereas all Welsh words carry it on the penult. There are other equally unfortunate modifications of Welsh names in the volume. These, perhaps, may be deemed but slight blemishes ; they are, however, best avoided, as they offend our Cymric prejudices.

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EGYPT, A POEM, to which are added other Poems and Songs.  
By JOHN H. DAVIES, B.A., late Scholar of Jesus College,  
Oxford. E. W. Allen, London. 1876.

THIS poem is one of considerable promise. The writer's delineation of

“ . . . The birth-land of the purple day ”

is finely wrought. The poem, it is true, betrays inexperience in authorship; but that is no reason why we should not encourage the aspirant after the honours of Parnassus even in his earliest attempts to climb its difficult heights. Mr. Davies is steadily mounting upwards, and if he perseveres, will ere long reach a lofty elevation. The following little song is beautiful and would almost argue a practised hand :—

“ Eyes so blue, eyes so blue,  
Laughing, loving, fond, and true,  
How I fear to gaze in you,  
To gaze in you,  
Eyes so blue !

“ Golden hair, golden hair,  
O your sheeny braids so rare  
Soon will drive me to despair.  
To despair,  
Golden hair !

“ Sunny smile, sunny smile,  
With a more than mortal wile  
You bewitch me, you beguile,  
You beguile,  
Sunny smile !

“ Lips so red, lips so red,  
Roses ne'er such fragrance shed ;  
I'd wake to kiss you were I dead.  
Were I dead,  
Lips so red.”

We must speak highly also of the poem entitled, “St. David's Head”.

## Literary Intelligence.

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ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER.—Since some of the foregoing pages were written, the Jubilee Festival at St. David's College, Lampeter, has been held, and the result has proved highly satisfactory.

The College received its first students in the year 1827. Fifty years have thus elapsed. If any of its original *alumni* were present,—and if so, they must have reached, or nearly so, the period allotted to human life,—we can conceive something of the satisfaction with which they would regard the brilliant scene that was being then enacted. As broad streams are formed of narrow threads rising out of mountain tarns, so in its first beginnings the College was scant as well of Professors as of Scholars—the professorial staff consisting only of two, the present Bishop of Llandaff and Dr. Llewelyn, who now holds the office of Principal. Difficulty after difficulty was overcome by the friends and supporters of the College; and it now stands forth a proof of what determination and perseverance can effect. It has, in the present stage of its existence, six professors at work in its various departments, and it gives away some £500 per annum in rewards for accomplished scholarship.

There was present at the Jubilee a numerous band of Cambria's most devoted sons, together with a goodly company of English visitors. Of the Bishops, there were those of Llandaff, St. Asaph, St. David's, and Hereford, with a long array of Deans, Archdeacons, Canons, and other Clergy. Nor was there a lack of the lay aristocracy. Altogether, about four hundred sat down to the luncheon prepared for the occasion.

The proceedings of the day commenced with a procession of the company from the College to the parish church, where an excellent sermon on 2 Tim. iv, 5, "Make full proof of thy ministry," was preached by the Lord Bishop of Hereford. The company then re-formed, and returned to the College to witness the conferring of degrees upon twelve of its students; and then adjourned to a large pavilion, where the banquet had been prepared.

Sir Thomas Lloyd proposed the toast of "The Bishops and Clergy of Wales", remarking that the College had turned out from among its students hundreds of clergymen, whose learning and gentlemanly deportment were of inestimable benefit to the country; and that it had filled up a gap in Welsh educational matters, by providing training for a number of worthy young men who were unable to meet the expense at Universities such as Oxford and Cambridge. He described St. David's as the 'Athens of Wales'. The Bishop of Llandaff returned thanks for his brethren and the other Clergy; remarking, in the course of his speech, that he was surprised that any in that part of the land should go as far as St. Bees, or Birmingham, or any of the 'two-years' institutions of England, when so superior an education was given at Lampeter at the same cost. The Principal proposed the next toast, the 'Visitors of the College'. This was responded to by the Lord Bishop of St. David's. He said that, although the College was one for Divinity purposes, still that that subject occupied but a small portion of the time of the students; and that the standard reached by them equalled that of the candidates for holy orders whom he examined while acting as chaplain to the Archbishop of York. He also declared that the professorial staff was equal to that of any college of the same numbers at Oxford.

Several other clergymen addressed the assembly; among whom were the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph; Dr. Griffith, of

Llandeilo ; Archdeacon North ; Mr. David Pugh, late M.P. for Carmarthen ; Mr. Middleton Evans, etc.

The success of the gathering was undoubted. Such a day was never before witnessed at Lampeter. May it be the harbinger of a bright future in the history of the College !

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THE EISTEDDFOD OF 1877, AT CAERNARVON.—Considerable preparations are being made for the forthcoming grand Eisteddfod, which will be held on four successive days, commencing August 21st. Vocalists and instrumentalists of high name are already engaged.

We understand that at least five hundred papers for competition in the various departments of prose, poetry, and musical compositions, have been sent in.

We trust the gathering will be a successful one ; and that in the conduct of the meetings long speeches and long adjudications will be avoided. Let Caernarvon set an example of utilising every moment to the best possible purpose.

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# THE WORKS OF IOLO GOCH.

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## RELIGIOUS POEMS.

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### I.

#### AWDL CYFFES Y BARD D.

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1. CRAIR<sup>1</sup> cred, ced cynnydd,  
Creawdr llu bedydd,<sup>2</sup>  
Crist, Fab Duw Ddofydd,<sup>3</sup>  
Cynnydd dyhedd;<sup>4</sup>

Gan na wn pa bryd,  
Pa awr, pa ennyd,  
Y'm dyccych o'r byd—  
Ddiwyd<sup>5</sup> ddiwedd;

Arglwydd Dad mad, mawr,  
Eurgledd<sup>6</sup> nef a llawr,

11. Erglyw fi bob awr,  
Gwawr<sup>7</sup> gwirionedd.

<sup>1</sup> *Crair cred*, 'the ornament of our faith'. *Crair* also means, as Dr. Davies tells us, the thing taken up by the hand to swear by.

<sup>2</sup> *Llu bedydd*, 'the host of baptised ones'; the whole body of Christians.

<sup>3</sup> *Ddofydd*. *Dofydd*—MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Cyn dydd dy hedd*.—MS.  
*Cyn dydd dialedd*.—MS.

<sup>5</sup> *Ddiwyd*. If this word be taken as a compound of *gwŷd*, 'vice', 'passion', it will imply that sin terminates with death.

<sup>6</sup> *Eurgledd*. *Eurglo*.—MS. The former term is significant of God as holding the golden sword of justice.

<sup>7</sup> *Gwawr*, 'the dawn', whence light springs. It regards God as the source of all righteousness.



I Ti cyffesaf,  
Ac yr addefaf,  
Canys wyd benaf,<sup>8</sup>  
Naf tangnefedd.

A bechais i 'n llwyr<sup>9</sup>  
O bob gwall synwyr,<sup>1</sup>  
Rhwing llawr ag awyr,  
Llwyr argywedd;<sup>2</sup>

21. Saith briod bechawd,<sup>3</sup>  
Glythni, a meddwdawd,<sup>4</sup>  
Chwant cnawd, cas ceudawd,<sup>5</sup>  
Cadarn chwerwedd;

Moethiant,<sup>6</sup> glythineb,  
Gwneuthur godineb,  
Casineb<sup>7</sup> cudeb,  
Cadarn salwedd;<sup>8</sup>

Balchder, syberwyd,<sup>9</sup>  
Torri diofryd,<sup>1</sup>

31. Cym'ryd bwyd ammhryd,<sup>2</sup>  
Amryw faswedd;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Can's wyd benaf Naf  
Nawdd tangnefedd.—MS.  
<sup>9</sup> Am a bechais i 'n llwyr.—MS.  
<sup>1</sup> O bob rhyw synwyr.—MS.  
<sup>2</sup> *Argywedd*, 'detriment', 'mis-  
chief'.  
<sup>3</sup> Saith brif-ffordd pechod.—MS.  
Saith brifwŷd pechod.—MS.  
<sup>4</sup> Rhythni a meddwdawd.—MS.  
<sup>5</sup> *Ceudawd*. Geudawd.—MS.  
<sup>6</sup> Methiant, glothineb.—MS.  
The former term signifies 'omis-  
sion', according to Iolo Morgan-  
wg.  
<sup>7</sup> Methineb, cudeb.—MS.  
<sup>8</sup> Cadw fy salwedd.—MS.  
<sup>9</sup> Balchder, seguryd.—MS.  
<sup>1</sup> Torri yr yffpryd.—MS.  
<sup>2</sup> Bwyd amryd.—MS. *Ammhryd*,  
'at unlawful seasons', such as days  
of fasting.  
<sup>3</sup> *Faswedd* is here 'pollution',  
though it is often used to signify  
'pleasure', 'enjoyment'.

Goganu, tybiaw,  
Llesgu,<sup>4</sup> dymunaw,  
Llidiaw, a digiaw,<sup>5</sup>  
Dygn greulonedd;

Colli pregethau  
Ac offerenau,<sup>6</sup>  
Maddau y Suliau,<sup>7</sup>  
Meddwi â salwedd;

41. Gair meddwl anghred,  
Cilwg, camgerdded,<sup>8</sup>  
Gweithred dynwared,<sup>9</sup>  
Gwaith anwiredd;

Cyhuddaw gwirion,  
A cham ddych 'mygion,  
Cadarn draws holion,<sup>1</sup>  
Hylith daerredd;

Gochel maddeuaint,  
Digio mewn hir haint,<sup>2</sup>  
51. Sathru maddau 'r saint,  
Braint brenhinedd;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Llesged.—MS.

<sup>5</sup> Anlladrwydd, llidiaw,  
Llid greulonedd.—MS.

Dygn wythlonedd.—MS.

<sup>6</sup> Offerennau, 'masses'.

<sup>7</sup> Maddau y Suliau. The pardons or absolutions pronounced on the Sundays.

<sup>8</sup> Golwg am gerdded.—MS.

<sup>9</sup> Dynwared, here 'mockery'.

<sup>1</sup> Draws holion, 'cross questioning', or 'examinations'.

<sup>2</sup> Digio rhag hir haint.—MS.

<sup>3</sup> Brenhinedd, 'royalty'; the abstract, perhaps, for the concrete—to enhance the strength of the term.

Braint brenhinoedd.—MS.

The expressions here used prove the devotedness of the bard to the Roman Catholic religion. The forgiveness of even the saints he deems a privilege worthy of kings.

<sup>4</sup> Creiriau, see page 1, line 1. Some MSS. have *lyfrau* instead of *creiriau*.

Tyngu anudonau  
Ar werthfawr greiriau,<sup>4</sup>  
Camgredu ac ammau  
Geiriau gwiredde ;

Trais, twyll, brad, cynnen,  
Murn,<sup>5</sup> lledrad, absen,  
Llid, a chynfigen,  
Rhan pob rhinwedd.<sup>6</sup>

61. Gwag gynnwys,<sup>7</sup> glwys Glyw,  
Gwawr mawr meirw a byw,<sup>8</sup>  
Gwirion Dad, rhad rhyw,<sup>9</sup>  
Llyw llaweredd ;

Dy rad a geisiaf,  
Dy nerth a archaf,  
Dy nawdd a alwaf,  
Naf nefol-wledd ;

Rhag cwyn gwenwynig,<sup>1</sup>  
Rhag cŵn dïefflig,

71. Rhag cynnen dremig,<sup>2</sup>  
Ddig ddygasedd,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Murn*, 'a foul deed', 'murder'.

<sup>5</sup> *Rhag pob rhiedd*.—MS.

<sup>7</sup> There is considerable difficulty in this passage. *Gwag gynnwys* is probably an allusion to his own emptiness or wants, inasmuch as he immediately afterwards asks for the blessing he needed.

<sup>8</sup> *Clod mawr marw a byw*.—MS.

<sup>9</sup> *Rhad rhyw*, *Radryw*.—MS.  
We conceive the bard's meaning to be: 'The God of truth is the giver

of grace to some, but the sovereign of the many.'

<sup>1</sup> *Rhag hun gwenwynig*.—MS.

<sup>2</sup> *Dremig*. *Drennig*.—MS.

<sup>3</sup> *Dig dygasedd*.—MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Mwg mignuvern*, 'the exhalations of a quagmire or bog'; a no uncommon expression of the mediæval poets.

<sup>5</sup> *Caith* for *caeth*.

*Gwaith gaith gethin-wern*.—MS.

<sup>6</sup> *Drewiant gern uffern*.

*Effaith ddygnodd*.—MS.

Rhag drwg mwg mign-wern,<sup>4</sup>  
 Trwy waith caith<sup>5</sup> cethern,  
 Drewyant<sup>6</sup> cyn uffern,  
 Affaith ddygnedd ;

Rhag trais trag 'wyddawl  
 Tan trwch callestrawl,  
 Tan llwyth<sup>7</sup> uffernawl  
 Ffyrnig dachwedd ;<sup>8</sup>

81. Rhag tanllyd sybwl,  
 Tanllwyth fflam gyndwl,<sup>9</sup>  
 Tinllwm trwch rhwdbwl,<sup>1</sup>  
 Rhydar lesgedd ;<sup>2</sup>

Rhag uffern boenau,  
 A'i phoethion beiriau,  
 Cadwynau, rhwymau,  
 Dreigiau drygwedd ;

Rhag uffern byllfa,  
 91. A'i gweision<sup>3</sup> gwaetha',  
 Uffern-llid Adda,  
 Dryma' dromwedd ;

Rhag poen a thrydar  
 Poeth-ferw tân llachar,<sup>4</sup>  
 Pwll byddar daear—<sup>5</sup>  
 Duoer fignedd.

<sup>7</sup> *Tanllwyth, tanawl.*—MS.

<sup>8</sup> *Tachwedd, 'ending'.*

<sup>9</sup> *Gyndell, gymwl.*—MS.

<sup>1</sup> *Rhwdbell, drewbwl.*—MS.

Tanllyd trwch trydwl.—MS.

<sup>2</sup> *Drydar lesgedd.*—MS.

<sup>3</sup> *A'i ffeilsion dyrau.*—MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Tanllwyth tân llachar.*—MS.

Pell fyddar ddaear.

Duoer ddygnedd.—MS.

Rhag llith llwythau blin  
 Llys uffern fegin,<sup>6</sup>  
 Llin Addaf fyddin—  
 Gwerin gwyrdd.

101. Brenhinawl Fab Mair,  
 Brenhin loyw-grair,  
 Brenhin nef y'th gwnair,  
 Gair gorfoledd.

Ti a faddeuaist,  
 Da y meddyliaist  
 Y dydd y'm prynaist  
 Ar bren crogedd;<sup>7</sup>

- Dy boen a'th alaeth,  
 A'th ferthyrolaeth,  
 111. Y rhai a 'i gwnaeth,  
 Eurfaeth<sup>1</sup> orfedd.

Wrth hynny, Arglwydd,  
 Cadarn da dramgwydd<sup>2</sup>  
 Cydrwydd cyfyngrwydd  
 Coloferedd.

<sup>6</sup> *Uffern fegin*. The Cymric bards frequently introduce the term *megin*, 'bellows', in their descriptions of hell. Wiliam Wyn says:—

"A'i anadl diadlam dwyn  
 Yn meginaw mwg annwyn."

*Llafar gwlad* applies the term *megin uffern* to one who creates dissension, an inciter of quarrels.

<sup>7</sup> *Ar bren palmwedd*.—MS.

<sup>1</sup> *Eurfaeth*, for *eurfaith*. It will

be seen that the poet is constantly changing the termination of words to suit his rhyme and *cynghanedd*.

<sup>2</sup> Errors have crept into these poems by transcription, and of so grave a character, as almost to defy our arriving at their true meaning. It is difficult to say at this time what the poet means by *Cadarn da dramgwydd*. Should it not be *Cadarn dy dramgwydd?* *Coloferedd?* *coel oferedd*.

Gwna, Ddofydd, faddau  
 Fy holl bechodau,  
 A'm dwyn i'th ddeau  
 Dau yn y diwedd.

121. Fal y maddeuwyl  
 A wnaethpwyd trwy nwyf  
 Ar fy nghawd o glwyf,  
 Glew ddigllonedd.

O drais gollod,  
 O gawdd,<sup>3</sup> o godded,<sup>4</sup>  
 O bob eniwed,  
 Cyred<sup>5</sup> caredd.

- Eich diau deugrin<sup>6</sup>  
 Y bwyf gynnefin,  
 131. Cyn rhwym daearin,  
 Erwin orwedd.

Lle mae lle difrad  
 Ar lawr llethr gwen-wlad,<sup>7</sup>  
 Lle mae goleuad<sup>8</sup>  
 Rhad anrhydedd;

Lle mae diddanwch,  
 A phob rhyw degwch,  
 Lle mae dedwyddwch  
 Dilwch<sup>9</sup> orsedd.

<sup>3</sup> *Cawdd*, 'offence'.

<sup>4</sup> *Codded*, 'tribulation'.

<sup>5</sup> *Cyred* for cyrid, 'adulterous love'. Gyred garedd.—MS.

<sup>6</sup> Equal difficulty attends the deciphering of this stanza. *Deu-*

*grin* is manifestly a corrupted form.

Hence it is scarcely possible to say with what object the bard hopes to be accustomed before his

descent to the grave.

<sup>7</sup> 'The slopes of the beautiful land.'

141. Lle mae cywirdeb,  
 Lle mae diweirdeb,  
 Lle dibechod neb,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lle da buchedd ;<sup>2</sup>

Lle mae gorphywys<sup>3</sup>  
 Yn ngwlad Baradwys,  
 Lle mae mirain lwys,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lle mae mawredd.

Lle mae nefolion,  
 Lle mae urddolion,<sup>5</sup>  
 151. Lluaws angylion,  
 Gwirion garedd.<sup>6</sup>

Lle mae eglurder,<sup>7</sup>  
 Lle mae dwyfolder,  
 Lle mae ynifer<sup>8</sup>  
 Nefol orsedd ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Where its honours emit light or splendour.'

<sup>2</sup> Deilwng orsedd.—MS.

<sup>3</sup> To render this line intelligible, it is necessary to divide *dibechod* into two words, *di bechod*, so that *neb* may apply to the latter only.

<sup>4</sup> The short adjectives qualify sometimes the preceding and sometimes the following noun. There is consequently some difficulty in giving the exact rendering. If *da* qualifies the preceding word *lle*, the rendering of the bard will then be, 'A good place for life', or 'to enjoy life'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gorphywys* for *gorphowys*, or *gorphwys*, 'to rest'.

<sup>6</sup> There is great difficulty in this

line. If *mirain*, however, be changed into *miraint*, 'beauty', it will in a measure vanish. Its qualifying adjective in that case would naturally be *glwys*: but see note 9.

<sup>7</sup> This term denotes that the poet believed in rank and order in the heavenly world.

<sup>8</sup> This line stands in beautiful opposition to the 128th, where we have *gyrid garedd*.

<sup>9</sup> He here describes the abode of the blessed, with its brightness and glory and redeemed multitude.

<sup>10</sup> *Ynifer*. In the old poets *nifer* is sometimes *ynifer*, *anifer*, and *enifer*.

Rhif cred, ced cadair  
 Arglwydd pob cyngrair,  
 Erglyw fi, Mab Mair,  
 Berthair,<sup>9</sup> borthedd;<sup>10</sup>

161. Cyd bwyf bechadur,  
 Corphorawl natur,<sup>1</sup>  
 Rhag tostur, dolur,  
 Mawr ddialed.

Canys wyd Frenhin  
 Ar ddeau ddewin<sup>2</sup>  
 Hyd y gorllewin—<sup>3</sup>  
 Llywiauwr mawredd.

Canys wyf gyffesol<sup>4</sup>  
 Ac edifeiriol,  
 171. A Mair i'm eiriol  
 Am oferedd.

Wyd frenhinocaf.<sup>5</sup>  
 A dyledocaf,  
 Can's wyd oruchaf;  
 Naf, na 'm gomedd.

<sup>9</sup> *Berthair*, the name of God spoken to Moses from the bush was, 'I am'.

<sup>10</sup> *Borthedd*, the portal of peace.

<sup>1</sup> His nature was that of the body rather than of the spirit.

<sup>2</sup> On the right hand of Divinity.

<sup>3</sup> "To the going down of the sun."

<sup>4</sup> 'This and the lines that follow

give the essential doctrines of Roman Catholics as compared with Protestants: 'Confession, penance, and the intercession of the Virgin.'

<sup>5</sup> The poet rises with his subject, and his adoration becomes lofty:—"Thou art most royal; to thee all fealty is due; thou, Most Highest, refuse me not." And not a whit less grand is the verse that

follows.



Er dy ddiwedd-loes,  
 Er dy greulon-groes,  
 Er poenau 'r pumoes—<sup>6</sup>  
 Bumustl<sup>7</sup> chwerwedd;

181. Er y gwayw efydd<sup>8</sup>  
 A 'th frathodd elfydd  
 Dan dy fron, Ddofydd,—  
 Ddwyfawl agwedd;

Er dy weliau,  
 Clyw fy ngweddiau,  
 Er dy grau angau  
 Yn y diwedd;

Er dy farw loesion  
 Gan ddurawl hoelion,  
 191. Er y drain-goron,<sup>9</sup>  
 Dod drugaredd.<sup>1</sup>

Er dy bum weli,<sup>2</sup>  
 Er dy gyfodi,  
 Crist Celi, a 'th *fersi*<sup>3</sup>  
 Rhwym fi i'th orsedd.

Er dy ddigoniad<sup>4</sup>  
 Ar ddeau dy Dad,  
 Dod im' gyfraniad  
 O' th wlad a 'th wledd.

\* *Pumoes*. 'Five periods.' A term used in theology to denote the ages previous to our Lord's Advent. These were divided into five. quisitely wrought by means of the compound terms he uses—*terms*, each containing within itself a poem.

<sup>7</sup> *Bumustl*, 'hemlock', 'oxbane'.

<sup>8</sup> *Gwayw efydd*, 'brazen spear'.

<sup>9</sup> This litany of the bard is ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Dy drugaredd*.—MS.

<sup>2</sup> In His hands and feet and side.

<sup>3</sup> *Fersi*, 'mercy'.

<sup>4</sup> See Isaiah liii, 11.

## II.

## CYWYDD I DDEWI SANT.

DYMUNAW da i'm enaid—  
 Heneiddio 'r wyf,<sup>1</sup> hyn oedd raid—  
 Myned i'r lle croged Crist  
 Cyn boed<sup>2</sup> y ddeu-droed ddidrist;<sup>3</sup>  
 Mewn trygyff y mae 'n trigaw<sup>4</sup>  
 Ni myn y traed myned draw;  
 Cystal am ordal<sup>5</sup> yni' yw  
 Fyned deirgwaith i Fynyw<sup>6</sup>  
 A myned, cynnired<sup>7</sup> cain,  
 Ar hafoedd hyd yn Rhufain.  
 11. Gwyddwn lle mynnwn fy mod,  
 Ys deddfawl yw 'r eisteddfod,

<sup>1</sup> This poem—its context informs us—was written in advanced life. It is necessary to bear this in mind for its right understanding.

<sup>2</sup> *Boed* for *bod*. When Grammar and Cynganedd compete, the old bards keep true to the principles of their distinctive art. Too often is the sense also sacrificed to the same end. One MS. has 'Cyd boed'.

<sup>3</sup> *Ddidrist*. There is some difficulty as to the meaning of this term. If it alludes to 'a pilgrimage on feet weary with age', *ddidrist* will apply to the life beyond the grave; but if, on the contrary, his allusion be to a pilgrimage to be made ere old age incapacitates him

for it, we must—unwillingly—amend the text and use *ddydris*.

<sup>4</sup> He was, he tells us, hale in body; but his limbs refused to perform their office.

<sup>5</sup> *Ordal*, 'satisfaction', 'atone-ment'. Ieuan ab Rhydderch ab Ieuan Llwyd, a contemporary bard, has:—

"Cystal am ordal i mi  
 Dwywaith fyned at Dewi,  
 A phe deun i Rufain."

One MS. has:—

"Cystal am ofal ym 'yw."

<sup>6</sup> *IFynyw*, 'Menevia', St. David's, the seat of the holy Archbishop.

<sup>7</sup> *Cynnired*, 'visit'.

- Ym maenol<sup>8</sup> Ddewi 'm Mynyw—  
 Mangre gain, myn y grog, yw—  
 Yn Nglyn Rhosyn<sup>9</sup> mae 'r iessin,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ac oliwydd a gwŷdd gwin :  
 Ademmig<sup>2</sup> musig a moes,  
 A gwrlef gwŷr â gorloes,<sup>3</sup>  
 A chytgerdd hoyw, loyw lewych,<sup>4</sup>  
 Rihwng organ achlân a chlych ;
21. A thuriblwm<sup>5</sup> trwm, tramawr,  
 Yn bwrw *sens*<sup>6</sup> i beri sawr ;  
 Nef nefoedd yn gyhoedd gain,  
 Ys da dref, ystâd Rufain ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Paradwys Gymru lwys, lefn,  
 Por dewis-drefn, pur dwys-drefn.<sup>8</sup>  
 Petrus fu gan Sant Patrig<sup>9</sup>  
 Am sorri Duw—amser dig ;  
 Am erchi hyn, ammharch oedd,  
 Iddo o'r lle a wnaddoedd :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Maenol*, 'a hamlet', 'a farm'; here it refers to the Archbishop's church and home, with perhaps the surrounding religious houses.

<sup>9</sup> *Yn Nglyn Rhosyn*, the Valley of Rhos.

<sup>1</sup> *Iessin*, probably 'jessamine'.

<sup>2</sup> *Ademmig*. This word is a puzzle. The dictionaries have nothing even like it.

<sup>3</sup> *Ag arloes*.—MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Lewych*, 'brightness', 'brilliance'; a term often applied to music, although in its original intention it refers to light only.

<sup>5</sup> *Thuriblwm*, 'thurable', 'censer'.

<sup>6</sup> *Sens*, 'incense'.

<sup>7</sup> *Ystâd*, *ystâd*, *Rufain* ; the meaning probably is that St.

David's was in the same condition as, or equal to, Rome.

<sup>8</sup> This reading is manifestly corrupt ; but it is the best we can now offer.

<sup>9</sup> *San' Patrig*.—MS. *St. Patrick* is said to have been of Welsh origin, and to have chosen as the field of his ministrations the district surrounding Rose Vale—*Glyn Rhosyn*, in Deyfed—*Demetia*. While there, tradition has it that an angel appeared to him, telling him 'that that place was not for him, but for a child to be born some thirty years later'. On hearing the message, *St. Patrick* became surprised, sorrowful, and angry. The child thus predicted was *St. David*.

31. Fyned ymaith o Fynyw  
 Cyn geni Dewi, da yw ;  
 Sant oedd ef o nef i ni  
 Cynwynol cyn ei eni ;  
 Sant glân oedd pan ei ganed  
 Am hollti 'r maen graen i gred.<sup>2</sup>  
 Sant ei dad<sup>3</sup> diymwad oedd.  
 Pennadur saint pan ydoedd.  
 Santes gyd-les lygadlon  
 Ei fam yn ddi nam oedd Non ;<sup>4</sup>
41. Ferch Ynyr,<sup>5</sup> fawr ei chenedl,  
 Lleian<sup>6</sup> wiw, uwch ydiw 'r chwedl.  
 Un bwyd a aeth yn ei ben—<sup>7</sup>  
 Bara oer a beryren—  
 Ag aeth ym mhen Non wen wiw ;  
 Er pan gaed penaig ydiw<sup>8</sup>  
 Holl saint y byd gyd gerynt<sup>9</sup>  
 A ddoeth<sup>1</sup> i'r Senedd<sup>2</sup> goeth gynt

<sup>1</sup> *Wnaddoedd*, for *wnaeth* ; this form is now obsolete.

<sup>2</sup> NON, in the throes of birth, pressed her hands against a stone, which took the impression as though it had been wax. In some mysterious way it consoled with the sorrowing mother ; part of it, then, leaped over her head and fell at her feet as she was bringing forth. A church was afterwards built on the spot, and the stone placed in the foundations of its altar.

<sup>3</sup> *Ei dad* ; Sandde, the father of David, was son of Ceredig, a prince from whom Ceredigion, or Cardiganshire, derives its name.

<sup>4</sup> NON, the mother of David, was a nun, and held in high repute for holy life.

<sup>5</sup> GYNYR, the father of Non, was a nobleman of the district of Pebidiog, in which the town of St. David's is situated.

<sup>6</sup> LLEIAN, a daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, and an ancestress of Non.

<sup>7</sup> From the time of her conception, Non lived on bread and water only. Hence, St. David was regarded as abstemious from the womb. Iolo Goch, however, adds 'a cress' to his food in the next line.

<sup>8</sup> *Ydiw* for *ydyw*, to meet the exigencies of the rhyme.

<sup>9</sup> *Gerynt*—? for *geraint*.

<sup>1</sup> *Ddoeth* for *ddaeth* in the dialect of South Wales.

<sup>2</sup> A synod held at Llanddewi Brefi, which St. David, after

- I wrandaw yn yr un-dydd  
 Ei bregeth a pheth o'i ffydd.  
 51. Lle dysgodd llu dewis-goeth<sup>3</sup>  
 Lle bu 'n pregethu yn goeth.  
 Chwe-mil saith-ugein-mil saint  
 Ag un-fil Wi! o'r genfaint.<sup>4</sup>  
 Rhod iddo fod, glod glendyd,<sup>5</sup>  
 Yn ben ar holl saint y byd.  
 Codes<sup>6</sup>—nid ydoedd resyn—  
 Dan draed Dewi Frefi, fryn.  
 Ef yn deg a fendigawdd  
 Cantref o nef oedd ei nawdd;<sup>7</sup>  
 61. A'r enaint<sup>8</sup> twym arenning  
 Ni dderfydd, tragywydd trig.  
 Duw a rithiawdd, dygn-gawdd dig,  
 Ddeu-flaidd o anian ddieffig  
 Deu-wr hen oedd o Dir Hud,<sup>9</sup>  
 Gwydro<sup>1</sup> astrus a Godrud,

repeated solicitations, attended; he preached there, it was said, the law and the gospel of Christ so clearly and plainly, that it seemed as if he spake to them with a silver trumpet. He was heard by the furthestmost person in that great assembly, and seen, too, as clearly as the sun is seen at mid-day.

<sup>3</sup> The synod was composed of saints and the most distinguished of those who held office in the church.

<sup>4</sup> *Genfaint*, 'assembly' or 'congregation'.

<sup>5</sup> *Glod glendyd*; Glod gleinyd.—MS. 'The praise', in the sense of 'the reward of holiness'. David

was elected by the Synod to be chief or prince of the saints of Britain.

<sup>6</sup> When the multitude assembled would have taken him to the top of the hill to preach, he excused himself, and said he would have no place to stand on but the flat ground. But as he was holding forth, the ground arose as a high mount under his feet in the presence of the assembly.

<sup>7</sup> 'He blessed with blessings from heaven a district that was under his protection'; literally, 'that was his protection'.

<sup>8</sup> *Enaint*, 'the unction'; that is, the blessing.

<sup>9</sup> *Dir Hud*, 'Pembrokeshire'.

Am wneuthur, drwg antur gynt,

Ryw bechod a rybuchynt.<sup>3</sup>

A'u mam: ba ham y bai hi

Yn fleiddiaf? oerfel iddi!

71. A Dewi goeth a'u dug hwynt

O'u hir-boen ag o'u herw-bwynt.<sup>3</sup>

Diwallodd Duw ei allawr;

Ei fagl<sup>4</sup> a wnaeth miragl mawr;

Yr aradr, gwyllt o redeg,

Yrrai i'r tai, fy ior teg!

A'r ceirw osgl-gyrn, chwyryn a chwai,

Gweision uthr, a'i gwas 'naethai.<sup>5</sup>

Dyw Mawrth, Calan Mawrth,<sup>6</sup> ym medd

I farw aeth ef i orwedd.

81. Bu ar ei fedd, diwedd da,

Cain glêr yn canu *gloria*;

Engylion nef yn nglan nant

Ar ol bod ei arwyliant.

I bwl uffern ni fernir<sup>7</sup>

Enaid dyn, yn anad tir,

<sup>1</sup> GWYDRO and ODRUD. No authentic account has been handed down of these persons, nor yet of the particular sin they committed. The lives of St. David, in *The Cambro-British Saints*, do not mention them.

<sup>2</sup> *Rybuchynt*, 'devised', 'meditated'.

<sup>3</sup> *Herw-bwynt*, 'prædatory state'. Dr. Davies translates *prcynt*, 'valetudo', 'convalescence', a meaning scarcely to be found in Wm. O. Pughe.

<sup>4</sup> *Fagl*, 'crozier'.

<sup>5</sup> If we may be pardoned for a remark or two, we would draw at-

tention to this beautiful passage. Nowhere can truer poetry be found than in the account here given of St. David's miraculous life and triumphant death; where white-robed choirs are described as singing over his entombment, and heaven's angels as hovering around the spot hallowed by his relics.

<sup>6</sup> *Dyw Mawrth, Calan Mawrth*. The saint died on Tuesday, in the calends of March. Hence, the first day of March has been dedicated to St. David, and the festival is kept to the present day.

<sup>7</sup> The reverence in which St.

A gladder, di-ofer yw,  
Ym monwent Dewi Mynyw.  
Ni sang cythraul brychaulyd  
Ar ei dir byth, er da 'r byd.

91. Hyder a wnaeth canhiadu  
Gras da y Garawys du ;  
I Frytaniaid, Frut wyneb,<sup>8</sup>  
Y gwnaed rhad yn anad neb.  
Pe bai mewn llyfr o'r pabir,<sup>9</sup>  
Peunydd mal ar haf-ddydd hir,  
*Nottri Pellig*<sup>1</sup> un natur,  
A phin a du a phen dur,<sup>2</sup>  
Yn ysgrifenu, bu budd,<sup>3</sup>  
Ei fuchedd ef o'i achudd,<sup>4</sup>

101. Odid fyth, er daed fai  
Ennyd yr ysgrifennai  
Dridiau a blwyddyn drwydoll<sup>5</sup>  
A wnaeth ef o wyniaeth oll.

David was held may be gleaned from what the bard here says—and he was doubtless but echoing the sentiments of the country—of the sacredness of the ground where the good man was buried—no evil spirit ever daring to visit or approach the place.

<sup>8</sup> *Frut wyneb*, 'having the features of Brutus'.  
<sup>9</sup> *Pabir*, 'papyrus'.  
<sup>1</sup> *Nottri Pellig*, 'A notary public', 'a ready writer'. *Nottri Pheblig*.—MS.

<sup>2</sup> *A phen dur*; an enthusiast would regard this as a prophecy of the steel pen.

<sup>3</sup> *Bu budd*, 'a being of good or advantage'; or it may be the verb *bu*.

<sup>4</sup> *Achudd*, 'cloister'; that is, from the time that St. David appeared in public to take command in the Church.

<sup>5</sup> See St. John xxi, 25.

# PERMANENT MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP FOR WALES.

---

## AN APPEAL TO THE PRINCIPALITY.

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IN consequence of the remarkable results of the first three years of the "London Choral Union Scholarship" at the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, in his address to the Subscribers, suggested a much more important and comprehensive scheme, viz.:—the establishment of a *Permanent Musical Scholarship for Wales*, to be competed for by Candidates from all parts of the Principality, and to be open alternately to Vocalists and Instrumentalists.

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*St. David's Day, 1877.*

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Capt. Hugh Humphreys, <i>dead.</i>	Gulston Square,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
<b>I</b>		
*Thomas Jenkins,	Black Fryers,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Abel Johnson,	Victualling Office,	<i>Welsh Parent.</i>
Rev. Row. Johnson,	Gold. Sq., Crutch. Fryers,	<i>Merioneth.</i>
*Andrew Jones,	Breadstreet Hill,	<i>Denbigh.</i>



NAMES.		PLACES of ABODE.	COUNTIES where born.
*David	Jones,	Borough, Southwark,	<i>Cardigan.</i>
Edward	Jones,	1 Castle St., White Chapel,	<i>Rudnor.</i>
Edward	Jones,	2 Paternoster Row,	<i>Salop.</i>
Henry	Jones,	Barebinder Lane,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Hugh	Jones,	Bishopsgate Street,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
John	Jones, Esq.	1 Chiswick,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
John	Jones,	2 White Chapel,	<i>Merioneth.</i>
John	Jones,	3 Newgate Street,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
Maurice	Jones,	Carolina,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
Michael	Jones,	Old Fish Street,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Robert	Jones, <i>dead.</i>	Field Lane,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
William	Jones,	1 Chancery Lane,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
William	Jones,	2 Seething Lane,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
L			
Howel	Lewis,	Jermyn Street,	<i>Anglesey.</i>
John	Lewis,	Bread Street,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
*Watkin	Lewis,	Inner Temple,	<i>Cardigan.</i>
Henry	Lloyd,	Hollywell Street,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
M			
*William	Mathews,	Silver St., by Wood St.,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
John	Mathews,	Grays Inn,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Charles	Meredith,	St. Dunstan's, Fleet St.,	<i>Brecon.</i>
Thomas	Merrick,	Billingsgate,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Charles	Morgan,	Temple,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
David	Morgan,	Maiden Lane, Co. Garden,	<i>Ditto.</i>
David	Morris,	Coleman Street,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Lewis	Morris, Esq.,	Gallt Fadog, Cardiganshire,	<i>Anglesey.</i>
Richard	Morris, <i>Pres.</i>	Navy Office,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Robert	Morris, <i>V.Pr.</i>	Dowgate Hill,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
O			
Jeremiah	Oliver,	Jermyn Street,	<i>Radnor.</i>
Hugh	Owen,	Doctors Commons,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
Richard	Owen,	Holborn Bridge,	<i>Montgomery.</i>

NAMES.	PLACES of ABODE.	COUNTIES where born.
P		
John Parry,	Rhiwabon, Denb. Shire,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
William Parry, <i>Secretary</i>	Mint Office, Tower,	<i>Anglesey.</i>
John Paterson, Esq.,	Barbers Hall,	<i>Welsh Descent.</i>
William Paynter,	Navy Office,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
Robert Peters,	Dean Street, Soho,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
Henry Price,	Threadneedle Street,	<i>Brecon.</i>
Rice Price,	Bow-lane,	<i>Radnor.</i>
William Prichard,	Cross St., Carnaby Mark.,	<i>Anglesey.</i>
John Prince,	Arundel Street,	<i>Welsh Descent.</i>
Evan Pugh,	White Chapel,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Philip Pugh,	Wood Street,	<i>Brecon.</i>
R		
Hopkin Rees,	Cursitor Street,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
David Reynolds,	Golden Lane,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
*David Rice,	Ivy Lane,	<i>Caermarthen.</i>
Morgan Rice,	Thames Street,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Roder. Richardes, Esq.,	Navy Office,	<i>Cardigan.</i>
Frederick Roberts,	Highgate,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
Henry Roberts, <i>dead.</i>	College Hill,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
John Roberts,	Great Trinity Lane,	<i>Denbigh.</i>
Robert Roberts,	Black Fryers,	<i>Flint.</i>
Evan Rogers,	Saffron Hill,	<i>Cardigan.</i>
James Rowles,	St. James's Street,	<i>Monmouth.</i>
T		
*David Thomas, 1	Moorfields,	<i>Flint.</i>
David Thomas, Esq., 2	Chancery Lane,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
*John Thomas, 1	Fenchurch Street,	<i>Caernarvon.</i>
Rev. John Thomas, 2	St. Saviour's, Southwark,	<i>Merioneth.</i>
John Thomas, 3	Strand,	<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Noah Thomas, M.D.,	Leicester Square,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Richard Thomas, 1	Moorfields	<i>Flint.</i>

NAMES.		PLACES of ABODE.	COUNTIES where born.
Richard Thomas, 2 <i>V. President.</i>	Lowman's Pond,		<i>Brecon.</i>
James Tomley,	Minories,		<i>Montgomery.</i>
Richard Tomley,	Borough, Southwark,		<i>Ditto.</i>
V			
William Vaughan, Esq., <i>Ch. President.</i>	Haymarket,		<i>Merioneth.</i>
Daniel Venables, <i>dead.</i>	Princess Street,		<i>Flint.</i>
W			
Walter Watkin,	Cannon Street,		<i>Brecon.</i>
Edward Williams,	Finsbury,		<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Evan Williams,	Brook Street, Gro. Square,		<i>Caernarvon.</i>
Francis Williams,	Charles St., Westminster,		<i>Montgomery.</i>
*Henry Williams,	Fleetditch,		<i>Glamorgan.</i>
Hugh Williams, <i>V. President.</i>	Cheapside,		<i>Flint.</i>
John Williams,	At Sea,		<i>Caermarthen.</i>
Thomas Williams,	Clare Street,		<i>Brecon.</i>
Walter Williams, <i>V. President.</i>	Symmonds Inn,		<i>Caermarthen.</i>

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#### Abstract of Counties, &c.

<i>Anglesey.</i>	9	<i>Flint.</i>	5	<i>Radnor.</i>	4
<i>Brecon.</i>	6	<i>Glamorgan.</i>	11	<i>Salop.</i>	2
<i>Cardigan.</i>	5	<i>Merioneth.</i>	7	<i>Welsh Descent.</i>	4
<i>Caermarthen.</i>	14	<i>Monmouth.</i>	1		
<i>Caernarvon.</i>	12	<i>Montgomery.</i>	21		
<i>Denbigh.</i>	9	<i>Pembroke.</i>	2		
				Total—	112

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## Corresponding Members.

Revd. Thomas	Ellis, B.D., <i>Flint</i> , Senior Fellow of <i>Jes. Col. Oxon.</i> , Minister of <i>Holyhead, Anglesey</i> .
Rev. Evan Jenkin	Evans, <i>Cardigan</i> , Curate of <i>Manafon, Montgomery</i> .
Rev. Peter	Evans, <i>Denbigh</i> , Rector of <i>Harlington, Hants</i> .
Owen	Holland, of <i>Plas Isaf</i> in <i>Conway, Caernarvonshire</i> , Esq.
Revd. Hugh	Jones, Rector of <i>Bodffari, Denbighshire</i> .
Revd. Richard	Jones, Curate of <i>Bewmares, Anglesey</i> .
William	Morris, Comptroller of the Customs, and Collector of the Salt Duty, <i>Holyhead, Anglesey</i> .
Revd. Gronow	Owen, <i>Anglesey</i> , Curate of <i>Walton, Lancashire</i> .
Revd. Lewis	Owen, <i>Merioneth</i> , Curate of <i>Llanallgo, Llaneu-grad</i> and <i>Penrhos Lligwy, Anglesey</i> .
Thomas	Pennant, of <i>Downing, Flintshire</i> , Esq., F.A.S.
Revd. Thomas	Richards, Curate of <i>Coychurch, Glamorganshire</i> .
Revd. William	Wynne, M.A., Rector of <i>Llangynhafal, Denbighshire</i> , and <i>Manafon, Montgomeryshire</i> .

## Honorary Members.

- John Bevis, M.D., Fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences at *Berlin, Red-Lion Street, Clerkenwell*.
- John Warburton, Esq., F.R.S., *Somerset Herald, Heraldry Office*.



AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
Rise, Progress, and Present State,  
OF THE  
BRITISH CHARITY SCHOOL  
On Clerkenwell-Green, LONDON.

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THE Treasurer and Trustees of *The SOCIETY for supporting a CHARITY SCHOOL, for the Instructing, Cloathing, and putting forth Apprentice poor Children descended of Welsh Parents, born in or near London, who have no Parochial Settlement here;* Humbly conceiving, that if the State of the said Charity was more generally known, it would induce many well-disposed Persons to lend their Assistance in Support of so good a Work; have therefore thought proper to publish the following Account of the same.

About the year 1718, a few Worthy, Public-Spirited Gentlemen of the Principality of *Wales*, observing that many Children born of poor Parents in and near *London*, were not intitled to any Parochial Settlement, and consequently had no Opportunity of being instructed in the Principles of Christianity, (to the gross Ignorance of which, Idleness, Debauchery, and all Vices are chiefly owing) formed themselves into an *Amicable Society*, and enter'd into a Voluntary Subscription for the *Setting up and Supporting a School in London, for the Instructing, Cloathing, and putting forth Appren-*

*tice poor Children descended of Welsh Parents, born in or near London, as aforesaid, and having no Parochial Settlement.*

Having thus laid a Foundation, they proceeded to put in Execution their so well-designed Charity; and their first laudable Step was to fix on a sober, discreet and capable Master, who was directed, that at the same Time he was making the poor Children good Christians, and loyal and useful Subjects, he should carefully inculcate that great Lesson prescribed by our SAVIOUR of *True Humility*; thereby instructing them in the Duties of Servants, and Obedience and Submission to Superiors; as by that Means they would be made willing, as well as fit to be employed, not only in Trades and Services, but also in Husbandry, Navigation, or any other Business of most Use and Benefit to the Public.

The Subscriptions at first being too small to answer any great Expence, the Society were obliged to take a Room near *Hatton-Garden*, and to permit only *Twelve* poor Children to be taken in upon the Establishment; until their charitable Designs became better known, and the Subscriptions increased.

The Resolution and Perseverance with which this charitable Institution was carried on in the Beginning, but more especially the worthy Examples of the Gentlemen concerned, soon induced many well disposed Christians, as well Countrymen as others, to promote it, by either becoming themselves or getting their Friends to be *Annual Subscribers*, or giving temporary Benefactions: And thereupon the Society immediately resolved, that the Number of poor Children upon the Establishment should be agreeable to their first Plan, which were *Forty*; and to take a commodious Room for the present, till they were enabled to build a School, for the better carrying on their pious Design.

In this State the Charity went on for some Years, and with great Pleasure the Society saw it answer many of the good Purposes for which it was established: Many helpless Children not only found present Relief by this Charity, but were put in the Way to escape the Corruptions that are in the World, and to become useful Members of the Community. —They now imagin'd, that if a School was erected on purpose for these poor Children, it would be a Means of making their good Designs more public, and might probably recommend the Charity to the farther Notice of their well-disposed Countrymen and others, among both the Nobility and Gentry.

In the Year 1737 therefore the Society began a Subscription for erecting a new School-House; in which they were generously assisted (to their Honour be it spoken) by several Noble and Worthy Persons of the Principality of *Wales*, as also by many other charitable Gentlemen and Ladies; to all whom, for their respective Benefactions, the TREASURER and TRUSTEES, in the Name of the whole SOCIETY, beg leave to return their sincere Thanks.

The Subscription thus begun, the Society still hoping that in so charitable an undertaking they should be liberally assisted, fixed upon a Piece of Ground on *Clerkenwell-Green*, belonging to an Honourable Gentleman, (whose Favours are hereby gratefully acknowledged) and contracted with a Builder to erect a School; which, when finished, and the Account of the Building, and the Amount of Subscriptions towards the said School laid before the Society, they, with great Concern, found a Deficiency of above 340*l*.

And though this great Debt has since been discharged by the Bounty of several worthy Benefactors, and the Generosity of their late Treasurer Mr. *Ynyr Lloyd*, who gave 100*l*. on an

Annuity of 5*l.* determinable on one Life; yet the said Society with the utmost Regret observe, that they cannot carry on their charitable Design, without the farther Assistance of the Well-disposed, which they most earnestly request for the following reasons :

I. Because there are many more Objects of this Charity, to which the Society can afford nothing more than their Pity and Compassion ; being unable to relieve them out of their present Subscriptions, &c. And as they have the Relief of these also much at Heart, they are sincerely and earnestly desirous to see the said Charity enlarged ; the Usefulness whereof, and the great Good it has already done, appears by the Master's Account below.

II. Because without this charitable Support, many Children descended of *Welsh* Parents, born in and near *London*, and not having any Parochial Settlement, must become subject to Want and Misery, and Liable to be ruin'd through Ignorance and Irreligion.

Having thus given a short Account of the Rise, Progress, and present State of the *Welsh* Charity School, the TREASURER and TRUSTEES, in the Name of the BRITISH SOCIETY, humbly hope, from the foregoing Considerations, that the Well-disposed and charitable among the Nobility, Gentry, and others, will contribute to their Assistance ; and that all TRUE AND ANCIENT BRITONS, in particular, will now exert that Spirit of Charity for which their generous Forefathers were so remarkable, and let the Benefaction of the Hand display the Benevolence of the Heart, by assisting the Society to rescue from Want and Misery, both here and hereafter, the Distressed Children of many of their poor Countrymen.

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*The MASTER'S ACCOUNT.*

210 Children have been put out Apprentice, and 5l.  
given with most of them.


108 To the Sea-Service.

90 Gone to Services; and

40 On the present Establishment.

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448 In all.

 *The TRUSTEES meet once a Month, at the School-House on Clerkenwell-Green, to transact all Business relating to the Charity; where the Books, wherein are enter'd all their Receipts and Disbursements, are ready for the Inspection of those Gentlemen who are Subscribers or Benefactors to this Charity.—Benefactions are received at the School-House, directed to the Treasurer and Trustees of the said SOCIETY: Likewise at Messrs. Tysoe and Co., Bankers in Lombard Street; and Messrs. Drummond and Co., Bankers at Charing-cross.*



## HISTORY OF THE CYMMRODORION.

(Continued.)

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THE Society, in its progress, acquired a high reputation, and flourished for years. It was the centre around which Welshmen of character and position gathered for recreation and refreshment. It commemorated the past and discussed the topics of the day, giving an impetus to everything that was national and patriotic. It offered prizes for poetry and other literature. It was under its auspices that Goronwy Owen addressed the Prince of Wales in an ode of great beauty; and, on another occasion, translated the Latin poem of Christopher Smart, a member of the University of Cambridge, into Welsh. This latter poem, in conjunction with the original, was presented to Frederick in the year 1752, and will be found in the first volume of the bard's works, published in London in 1876.

The Society, for the purpose of carrying out its programme, entered upon the task of publishing some important works. It undertook to bear the expense of printing Thomas Pennant's celebrated *British Zoology*.<sup>1</sup> The effort, however, was too Herculean. It broke down under the work, as is always the case when either societies or individuals travel out of their groove. When the pressure came, members absented themselves; the Society, hitherto so flourishing, fell to pieces, and the century closed without an attempt at its revival.

<sup>1</sup> Pennant's *British Zoology* was published in imperial folio. It had nine coloured plates of quadrupeds, and ninety-eight of birds. The first edition was followed by several others.

Strangely enough, it is said on the title-page to be "Published under the inspection of the Cymmrodorion".

An interval of half a century, or nearly so, elapsed before a new Society was established. But in 1820 the Cymric mind in London became anxious to found a new Cymmrodorion Society. Scotland had its gathering there, and Ireland was already represented by the flourishing society of St. Patrick. It was not to be endured, they felt, that Wales, with its rich fund of literature; its celebrated bardic poems; its mineral wealth; and, more than all, its people, descended from the original inhabitants of Britain, should be unrepresented in the Metropolis. Under the presidency of Sir W. W. Wynn<sup>1</sup> of Wynnstay, and through the energetic labours of the late Dr. Owen Pughe, John Humphreys Parry, Thomas Jones, and John Parry (the editor of two volumes of Welsh music), the new Society was ushered in. The following is a *verbatim* copy of its original programme:—

## CYMMRODORION :

OR

### METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION,

ESTABLISHED UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE, JUNE 24TH, 1820.

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*Cerid doeth yr Encilion.*

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#### PRESENT MEMBERS.

Sir W. W. WYNN, Bart., M.P., President.	
Marquis of Anglesey.	Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.
Lord Viscount Bulkeley.	Sir Tho. Mostyn, Bart., M.P.
Lord Viscount Clive.	C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.
Lord Dynevor.	Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P.
Lord Kenyon.	Hugh Leycester, Esq.
Lord Bishop of St. David's.	Louis Hayes Petit, Esq.

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<sup>1</sup> From the earliest days of the Society the names of the successive Sir W. W. Wynns have been intimately blended with that of the Cymmrodorion, as indeed they have been with every good work connected with the Principality.

Isaac Lloyd Williams, Esq.	Rev. Morgan Hughes.
Job Walden Hanmer, Esq.	Rev. David Jones.
Harcourt Powell, Esq.	Mr. Thomas Jones.
William Owen Pughe, Esq.,	Mr. John Parry.
F.A.S.	Mr. Thomas Parry.
John Humffreys Parry, Esq.	Mr. James Davies.
H. Leigh Thomas, Esq.	Mr. D. Ellis.
Titus Owen, Esq.	Mr. John Proper.
Richard Edmunds, Esq.	Mr. Edward Jones.
David Jones, Esq.	Mr. David Davies.
James Evans, Esq.	Mr. Daniel Morgan.
Francis Young, Esq.	Mr. Edward Jones.
Rev. William Jones.	Mr. John Jones.
Rev. Peter Felix.	Mr. Evan Williams.
Rev. David Lewis.	Mr. J. S. Munden.
Rev. David Morgan.	Mr. Evan Rees.
Rev. Evan Jones.	Mr. Meredith Jones.
Rev. Evan James.	Mr. Edw. Jones.
Rev. D. Daniel.	Mr. H. Jones.

*Vice-Presidents* { Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Provincial Societies.

*Librarians*..... { R. Edmunds.  
W. O. Pughe.

*Secretary* .....J. H. Parry.

*Treasurer* .....Thomas Jones.

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At the FIRST MEETING, holden at the FREEMASON'S TAVERN,  
June 24th, 1820,

IT WAS, amongst other things, RESOLVED,—

That it shall be the paramount aim of this Institution to preserve and illustrate the ancient Remains of Welsh Literature, and to promote its cultivation in the present day by all the means in their power.

That this end be particularly secured—

*First*.—By collecting ancient Welsh MSS. or copies thereof, or, where that is impracticable, by procuring

accurate Catalogues of all such as are now known to exist.

*Secondly.*—By collecting printed Books in the Welsh or any other language, that are connected with Wales or its Literature, or with the Literature of its kindred tongues, the Armoric, the Cornish, and Irish.

*Thirdly.*—By promoting the composition of Original Dissertations and Essays on Welsh History and Literature, to be read at the General Meetings of the Institution.

*Fourthly.*—By the publication of such Ancient MSS. and Original Compositions, as may be deemed worthy thereof, and also by the republication of scarce works likely to assist the objects of this Institution.

*Fifthly.*—By promoting and encouraging such modern works of merit as may tend to disseminate a knowledge of the History and Literature of the Principality.

*Sixthly.*—By corresponding with the Provincial Societies on these subjects, and by such other communications with individuals of learning and talent, as may conduce to the attainment of the ends contemplated by this Institution.

That the Nobility and Gentry, and other respectable persons connected with Wales, be earnestly invited to co-operate in this patriotic design.

And further—

That a Subscription be immediately entered into for accomplishing the objects of the Institution, and that all Subscribers of ONE GUINEA or more annually, or of TEN GUINEAS or more at one time, become Subscribing Members of this Institution.

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At the SECOND GENERAL MEETING, holden at the FREEMASON'S  
TAVERN, July 18th, 1820,

Sir W. W. WYNN, Bart., PRESIDENT, in the Chair,

IT WAS RESOLVED,—

I. That the ordinary Meetings of the Institution take place monthly, viz., on the first Saturday in every month, at the FREEMASON'S TAVERN, until the Institution be enabled to provide an appropriate room for the purpose.

II. That when an Extraordinary Meeting shall be deemed necessary, due notice thereof be given by the Secretary, both by private communication and public advertisement.

III. That an Annual Meeting, in celebration of the establishment of the Institution, take place at the Freemason's Tavern on the 22nd day of May in every year, unless when it shall happen to be Sunday, and then on the 23rd of the same month.

IV. That the Right Hon. LORD DYNEVOR, C. W. W. WYNN, Esq., M.P., J. W. HANMER, Esq., the Rev. WILLIAM JONES, Rev. MORGAN HUGHES, Rev. DAVID LEWIS, Rev. PETER FELIX, Rev. DAVID MORGAN, Messrs. JAMES EVANS, JOHN PARRY, DAVID JONES, DANIEL MORGAN, THOMAS PARRY, EVAN WILLIAMS, EDWARD JONES, JOHN PROPERT, EDWARD JONES, JAMES DAVIES, and MEREDITH JONES, together with the President, Vice Presidents, Librarians, Secretary, and Treasurer, be nominated to form a Council for the ensuing year, with power to add to their number, for transacting the business of the Institution, any Five of such number to form a Quorum.

V. That the Council do meet every Saturday at Twelve o'clock, at the Freemason's Tavern.

VI. That the Council shall have the power of purchasing Books and MSS., and also of taking Periodical Works and

Provincial Newspapers connected with Wales, at their discretion, and according to the pecuniary means of the Institution.

VII. That the Council be directed to select an appropriate Room, for the purpose of depositing therein such Books, MSS., and Periodical Publications, and that they form Regulations for preserving the same, and for enabling the Members of the Institution to have access thereto.

VIII. That the Council shall have the power of forming such Resolutions from time to time as they shall deem expedient, and that they produce a Report of their Proceedings at every MONTHLY GENERAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION.

IX. That the Secretary be directed to enter into a correspondence with the Secretaries of the other Societies established in Wales for the same purpose, with reference to the objects of this Institution.

X. That a correspondence be also opened with the Celtic, Highland, and Hibernian Societies on the same subjects.

XI. That such Original Dissertations or Essays, as may be produced, agreeably with the Resolution adopted at the First General Meeting, be read at the Monthly General Meetings of the Institution.

XII. That Memoirs of the Institution, comprising such Original Dissertations and Essays, together with a Selection from the Correspondence of the Institution, be occasionally published at the discretion of the Council, under the sanction of a Monthly General Meeting.

XIII. That Members of the Provincial Societies, acting in concert with this, be allowed access to the Reading Room of the Institution on certain conditions, to be prescribed by the Council.

XIV. That the Surviving Members of the Old Society of CYMMRODORION be Honorary Members of this Institution, as well as such persons as have materially contributed to the cause of Welsh Literature, and are not already Subscribing Members of this Institution, at the discretion of the Council.

XV. That the election of Officers and of Members of the Council be made at the Annual Meeting.

XVI. That this Meeting be adjourned to Saturday, the Fifth of August, at Twelve o'clock, to be holden at the Freemasons' Tavern.

XVII. That the Council be directed to give publicity to these Resolutions in such manner as they shall deem proper.

W. W. WYNN.

IT WAS THEN RESOLVED, on the motion of J. W. Hanmer, Esq.,

XVIII. That the thanks of the Meeting be given to the President for his able conduct in the Chair.

By Order of the Meeting,

JOHN HUMFFREYS PARRY,  
*Secretary.*

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The following is the copy of a letter from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Bart., to the President, in answer to his application for his Majesty's Patronage of the Institution.

"My dear Sir,—I have had the honour to submit your request to the King, and am commanded by his Majesty to express not only his Royal Protection to the revival of any Society for the cultivation of the Welsh language and literature, but to add, that whatever project may be calculated to



give benefit to the principality, cannot fail to receive his Majesty's best support.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

"Your faithful and obedient Servant,

"Sir W. W. Wynn.

"B. BLOOMFIELD."

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N.B. Noblemen and gentlemen resident in the country, who may be desirous of promoting the laudable objects of this National Institution, are respectfully requested to pay their subscriptions to the country bankers in their vicinity, who will have the goodness to remit the same to Messrs. Coutts and Co., Bankers, London, to be placed to the account of the "Cambrian Institution."

All letters on the subject of the Institution are requested to be addressed to the "Secretary of the CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION, Freemasons' Tavern, London."

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This second Society seems to have started into life under the fairest auspices. It did not, however, escape the malevolence of some pseudocritics, nor the tooth of envy that ever gnaws at everything generous and patriotic. It was attacked anonymously in the newspapers of the day. "Every individual", says the writer of one of these tirades, "who can boast of a long pedigree, or of a few hundred acres of bog or mountain, appears in the list of vice-presidents". But these attacks, instead of weakening, rather strengthened the movement; for, ere long, there was such an influx of members that it was deemed desirable, for the purpose of insuring the respectability of the Institution, to adopt a new regulation as to the admission of members. None were thenceforward to be admitted, save at the previous recommendation of three subscribers.

The Society held its meetings, in the first instance, at the

Freemasons' Tavern; but, from some cause or other, probably the expense, it removed to 41, Lisle Street, Leicester Fields. While the regular meetings were held, as before, on the first Saturday in every month, meetings were now held on every Saturday. Medals were at this time offered by the Society to the grammar schools in Wales; one for the North and another for the South, for the best essays in the Welsh language on proposed subjects, for the purpose of counter-acting the discouragement given to the study of Welsh in the great schools, especially in North Wales.

The re-establishment of the Cymmrodorion had a stirring effect upon the Principality. Ere long, societies were formed in Gwynedd and Powys, resulting in two of the largest and most successful Eisteddfodau ever known in Wales—that of Wrexham, under the presidency of Sir W. W. Wynn, M.P., of Wynnstay, and that of Welshpool, under the presidency of the then Lord Clive, the father of the present Earl of Powis. The former was favoured with the presence of Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, whose eloquence delighted the assembly. It was there, too, that the celebrated contest on the harp took place between Richard Roberts of Carnarvon, and Benjamin Connah, the harper of Wynnstay, when, after repeated trials, the former was declared the victor. Some of the best compositions of the present century were the offspring of these two great gatherings.

A Society was now formed, branching from the Cymmrodorion, called the *Canorion*, for the cultivation of *Pennillion* singing. Its meetings were held at the Freemasons' Tavern, and, for a period, were highly successful, giving considerable delight to the lovers of Welsh music.

The Cymmrodorion, to give fresh impetus to their work, offered medals and money at this time to be competed for at various Eisteddfodau, for the best compositions in prose and poetry; and some excellent essays and poems were added to

the *repertoire* of Cymric literature. These works, together with the names of the successful competitors, will be found in the *Transactions of the Cymmrodorion*, which were published under the Society's direction.

The Society, after a vigorous life of thirteen years, held its anniversary at the Freemasons' Hall on the 22nd of May 1833, when Lord Kenyon presided. We mention this particular anniversary, inasmuch as it had developed into an Eisteddfod. After the chairman had spoken he read a letter from Sir John Conroy, addressed to Sir W. W. Wynn, the president, by command of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, expressive of her regret at not being able to attend the meeting with the Princess Victoria, as they were anxious to evince the deep interest they took in all that related to the Principality, where their Royal Highnesses experienced so much affectionate attention from its inhabitants. The Eisteddfod terminated with a national concert.

These are bright eras in the history of the Cymmrodorion. The success of the Society, however, seems to have culminated at this anniversary. It soon afterwards began to show signs of decadence; and, though it lingered on for some time, it gradually withered away, and at length surrendered to its fate. It was numbered with the things of the past. The valuable library and MSS., which had hitherto found a home in the Welsh school in Gray's Inn Lane, were transferred by its remaining friends for safe custody to the library of the British Museum, where they remain to the present day. Although the books and MSS. were not presented to the trustees of the Museum, they are now regarded as their property. Nor should Cymric scholars, however patriotic and national their aspirations, repine at this. They are in the very place where they are the most available for the student and historian.

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## THE PRESENT SOCIETY.

IN 1873, after a lapse of more than thirty years, the Cymmrodorion Society again sprang into existence in London, under the presidency of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P.; and it now numbers among its members some of the leading nobility and clergy, with a strong body of the professional and commercial classes of the Welsh people.

In the year referred to, a number of gentlemen connected with the principality, residing in London, had formed themselves into a committee for raising a fund in aid of the expenses of the South Wales Choral Union, which had successfully competed for the prize trophy, valued at a thousand guineas, and offered by the Directors of the Crystal Palace.

At the conclusion of their labours, the committee held a meeting under the presidency of Mr. J. H. Puleston. There were present Sir Thomas D. Lloyd, Bart., M.P., Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, M.P., Mr. Stephen Evans, Gohebydd, the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., Rotherhithe; Mr. Hugh Owen, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. R. G. Williams, Q.C., and others.

Gohebydd took occasion to allude to the great good done in former years by the Cymmrodorion Society, and proposed "That the then Musical Prize Fund Committee should be the nucleus of a society for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts in Wales." This resolution, having been seconded by Mr. Hugh Owen, and warmly supported by Mr. Puleston and Sir Thos. Lloyd, was unanimously carried.

The revival of the Society was subsequently resolved upon at a meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 10th of November 1873; the proposal having obtained the cordial acceptance of Welshmen, not only in the Metropolis, but even in Wales. A number of literary men at the Mold Eisteddfod held a meeting, presided over by Mr. J. Ceiriog Hughes, at

which they expressed their gratification "at the prospect of its re-establishment".

The meeting of the 10th November 1873, marks so important an epoch in the history of the Society, that it may be useful to preserve a somewhat extended report of its proceedings. Among those present were Mr. Hugh Owen (Chairman), Mr. W. Jones (Gwrgant), Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., Mr. B. T. Williams, Mr. R. G. Williams, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Stephen Evans, Mr. J. Griffith (Gohebydd), Rev. R. Jones, Rotherhithe; Rev. E. Jones, of the London Welsh Church; Mr. Ellis Jones, Mr. W. Davies (Mynorydd), Mr. Erasmus Jones, and Mr. Roland Phillips (Honorary Secretary), and the following addresses were given:—

The Chairman said that they had assembled that night for the purpose of inaugurating a new Cymmrodorion Society. The original Society was established in 1755, re-established in 1820, and in 1843 its useful and patriotic labours came to an end, when its books and papers were, with thoughtful wisdom, placed in the British Museum. The records of the Society in past times bear the names of distinguished men, lovers of their country and language; and it is hoped that when the records of the new Society are searched, a century hence, they will be found adorned by the names of men—not a few—whose renown will consist in their having loved their country much and served it well. The suggestion which has led to the formation of the new Society was made by Gohebydd in July last, who, on that occasion, referred to the position held by the Cymmrodorion Society in past years, and the benefits which Wales had derived from its labours. The Eisteddfod, no doubt, answered useful purposes, but there was need of an organisation of a more permanent character, and of wider scope than the Eisteddfod—an organisation to which the Eisteddfod, although under distinct and independent management, might be a valuable auxiliary. The suggestion

of Gohebydd was very warmly received by the meeting referred to, and it was at once resolved, "That the Musical Prize Fund Committee should be the nucleus of a Society for the encouragement of Literature and the Fine Arts in Wales." It would be their duty that night formally to constitute themselves a Council of the Cymmrodorion Society, and then proceed to consider the draft prospectus and rules. The new Cymmrodorion would, from that night, have a tangible existence, and he deemed it an honour to have been called upon to occupy the chair at its first meeting. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. Jones (Gwrgant), on being called upon to address the meeting, was received with cheers. He stood before them, he said, as the only surviving member of the Council of the Old Cymmrodorion Society. (Cheers.) The last meeting held in connection with it was in 1843. He, being the librarian of the Society, had the honour of being present; and, if he remembered aright, the others present on that occasion were the late Marquis of Bute, the Right Hon. Charles W. W. Wynn, Mr. Rice Trevor, Mr. D. Lewis, Mr. Hugh Hughes, and Mr. John Parry (Bardd Alaw), the secretary. Now that they were about to reorganise the Society once more, he hoped that they could count upon having among its vice-presidents the present Marquis of Bute and the present Mr. Wynn. (Loud cheers.) At that meeting it was resolved that the transactions of the Society should be sent to the British Museum, and he thought that Mr. Parry, the Secretary of the Society, had conveyed there also all the books and papers of the Society. He hoped that was the case, as then they could easily be got at, and undoubtedly they would prove of very great service to the Society. (Cheers.)

Mr. Brinley Richards said he had, in the first place, to make the extremely pleasant announcement to them that he had, at the request of the Committee, written to Sir Watkin W. Wynn, who at once consented to become the President of

the Society, and also promised to contribute towards its fund a handsome sum annually. (Loud applause.) He thought that the Society had a great deal of useful and necessary work to do. For instance, the Society might well put it down as one of its objects to supplement the work of the Eisteddfod. What has become of the many valuable essays and poems that have from time to time been written for our national gatherings? They are not to be found; they were never published, for the simple reason that the writers had not the funds necessary to have them published. Could not, then, the Cymmrodorion Society step forward and supply this great want? That is, could it not be the means of bringing to light some of their old masterpieces, and also assist in having the works of their countrymen, that may in future be written, brought to the knowledge of the literary and artistic world generally? He felt sure that it could; and, on looking upon it in that light, he was prepared to lend it his best support. There was an erroneous notion floating about, he thought, respecting their Eisteddfod. It was never meant to be a warming-pan for mediocre artists or singers. The Eisteddfod was an educational institution; and, besides, it was supposed to afford a wholesome recreation to the people. And, by the way, he held it to be a sad mistake to Anglicise it in the slightest degree. Let the institution be carried on as far as practicable in the old way, and let the Cymmrodorion Society lend a helping hand in preserving our national characteristics, and in bringing native talent to the forefront. Stephens' book on the literature of the Cymry would never have seen the light but for the generosity of Sir John Guest. Let the Cymmrodorion Society, then, be the means of securing to them works of equal worth and merit.

The Rev. Robert Jones, Rotherhithe, next addressed the meeting. He said that about a century or so ago there were three brothers of the name of Morris—*Y Morrisiaid*, as they

were wont to be called. One of them lived in London, another in Ceredigion, and another in Holyhead. Lewis Morris was the author of "*Caniad y Gog*", etc., and Richard, who held a post in the Navy Office in London, was a warm-hearted Welshman, and assisted in editing the Welsh Bible of his day. The third, William, lived at Holyhead, and was also a great admirer of Welsh literature. Goronwy Owain, their greatest bard, held at that time a curacy in one of the outlying districts of London. These, then, were the persons mainly instrumental in establishing the Cymmrodorion Society. After some allusion to other matters, Mr. Jones ended with saying he looked forward with much pleasure to the time when he might compete for such a distinction as a Fellowship of the Cymmrodorion Society. (Cheers.) Why could not they, as Welshmen, aspire to an F.C.S., just as well as their English friends do to an F.R.S. or to an F.R.G.S., etc. ? Of course, such a title as he was contemplating, should be the reward of exceptional merit, and should not be thrown away upon any aspirant for the distinction. It should be a much-coveted honour; and if the Society could do anything to promote this step, he felt that it deserved his most active support. (Cheers.)

Gohebydd, being next called upon, detailed to the meeting some particulars respecting the origin of the present movement, and which were alluded to briefly by the chairman at the commencement of the meeting. The need of such a Society as the Cymmrodorion was felt by all who had given thought to the subject; and this institution having for its object the encouraging and the promoting of the interests of Wales and Welshmen in literature, science, and art, he felt convinced that it would enlist very general support, and would thus be the means of doing a vast amount of good service. It might be able to offer prizes for prose and poetical compositions, and especially for works of art; and,



by affording competitors ample time to execute them, it might succeed in securing for the world something that all Welshmen could look upon with pride and satisfaction. (Cheers.) He was induced to throw out this suggestion by observing that there are at present before the country several subjects for competition which cannot possibly be done justice to in the short time allotted for their preparation. The Society could here, then, fill up a great deficiency by offering prizes for compositions of various kinds, and by extending the time for their preparation.

Mr. Ellis Jones said he was very much pleased to find that the old Cymmrodorion Society was about to be revived, and he was prepared to do his best towards making it a success.

Mr. Stephen Evans said that he and his friend, Mr. Ellis Jones, could not afford to be connected with a failing concern. (Laughter.) No, both of them would do all in their power to avoid having a third collapse. (Cheers.) Their countrymen were huddled up in a remote corner, and one of the first aims of the Society would be to devise the best means of bringing the talent that unquestionably lurks there before the world. There was some important work for them to do, and he felt convinced that they would soon be in possession of the means of carrying out to the full the objects of the Society, as sketched forth in the prospectus. One object of the Society should not be lost sight of—and it was, that occasional meetings should be held under its auspices in the metropolis during the winter months, at which papers of interest, and bearing directly upon matters connected with their country, might be read by some of their friends and fellow-countrymen. These meetings, as a matter of course, would be non-political and unsectarian; and looking, then, at this Society as being responsible for such meetings, he thought it might be made a considerable power among them. (Applause.)

Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., felt that the Society would be of great service to Wales and his fellow-countrymen, and as such he could not help lending it his most active support. (Cheers.)

Mr. B. T. Williams, Mr. R. G. Williams, Rev. E. Jones, and Mynorydd expressed themselves in a similar manner.

The meeting then separated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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### THE CONSTITUTION AND RULES.

1. The name of the Society shall be the Cymmrodorion Society.

2. The object of the Society is the encouragement of literature, poetry, music, science, and art, as more immediately connected with Wales.

3. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, Council, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and members. The office of the Council shall be in the Metropolis.

4. The following gentlemen shall constitute the first officers and Council of the Society :—

*President*—Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P.

*Vice-Presidents.*

The Right Hon. Earl Powis.

The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Bangor.

The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of St. David's.

The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

The Right Hon. Lord Penrhyn.

The Right Hon. Lord Aberdare.

Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart., M.P.    Mr. Richard Davies, M.P.

Sir Thomas D. Lloyd, Bart.,    Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., M.P.

Bronwydd.    Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, Q.C.,

Mr. Charles Bath, Ffynone, Swansea.    M.P.

Mr. Love Jones Parry.

Mr. Serjeant Parry, Temple.	Mr. H. Hussey Vivian, M.P.
Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P.	Major W. Cornwallis West, Lord
The Rev. Canon Stewart Perowne,	Lieutenant, Co. Denbigh.
Cambridge.	Mr. Gwilym Williams, Ponty-
Mr. E. M. Richards.	pridd.
Captain Edmund Verney, R.N.,	Mr. Charles W. Williams Wynn,
Rhianva.	M.P.

*Council.*

Stephen Evans, Esq., Old Change (Chairman).

Mr. J. W. Bowen, Q.C., Temple.	Mr. William Jones (Gwrgant).
The Rev. D. J. Davies, Merchant	Mr. Lewis Morris, 89, Chancery
Tailors' School.	Lane.
Mr. Wm. Davies (Mynorydd),	Mr. Hugh Owen, Queen Victoria
Euston Road.	Street.
Mr. Joseph Edwards, Robert Street,	Mr. Brinley Richards, Kensington.
N.W.	Mr. H. Lloyd Roberts, Temple.
Mr. David Evans, Watling Street.	Mr. T. A. Roberts, Lincoln's-Inn-
Col. G. Grant Francis, F.S.A.	Fields.
Mr. John Griffith (Gohebydd)	Mr. Howel Thomas, Local Govern-
Mr. Thomas Hamer, Wood Street.	ment Board.
Mr. Ivor James, Thornton Heath.	Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwa-
Mr. W. D. Jeremy, Lincoln's Inn.	lia).
Mr. Ellis Jones, Queen Victoria	Mr. T. J. Thomas, Queen Victoria
Street.	Street.
The Rev. Evan Jones, Welsh	Mr. B. T. Williams, Q.C., Temple.
Church.	Mr. J. Ignatius Williams, Temple.
The Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.,	Dr. John Williams, University
Rotherhithe.	College.
Mr. Erasmus Jones, Throgmorton	The Rev. R. Williams (Hwfa Mon).
Street.	Mr. R. G. Williams, Q.C.

*Editor of Transactions*—Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.

*Secretary*—Mr. C. W. Jones.

*Bankers*—The Imperial Bank (Limited), Westminster Branch,  
Victoria Street.

*Corresponding Members for North Wales.*

The Rev. D. Silvan Evans, Llanwrin Rectory, Machynlleth.  
The Rev. David Howell, The Vicarage, Wrexham.  
Mr. J. Ceiriog Hughes, Caersws, Mont.  
Mr. Tegerin Hughes, Llanerchymedd.  
Professor Rhys, of the University of Oxford.

*Corresponding Members for South Wales.*

Mr. W. Downing Evans, Solicitor, Newport, Mon.

The Rev. John Griffith, Rector of Neath.

Mr. J. M. Jones (Ioan Cunllo), Rhydlewia, Llandyssil.

Mr. W. Rosser, Ynyscynon, Aberdare.

*Corresponding Member for Bristol—Owen Parry, Esq.*

[*Note.*—It should be remarked that this list contains the names of members and officers as they at present stand in the year 1877.]

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5. The Council shall consist of thirty members, and the management of the Society shall be vested in such Council, of whom five shall constitute a quorum.

6. Of the Council one-third shall retire annually, such third to be those who shall have attended the meetings of the Council the least number of times ; but to be eligible for re-election.

7. There shall be an Annual General Meeting of the Society, at which the vacancies in the Council through such retirement shall be filled up by the vote of the members present. All vacancies occurring through death or resignation shall, if necessary, be filled up by the Council itself—gentlemen thus chosen to retire at the end of the year, and to form part of the retiring one-third.

8. The qualification of membership shall be the payment of an annual subscription of not less than one guinea, paid in advance. If any member's subscription shall be in arrear for two years, and he shall, on being reminded by the Treasurer or Secretary, fail to pay his subscriptions, his name shall be erased from the list of members.

9. Every member who shall have paid his annual subscription shall be entitled to one copy of the Transactions of the Society, to be delivered free of charge.

10. The Council shall meet on the second Wednesday in every month, except the months of August, September, and October. Extraordinary meetings may be called at the request of five or more members of the Council, upon their giving to the secretary a week's notice in writing, stating the object of such proposed meeting.

11. There shall be held during the winter months occasional meetings, at which the reading of papers (on subjects approved of by the Council), followed by discussions, shall take place. To these meetings every member of the Society shall be at liberty to introduce one friend.

12. The Council may appoint corresponding members for North and South Wales, and for such English provincial towns as shall be deemed expedient—such corresponding members to be *ex-officio* members of the Council. The Council may also from time to time nominate honorary members. }

13. The accounts of the Society shall be audited, and an annual statement thereof shall be submitted to the General Annual Meeting of the Society.

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Notwithstanding the support accorded to the Society on its revival, some time necessarily elapsed before it obtained such recognition as enabled it fully to carry out its objects, and the launching of a literary work, such as that contemplated in Rule 9.

The Society's operations were for a time limited, but in 1876 it entered upon the publication of its Transactions. In the Report of the Council, presented to the Annual Meeting held on the 22nd of November 1876, the publication of these Transactions is thus alluded to: "It has been determined that the Transactions shall be published under the title of *Y Cymmrodor*, and the Council have much pleasure

in announcing that they have secured the services of the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., vicar of All Saints, Rotherhithe, as its chief editor, and of a literary committee to assist him, consisting of the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, Mr. B. T. Williams, Q.C., Mr. John Rhŷs, and Professor Peter."

The editor entered on his task, and the first year's numbers of *Y Cymmrodor*, together with the first and second parts of a reprint of Wm. Salesbury's *Welsh-English Dictionary*, have been distributed to the subscribers. The arrangements proposed with respect to the publication are as follows:—*Y Cymmrodor* to be delivered to members in half-yearly parts, and to form, with a supplement, an annual volume of not less than 400 pages. The parts to be made up of three divisions, each having a separate pagination.

The first to embody the Transactions of the Cymmrodorion with those of kindred societies, historical notices of Eisteddfodau, and of current matters bearing upon the literature, philology, and antiquities of the Cymry; notes on national music; and critiques on books and other Celtic publications.

The second to be devoted to the printing of valuable Welsh MSS.

The third to consist of reprints of rare and interesting works, chiefly in English, connected with the language, literature, or history of Wales.

The different divisions are thus to form independent works of value. The number of pages in the different portions necessarily varying; but each division consisting, as nearly as possible, of a third of the whole.

The meetings of the Society, which have been held up to the present time, are shown in the subjoined list.

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## LIST OF MEETINGS.

- Nov. 10, 1873.—GENERAL MEETING, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. *Chairman*: Mr. Hugh Owen.
- May 20, 1874.—CONVERSAZIONE, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. *Chairman*: Sir Watkin Wm. Wynn, Bart., M.P.
- June 10.—PAPER ON WELSH POETS AND POETRY, by the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., at the Freemasons' Tavern. *Chairman*: Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P.
- March 24, 1875.—PAPER ON THE POSITION OF THE CELTS IN THE JAPHETIC FAMILY OF NATIONS, by Mr. John Rhys, M.A., Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. *Chairman*: Mr. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.
- May 11.—PAPER ON WALES IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by Mr. J. Roland Phillips (Hon. Sec.), at the Hall of the Society of Arts, Adelphi. *Chairman*: Mr. J. W. Bowen, Q.C.
- June 1.—PAPER ON EDUCATION IN WALES IN THE 17TH CENTURY, by Mr. Ivor James, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, Adelphi. *Chairman*: Mr. R. G. Williams, Q.C.
- July 2.—LECTURE ON THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES, with musical illustrations, by Mr. Brinley Richards, assisted by Miss Lizzie Evans and Miss Bagnall, at the Institution of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street. *Chairman*: Mr. D. Hanbury Tracy, M.P.
- December 8.—ANNUAL MEETING, held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. *Chairman*: Mr. Stephen Evans.
- March 23, 1876.—LECTURE ON BARDDONIAETH, by the Rev. R. Williams (Hwfa Mon), at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. *Chairman*: Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.
- April 26.—LECTURE ON WELSH PREACHERS AND PREACHING,

by the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. *Chairman*: The Rev. R. Williams. (Hwfa Mon.)

June 9.—PAPER on NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS FOR WALES, by Professor Rudler, F.G.S., of the University College of Wales. [Read by the Secretary.] *Chairman*: Professor Ramsay, LL.D., F.R.S.

November 22.—ANNUAL MEETING, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. *Chairman*: The Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.

February 20, 1877.—PAPER on THE EDUCATIONAL WANTS OF WALES, by Mr. T. M. Williams, B.A.; Inspector of Schools for the London School Board. *Chairman*: The Rev. Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

May 12.—PAPER on the HISTORY OF THE POTTER'S ART IN BRITAIN, by Professor Rudler, F.G.S. *Chairman*: The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

May 30.—LECTURE on COAL CUTTING IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY, by Mr. B. T. Williams, Q.C., Recorder of Carmarthen. *Chairman*: Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.

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The following is the Report, read and confirmed at the Annual Meeting on November 28th, 1877, containing the Society's financial statement, with a list of the members:—

#### REPORT FOR 1876-77.

In presenting their Fourth Annual Report the Council of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion announce the accession of forty-eight new Members.

During the past Session the following Papers were read before the Society, namely:—



- (1). February the 20th.—At the Freemasons' Tavern. "On the Educational Wants of Wales," by Mr. T. M. Williams, B.A., Inspector of Schools for the London School Board. The Rev. Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, in the Chair.
- (2). May the 12th.—At the London Institution. "On the History of the Potter's Art in Britain," by Professor Rudler, F.G.S., illustrated with numerous Specimens of Pottery lent by Mr. Henry Doulton. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., in the Chair.
- (3). May the 30th.—At the London Institution. "On Coal Cutting in the Rhondda Valley, etc.," by Mr. B. T. Williams, Q.C., Recorder of Carmarthen. The Rev. Robert Jones, Vicar of All Saints, Rotherhithe, in the Chair.

The increased attendance at the Meetings indicates a growing interest in the Society among the Welsh inhabitants of the Metropolis; and this interest is shared by the inhabitants of some of the largest towns in Wales. The Council have, at the present time, under their consideration applications to establish branches in the Principality.

During the year there were issued to the Members the First and Second Parts of *Y Cymmrodor*,—the Record of the Society's Transactions; and two portions of a reprint of William Salesbury's Welsh-English Dictionary; with a portion of the works of Iolo Goch.

In the parts issued appeared an Elegy on the Death of Goronwy Owen, by the author of "The Epic of Hades"; also papers by the late Professor Peter (*Ioan Pedr*) on the Welsh Particles; by Professor Rudler on Museums for Wales; by Mr. Brinley Richards, on the Harp; by Professor Rhys of Oxford on the late Professor Peter; a Welsh Poem by the Rev. R. Williams (*Hwfa Mon*), with an English

Translation; an Essay on William Salesbury by the Editor; together with several minor papers.

*Y Cymmrodor* contains an interesting History of the two previous Societies of the Cymmrodorion as a preface to its future Transactions.

A Supplement completing the annual issue of the Transactions of the Society is fast going through the press, and will shortly be delivered to the Members. It will contain the closing pages of the History of the Cymmrodorion to the end of the present year, a list of Members, with the Financial Statement for the year.

The Council acknowledge with no little gratification, that the study of Celtic literature—the promotion of which has been one of the principal objects of the Cymmrodorion Society—has now been recognised in all its importance at some of the chief seats of learning. A Celtic Chair has been established at the University of Oxford, to which Mr. John Rhŷs, one of the Members of the Cymmrodorion Society, has been appointed. And a similar Chair is about to be founded, through the instrumentality of Professor Blackie, at the University of Edinburgh.

The following Resolution has been adopted and the Council are taking steps to carry it out as soon as possible:—

“That with the view of encouraging the study of the Welsh language in Educational Institutions in Wales (such Institutions to be hereafter decided upon by the Council), a Medal, or Medals, be given annually by the Society to the Candidate, or Candidates, who shall stand highest on the List of Competitors examined for the purpose.”

The Council are informed that the great work to which the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, B.D., Rector of Llanwrin, has devoted many years of his life—a compendious Welsh-

English Dictionary—is now ready for the press: and they trust that means may be found speedily to place the work before the public.

They notice also the valuable addition to Welsh Literature of Professor Rhŷs' work, on Welsh Philology, comprising the interesting paper "On the Position of the Celts in the Japhetic Family of Nations", which was read by the Author at one of the early Meetings of the Cymmrodorion.

The Council desire to express their warm sympathy with the movement set on foot by Mr. John Thomas, (*Pencerdd Gwalia*), for establishing a permanent Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, for natives of Wales; and also with the recognition Welsh talent is receiving in the founding of Scholarships, in the University College of Wales, in memory of Cynddelw, Ieuan, Gwyllt, and Mynyddog.

They have to deplore the great loss the Society has sustained during the year, by death, of their valued contributor, Professor Peter, of Bala, and also of one of their most talented Members, Mr. Richard Davies (*Mynyddog*).

The Council desire to place on record their grateful acknowledgments to the Governors of the London Institution for the use of their Theatre, on the 12th and 30th of May last.

Eighteen Meetings of the Council have been held, and, in accordance with Rule IX, ten gentlemen were elected on the Council to take the place of those whose attendance during the past year had been the least frequent.

The following gentlemen have consented to deliver Lectures during the ensuing Session of 1877-78:—Professor Cowell, Professor Hughes, Professor Rhŷs, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Aviet Agabeg.

Papers for the forthcoming *Cymmrodor* have been already promised by Professor Rhŷs, Mrs. Walter Anna Thomas, and the Rev. Elias Owen, Diocesan Inspector of Schools. A

series of papers by the last gentleman have been written on "The Birthplaces and Haunts of the Welsh Poets", and placed at the disposal of the Editor of *Y Cymmrodor*.

The Secretary's Financial Statement, which is appended to this Report, has been audited by Messrs. Thomas Hamer and Howel Thomas. It shews the total receipts to have been £148 : 18 : 5½, and the Total Expenditure £132 : 14 : 3½.

The following gentlemen have been elected to the Council, replacing a similar number whose attendance was the least frequent during the past year :—

R. Henry Jenkins, Esq., 16, Abchurch Lane, City, E.C.  
 Aviet Agabeg, Esq., 61, Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.  
 John Owens, Esq., India Office, Whitehall, S.W.  
 David Lewis, Esq., 3, Essex Court, Temple, E.C.  
 T. Marchant Williams, Esq., B.A., 18, Downs Park Road, Hackney, E.

#### MEMBERS.

Aberdare, The Rt. Honble. Lord,	Duffryn, Aberdare.
Agabeg, Aviet, Esq.,	Temple, E.C.
Alaw, Owain,	Chester.
Asaph, St., The Right Rev. The	
Lord Bishop of,	The Palace, St. Asaph.
Bath, Charles, Esq.,	Fynone, Swansea.
Bangor, The Right Rev. The Lord	
Bishop of,	The Palace, Bangor.
Bedlington, P. R., Esq.,	Aberdare.
Bennett, N., Esq.,	Glanyravon, Caerswa.
Berrington, A. D., Esq.,	Pant-y-Goitre, Abergavenny.
Breese, Edward, Esq.,	Morfa Lodge, Portmadoc.
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Bowen, Mrs.	

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year ... ..	20	15	11½	„ Secretary's Salary			
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					122	14	3½
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					138	18	5½
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THE WORKS  
OF  
I O L O G O C H,

WITH A  
SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY THE  
REV. ROBERT JONES, B.A.,  
VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', BOTHERWITHE.

PRINTED FOR  
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## III.

CYWYDD I'R DRINDOD.<sup>1</sup>

Duw, Ior<sup>2</sup> y duwiau eraill,  
 Dofydd a Llywydd y llaill;  
 Dawn<sup>3</sup> llawn—Duw yw 'n llawenydd—  
 Duw a weddiwn bob dydd.  
 Dawn<sup>3</sup> yw gweddio Duw Naf,  
 Duw byth, nis diobeithiaf!  
 Heb Dduw ym' dysg, heb ddim dawn;  
 A Duw agwrdd,<sup>4</sup> a digawn.<sup>5</sup>  
 Mwyaf yw pwys fy mywyd,<sup>6</sup>  
 Ar Dduw byth, nag ar dda 'r byd.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is given as transcribed by Rhys Jones, of Tyddyn Mawr, Meirion, in his celebrated work, *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*. We have taken the liberty, however, of amending the text, where we found it manifestly incorrect. Rhys Jones was a poet and a no mean scholar; we consequently defer to his judgment on many points; but his book was printed in London, and bears evident marks of having passed through an English compositor's hands.

<sup>2</sup> *Ior*, 'Lord', 'Prince'.

<sup>3</sup> *Dawn*. In the third line this term is used in its first intention, signifying, 'a gift', 'a present'; but in the fifth, it means 'a gift by way of ability to accomplish any mental function with effect';

as *Dawn llefaru*, 'the gift of eloquence'; *dawn gweddio*, 'the gift of praying'.

<sup>4</sup> *Agwrdd*, 'potent', 'powerful'.

<sup>5</sup> These two lines, it will be seen, are the Bard's poetical version of the well-known old proverb:—

"Heb Dduw, heb ddim;  
 Duw a digon."

<sup>6</sup> 'The weight of my life', that is, my dependence, 'is ever upon God, not on the good things of the world'. There is a rough kind of devotion to be found throughout the whole of the Bard's compositions. According to the light of his day and the peculiar tenets of his Church, he is by no means deficient in religious knowledge. A glance at his *Cyffes Iolo* will prove this.



Rhodd yw, rhai addewynt,  
 Rhaid yw ym' wybod ar hynt,  
 Pwy ddeil gof? pa ddelw y gwn?  
 Pa Dduw? pwy a weddiwn?  
 Pybyr Greawdr<sup>7</sup> pob hoywbeth,  
 Pob rhai byw, pob rhyw o beth.  
 Pwy a wnaeth y nef hefyd?  
 Pob rhyw, feirw a byw, a byd?  
 Pwy sy 'n cynnal, grwndwal<sup>8</sup> grym,  
 Llawr yr adail lle 'r ydym?  
 Pwy a oedd Dduw? pwy a ddaw?  
 Pwy sydd piau sy eiddaw?  
 Tri 'n y nef a gartrefau'—<sup>9</sup>  
 Tadwys,<sup>1</sup> Mab, Yspryd glwys Glân.  
 Tri Pherson, undôn<sup>2</sup> Unduw,  
 Ag nid un, onid un Duw.  
 Nid oes fry, yn eu dwys frawd,  
 Ond yr Unduw a'r Drindawd.

<sup>7</sup> *Greawdr*. The orthography of this term, whether it be that of the Bard or of his Editor, is much to be preferred to that of *Greawdur*—the affix *gŵr* not being applicable to the Godhead.

<sup>8</sup> *Grwndwal*, 'ground-wall', 'foundation'. Iolo Goch is not solitary in the use of the word. Lewis Glyn Cothi writes:—

"Daw o rwndwal Iorwerth  
Drwyndwn;"

and Dr. John Davies also has, "Grwndwal pob iaith", 'the basis of every language'. The bards, both of this and the two succeeding centuries, often introduce Cymricised forms of English words. This has been avoided

in the last and present centuries.

<sup>9</sup> Whatever were the errors into which the Roman Catholic Church had fallen, it ever held fast the doctrine of the Trinity. The explicit declarations the poet here makes are second only to those of the Athanasian Creed. So involved is this doctrine with that of the atonement, that we hail its presence with satisfaction in any Church, however erroneous in other matters.

<sup>1</sup> *Tadwys*,—from *tad* and *gŵys*. The abstract is here used for the concrete—'fatherhood' for 'father'—a not unusual mode of diction among the poets.

<sup>2</sup> *Unlôn*, 'one in utterance'.

Trindawd yr Unduw ydynt ;  
 Ag un Duw—gogoned ynt.  
 Un feddiant yn eu glândy,  
 Un gadernyd, un fryd fry ;  
 Un fraint, un feddiant, un frys,<sup>3</sup>  
 Un allu, un ewyllys ;  
 Un dôn, un wath,<sup>4</sup> da 'n un wedd,  
 Un Duw ynn' yn y diwedd.  
 Gair<sup>5</sup> oedd yn y Goreu-dduw,  
 A'r Gair a ddaeth o'r gwir Dduw.  
 Gwnaethpwyd o'r Gair gwenith-bwys<sup>6</sup>  
 Gnawd glân, Mab gogoned glwys ;  
 Ag o ryw y Goreuair  
 Y ganed Mab o gnawd Mair ;  
 Ym Methlem o'i fam wythlwys<sup>7</sup>  
 Y ganed ef, Fab gwyn dwys :  
 A'i eni 'n Fab, anian fwyn,  
 O'r wryf Fair, wir forwyn.

<sup>3</sup> *Frys*, 'readiness', 'quickness', 'promptitude in performance'; as exemplified in that particular act of creation in which "God said, 'Let there be light'; and there was light".

<sup>4</sup> *Gwath*, 'intent', 'design'—a term not to be found in Dr. Owen Pughe's Lexicon.

<sup>5</sup> *Gair*. The poet uses this term as a name of our Lord. He does not say *Y Gair*. This accords with the similar use of *Crist* when used without the definitive article. The article, however, is used in the following line in accordance with Scripture.

<sup>6</sup> *Gwenith-bwys*. We can but conjecture the poet's meaning. 'As wheat-corn is pre-eminent amongst all other grain, so is our Lord among all other beings.' This use of the term *gwenith* will be found in the works of other poets. We have it in the old pennill :—

"Blodau 'r flwyddyn yw f'  
 anwylyd—  
 Ebrill, Mai, Mehefin hefyd ;  
 Llewyrch haul yn t'wynu ar  
 gysgod,  
 A gwenithen y genethod."

<sup>7</sup> *Wythlwys*, the only meaning we can attach to this term is, 'Eight times beautiful'.

Nid o natur dyn yttoedd,  
 Eithr o Dduw medd Athrodd oedd ;  
 Ag o radd y Goreudduw  
 A'r Ysbryd Glân buan, byw.  
 Graddau y Mab goreuddoeth  
 O allu Duw oll y doeth ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Dau a gyssylltwyd mewn dawn,  
 Duw a dyn, diwyd uniawn.  
 Duw yn ein mysg,<sup>9</sup> dawn a'n medd  
 A dry gair, o'i drugaredd,  
 I'n dwyn i nef dan ei nawdd—  
 Ddofydd a ddioddefawdd.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Doeth for daeth.*

<sup>9</sup> *Yn ein mysg*, 'Immanuel, God with us'.

<sup>1</sup> This poem has, comparatively, few difficulties. We are inclined to ascribe this in a great measure

to its former Editor. Rhys Jones was a careful transcriber, as is manifest from the text he has here given of this poem of Iolo Goch. We shall see more of this care in the poem that follows.

## IV.

## CYWYDD I'R BYD.

Yr un bai ar ein bywyd  
 Ar bawb, a hudol yw 'r byd;  
 Hud ar ddyn, hyder ar dda,  
 Hudol anneddfol<sup>1</sup> noddfa.  
 Malu<sup>2</sup> y Sul, melus son,  
 Marwol bechodau mawrion!  
 Balchder yw ein arfer ni,  
 Digio, cybydd-dra, diogi,  
 Cynfigen, bresen<sup>3</sup> heb rodd,<sup>4</sup>  
 10 Godineb—gwae adwaenodd!  
 Glothineb y glwth enau,  
 Nid mwyn, mi a wn nad mau;  
 Nid trem fawr,<sup>5</sup> nid trwm ei fod,<sup>6</sup>  
 Nid baich, onid o bechod.

<sup>1</sup> *Anneddfol*, 'lawless', unlawful', 'immoral'.

<sup>2</sup> *Malu*, literally 'to grind'. Its secondary signification here is 'to work out laboriously'.

<sup>3</sup> *Bresen*, a Cymricised form of the English word 'present'. The term seems to have been introduced into our language at an early date. Taliesin has:—"Nid aeth neb i nef er benthg y bresen:" 'No one has gone to heaven for the lending of his present'. *Presen*, the root of *presennoldeb*, is the same word; but in the former meaning of 'a present', it has come to us through the English.

<sup>4</sup> *Heb rodd*, 'a bootless or un-availing gift'.

<sup>5</sup> *Trem fawr*, 'lofty look', 'the look of pride'.

<sup>6</sup> *Trwm ei fod*, 'burdensome his existence'.

Many of the poet's lines are "dark sayings"; and we must attribute to the exigencies of *cynghanedd* much of the difficulty that attends their wording. Iolo Goch, however, is not so wedded to the former as on all occasions to sacrifice sense to it. In the poem before us he violates the bardic rules by *twyll odl*.

<sup>7</sup> *Naw pwys ryfel*. In the spiritual

Naw pwys ryfel<sup>7</sup> ein gelyn  
 Yw 'r naw pwys, a wŷr neb hyn ?  
 Dêl i'w cof adail a'u cudd,  
 Dioddefaint Duw Ddofydd.  
 Duw i'r hawl, a da yw rho'm  
 A drwsiodd Mab Mair drosom ;  
 Mawr gur a gafas, mawr gŵyn,  
 Mawr farw un Mab Mair forwyn !  
 A'i boen—ar Wener y bu—  
 Ar un pren er ein prynu.  
 I nef yr aeth yn ufydd  
 At y Tad deugeinfed dydd ;  
 Yn Dad, yn Fab, Bab y<sup>8</sup> byd,  
 Yn oesbraff,<sup>9</sup> glân yn Ysbryd ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Yn un nifer hynafiaeth,  
 Ag yn un gnawd, gwn i'n gwnaeth.<sup>2</sup>  
 Duw 'n cyfoeth,<sup>3</sup> dawn a'n cyfyd  
 Y dydd y bo diwedd byd.  
 Dydd a bair ofn fydd dydd brawd,  
 Dydd tri-llu,<sup>4</sup> diwedd trallawd.

warfare the soldier is weighed down  
 by the nine besetting sins the poet  
 has just enumerated,—worldliness,  
 Sabbath-breaking, pride, hatred,  
 covetousness, idleness, envy, adul-  
 tery, and gluttony.

<sup>8</sup> *Bab y byd*. The poet's loyalty  
 to his spiritual Head is shown by  
 his applying the name 'Pope' to  
 the Saviour.

<sup>9</sup> *Oesbraff*, 'of prolonged or  
 ample life'.

<sup>1</sup> This and the previous line con-  
 firm the orthodoxy of the poet's  
 views regarding the Trinity. Our  
 Lord ascends into heaven, and ap-  
 pears there the only representative

of the Godhead. He is Father,  
 Son, and Holy Spirit.

<sup>2</sup> There is much difficulty in  
 these lines. The solution proba-  
 bly is: 'He made us partakers of  
 his eternity and of his manhood.'  
*I'n gwnaeth*. 'Ein gwnaeth.'

<sup>3</sup> It must be remembered that  
 the poet is speaking altogether of  
 Christ. As the SON OF MAN he is  
 our wealth, and the one who will  
 raise us up at the last day.

<sup>4</sup> *Trillu*. Goronwy Owen's lines  
 in *Cywydd y Farn* will explain the  
 use of this term.

"Try allan ddynion tri-llu,  
 Y sydd, y fydd, ac a fu."

Diau fydd, drwg a da fo,  
 Ufudd iawn a fydd yno;  
 A'r dyfyn<sup>5</sup> a'r wŷr Dofydd,  
 A fu, ac etto a fydd:  
 Yn rhagor i'n rhywogaeth  
 Y nef a'r bresen a wnaeth.  
 Pum archoll<sup>6</sup> i'n arfoll ni,  
 Pum aelod y pum weli;  
 A'n rhoi yn iach, ein rhan oedd,  
 Wnai Siesws<sup>7</sup> yn oes oesoedd.  
 Bid yn wres,<sup>8</sup> bod yn rasol,  
 Bid yn nef, bod yn ei ol.  
 Er ei gof hir a gyfyd  
 Er ei loes dros bumoes<sup>9</sup> byd;  
 Er ei lun a'r oleuni<sup>1</sup>  
 Er a wnaeth a'i roi i ni,  
 Er ei wyneb ar Wener,<sup>2</sup>  
 Er ei boen fawr ar y ber,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Dyfyn*, 'summons'.

<sup>6</sup> *Pum archoll*. In the Saviour's hands, feet, and side. Roman Catholics are careful in the enumeration of the acts and incidents of our Lord's life, and especially of those of the Crucifixion.

<sup>7</sup> *Siesws*, 'Jesus'.

<sup>8</sup> *Bid yn wres*. The meaning of the poet probably is: 'Be it our warm object to obtain his grace; be it our heaven to follow him.'

<sup>9</sup> *Bumoes*. See page 10, note 6. Dafydd Benfras also uses the term in the same meaning:—

"Achaws pumoes byd y bu  
 iddaw,  
 Uchelwr mirain, bér drain  
 drwyddaw."

'For the sake of the five ages of the world, glorious lofty One, spikes of thorn pierced him.'

<sup>1</sup> *A'r oleuni*. It is impossible to extract sense out of this expression. Were the text amended with some such word as *aur*, making *aur oleuni*, it would be intelligible.

<sup>2</sup> *Er ei wyneb ar Wener*. The agony, doubtless, imprinted on his face on the day of his crucifixion.

<sup>3</sup> *Bér*, literally 'spit'; here used for the cross.

<sup>4</sup> *Gweld*. So various are the meanings of this word, that it is scarcely possible to make sure of the poet's drift. Sometimes 'countenance', sometimes 'connexion', and oftentimes 'team' or 'yoke';

I'r un gwedd,<sup>4</sup> er ein gweddi,  
 Y nef a brynodd i ni.  
 Y marw ni ŵyr ymorol  
 Am y wnaeth; y mae yn ol;  
 Nid edwyn, yn nodedig,  
 Na 'i phlaid trwm<sup>5</sup> na ph'le y trig.  
 Ni chyrraedd yn iach arian,  
 Nid oes ond a roes o ran,<sup>6</sup>  
 Llaswyr<sup>7</sup> Fair yn llaw Iesu,  
 Lle fydd erbyn y dydd du;  
 Unpryd Wener offeren<sup>8</sup>  
 O'n dig byth a'n dwg i ben;  
 A'm gwlad fyth a'm golud fo  
 I'w 'mgeledd, Duw a'm galwo!  
 Doed y Gair, deued i gof,  
 Trwsiad o law Dduw trosof;  
 Er ei fedd, a'i chwerwedd chwŷs,  
 A'r anfad farn,<sup>9</sup> a'r enfys,<sup>1</sup>  
 Un doeth rwysg,<sup>2</sup> Un Duw a Thri,  
 Un Duw dêl i'n didoli.

we shall in this instance leave our readers to choose their own meaning.

<sup>5</sup> *Na 'i phlaid trwm.* The poet's meaning is again a matter of considerable doubt. It is probable that Rhys Jones gave the best text in his power, though sometimes scarcely intelligible to himself.

<sup>6</sup> The same remarks apply to this and the previous line also.

<sup>7</sup> *Llaswyr Fair.* Owen Pughe translates the former word, 'an aerial freshness'; in that case, it would apply to Mary's countenance. But we apprehend that the term is a corrupted form of *Sallwyr*,

'Psalter', although he makes no mention of this signification. The poet may have been driven by the exigencies of the *cynganedd* to use the peculiar form here given.

<sup>8</sup> *Wener offeren.* The Friday's Mass—the day on which our Lord was crucified.

<sup>9</sup> *A'r anfad farn,* 'the unrighteous judgment of Pontius Pilate.

<sup>1</sup> *A'r enfys,* 'the halo' around the Saviour's countenance.

<sup>2</sup> *Un doeth rwysg,* 'one whose uniform career was wise': literally, 'one of wise career'.

## V.

## CYWYDD I DDUW.

MYFYR wyf yn ymofyn,  
 O Dduw, beth orau i ddyn :  
 Ei eni er llenwi llid,  
 Naws gwywnoeth,<sup>1</sup> ai nis genid,  
 Wrth ddeallt araith ddiwyd  
 O bregeth ? neu beth yw 'r byd ?  
 Pur olaf, pa ryw eilyn ?  
 Diana 'r<sup>2</sup> ddaear yw dyn.  
 I'r farn, pan fo gadarnaf,  
 O'i lys rhydd<sup>3</sup> a'i les yr â.  
 Angau a ddaw, distaw don,<sup>4</sup>  
 I'w ddwyn o fysg ei ddynion.  
 Gado 'r wlad i gyd a'r wledd,  
 A'i farw, er maint ei fawredd ;  
 Rhyw gyfle, rhew gafaeloer,<sup>5</sup>  
 Rhaw a chaib a wnai rych oer ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Ac yno, yn ol dolef,  
 "Ber yw 'r oes", y bwrir ef ;

<sup>1</sup> *Gwywnoeth*. *Gwyw*, *gwywo*, 'to wither'.

<sup>2</sup> *Diana*. The text of this poem is very inaccurate. What the poet means we can but conjecture.

<sup>3</sup> *Rhydd*, in opposition to the grave, where man may be said to be bound and fettered.

<sup>4</sup> *Distaw don*. A highly poetical expression, whence many a simile may be extracted.

<sup>5</sup> *Gafaeloer* ; an allusion to 'the cold grasp of death'.

<sup>6</sup> The term *rych* is a favourite expression with the Welsh when speaking of the grave. It points to the resurrection. As the seed-corn is thrown into the furrow in anticipation of a future harvest ; so our bodies are, as it were, planted in the furrow of the grave to await the resurrection.



A'i gladdu dan graian gro,  
 Ner addwyn! a wnair iddo;  
 A'i genedl, a'i ddigoniant,  
 A'i arfau, oedl gynnau gant.  
 Os gwirion sy o gariad<sup>7</sup>  
 Oes dim ond Iesu a'i Dad.  
 Gwae neb o'r cwbl a fegydd  
 Byth ymddirietto i'r byd!  
 Gwae a gollo naw-bro<sup>8</sup> Ner,  
 Duw nef, er doniau<sup>9</sup> ofer!  
 Gwae 'n enw llied, a wnel llys  
 Fry 'n ol i'r fro annilys!<sup>1</sup>  
 Gwae a gred<sup>2</sup>  
 Ddim mwy ond i Dduw mawr!  
 Y gŵr a ddichon i gyd,  
 O Fair wryf, fawr wryd.<sup>3</sup>  
 Gostwng y gwynt, hynt hynod,  
 A phaidio, pan fynno fod.  
 Nid credu, haenu<sup>4</sup> henaint,  
 I goelau, swynoglau<sup>5</sup> saint;

<sup>7</sup> These two lines are manifestly corrupt.

<sup>8</sup> *Naw-bro*. These are the mansions of the *Naw-radd*, or the nine grades or ranks of the heavenly hierarchy.

<sup>9</sup> *Doniau* literally 'gifts'; here probably 'pleasures' are meant.

<sup>1</sup> *Annilys*, 'uncertain'. Can the Lord, in the use of this term, refer to Purgatory? That such an intermediate state lay within the scope of his creed we cannot doubt.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. copy in the British

Museum does not even give the ending of this line.

<sup>3</sup> *Wryd*, 'manhood'. As we have elsewhere stated, however erroneous the creed of the bard may have been respecting other tenets of his faith, the doctrine of the Trinity, and, in conjunction with it, that of the manhood of the Lord Jesus, stands out in bold relief throughout his works. The 'very God of very God' is also very man of very man.

<sup>4</sup> *Haenu henaint*, 'To the besmearing of old age'.

<sup>5</sup> *Swynoglau*, 'amulets', 'charms'.

Neu gredau i'r myrriau, maeth  
 I freuddwyd gwrach afrwyddiaeth;  
 Neu gredu ymlu amlwg<sup>6</sup>  
 I lais y dryw annlles drwg;  
 Neu lais y frân yn canu,  
 Llef ormes Iuddewes ddu!  
 Na chedwn gred<sup>7</sup> ddiognef  
 I neb ond i Dduw o'r nef;  
 Duw orau, uwch daearydd,<sup>8</sup>  
 Duw Iesu fu ag a fydd:  
 Duw fydd o herwydd hir-oed,<sup>9</sup>  
 Difai ras, Duw fu erioed.  
 Dydd brawd i geudawd<sup>1</sup> gadarn  
 Diau fydd Duw a farn.  
 Duw a'n dycco, o'r diwedd,  
 I'r wlad dragwyddol a'r wledd!  
 Duw draw a'n gwnel yn llawen  
 Gyda Mair<sup>2</sup> i gyd! Amen.

<sup>6</sup> *Ymlu amlwg*. We confess our inability to cope with the difficulties of this phrase, and we fall back on a corrupt text as our apology.

<sup>7</sup> *Ddwngred*, 'ddwngred'.—MS.

<sup>8</sup> *Uwch daearydd*, 'above the earth's inhabitant': that is, 'the inhabitant of a higher world'.

<sup>9</sup> *Hir-oed*, 'the Ancient of Days'.

<sup>1</sup> *Giwdawd*, 'tribe', 'clan', 'na-

tion'. This term is an ancient one.

We read in the *Mabinogion*,

"Naw ciwdawd a wledycha Rhufain." 'There are nine nations that inhabit Rome.'

<sup>2</sup> *Gyda Mair*; faithful to Mary, the bard seems to regard the blessedness of heaven to consist in a measure in the presence of its queen there.

## VI.

CYWYDD I SANT ANNA, A'I MAB, CRIST, A'U  
POBL<sup>1</sup>

SAINT y Cait a Saint Cytus,  
Siosim hendad Siesus;  
Pendefig, bonheddig hael,  
O Nas'reth ag yn Israel,  
Yn dair rhan—ef ag Anna—  
Rhinwedd ddoeth, a rannai 'dda:  
Rhoi yn hyf rhan o'i gyfoeth  
I dŷ Dduw—pand ydoedd ddoeth?—  
A'r ail ran, ar ol ei raid,  
Ar unwaith roe i weiniaid.  
Efallai yn hawdd felly  
O drain y da drin ei dŷ.<sup>2</sup>  
Nid oedd etifedd neddyn  
O'i gorph yn aberth Duw gwyn.<sup>3</sup>  
Y gŵr oedd gorau o'r iaith,<sup>4</sup>  
O'r deml a yrrwyd ymaith,

<sup>1</sup> It is very difficult to resolve these names into their original forms. *Cait* or 'Kate', St. Catharine; and *Cytus*, 'Kit' or Christopher, are probably the persons intended. *Siosim*, 'Joachim', *Siesus*, 'Jesus'.

<sup>2</sup> *O drain y da*. *O draen y da*. —MS. *Da ar draen*, 'goods or wealth in circulation'. So *aur ar draen* means 'gold spread abroad', or 'circulated'.

<sup>3</sup> The failure of issue was deemed a no slight misfortune by the tribes of Israel, and especially by that of

Aaron, in which the priesthood was vested.

<sup>4</sup> *Iaith* is here probably used for 'nation', or 'people'. *Nations* and *languages* are often coupled in the same sense.

<sup>5</sup> The legend here given is probably of monkish invention.

<sup>6</sup> This line also bears evident marks of a corrupted text.

<sup>7</sup> *Porth euraid*, 'the golden gate'; probably one of the gates of the temple, which were ornamented with gold and silver.

A ddug ei ddynion a'i dda  
 Wrth hyn oddiwrth Anna :  
 Cyrchawdd, ni ffaelawdd ei ffydd,  
 I'r man uchaf o'r mynydd;<sup>5</sup>  
 Crio a wnaeth, carai nawdd,  
 Ar y Creawdr y criawdd ;  
 Gweddiodd am rodd o ras ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Yn y gof hynny a gafas ;  
 Duw a ddanfonos i'w dad  
 Deg iawn hyd atto gennad :  
 " Dos di, Dywysog dy iaith,  
 At Anna etto unwaith ;  
 Hi a fydd blaenwydd dy blaid  
 I'th aros yn y porth euraid."<sup>7</sup>  
 Adref daeth i dref ei dad—  
 Drych ef—mwy fu 'r drychafiad,<sup>8</sup>  
 Bu ddawnus<sup>9</sup> bywyd Anna,  
 Beichioges y dduwies<sup>1</sup> dda ;  
 I Anna<sup>2</sup> merch a aned  
 A honno yw Mair, crair cred.<sup>3</sup>  
 Bu Mair o'r Gair yn ddi gel  
 Yn feichiog o nef uchel ;  
 Mal yr haul y molir hon  
 . . . drwy wydr i'r ffynnon.<sup>4</sup>  
 Yn 'r un modd, iawn-rodd anrheg,  
 Y daeth Duw at fammaeth deg,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> This line is difficult in the extreme. It would scarcely be improved were we to substitute,

"Drych ef mwy i'r drychafiad."

<sup>9</sup> *Ddawnus*, 'gifted'.

<sup>1</sup> *Dduwies*. The application of the term 'goddess' to the Virgin Mary proves our poet to have been a devoted Roman Catholic.

<sup>2</sup> Anna is regarded throughout the poem as the mother of Mary.

<sup>3</sup> *Crair cred*. For an elucidation of this term, see page 1, note 1. There it is applied to our Lord, here to His mother.

<sup>4</sup> The exact transcript of the line is given. We will not, however, pretend to decipher it.

<sup>5</sup> *Fammaeth deg*. The poet regards the Virgin as chosen for the lofty honour conferred on her on account of her beauty.

Gorau mam, gorau mammaeth,  
 Gorau i nef y Gŵr wnaeth.  
 Cyflawn oedd, cyflawn addwyn,  
 Tref<sup>6</sup> i Dduw, tra fu i'w ddwyn.  
 Angylion gwynion yw 'r gwŷr,  
 Oedd i Wen<sup>7</sup> ymddiddanwyr.<sup>8</sup>  
 Wrth raid mawr, er athrodion,  
 Y ganed Duw o gnawd hon.  
 Hon a fagawdd o'i bronnau,  
 Hynaws mawl yr hanes mau.<sup>9</sup>  
 Baich ar ei braich ei Brawd  
 A'i baich a'n dwg o bechawd.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ei Thad oedd yn y gadair,  
 A'i Mab oedd yn hŷn na Mair.<sup>2</sup>  
 Mair a wnel, rhag y gelyn,  
 Ymbil â Duw am blaid dyn;  
 Ar ein Duw<sup>3</sup> Ef a wrendy  
 Neges y Frenhines fry.  
 O chawn ni 'n rhan drwy Anna,  
 Mwy fydd ein deunydd<sup>4</sup> a'n da.

<sup>6</sup> *Tref* i *Dduw*, 'the abode of the godhead'. *Tref* is here used in its first intention—'a home'.

<sup>7</sup> *Wen*, 'white'; hence, 'holy', 'sinless'.

<sup>8</sup> Circumstances belonging to the life of our Lord are often introduced into that of the Virgin. As in the agony in the garden, angels came to uphold and comfort Jesus, so in this hour of her need, when slanderous tongues were busy, they are said to have come and comforted Mary.

<sup>9</sup> 'The subject of my narrative'.

<sup>1</sup> This and the former line are truly poetical. 'The burden the

Virgin bore on her arm, was her brother; and that burden relieves us from the burden of sin,' is the poet's meaning.

<sup>2</sup> Nor are these lines less beautiful. 'Her Father was on the throne; and her Son was older than his mother.'

<sup>3</sup> Instead of this line one MS. has:—

'Yn enw 'n Duw Ef a wrendy'.

*Duw*, 'Christ'.

*Ef*, 'the Father'.

<sup>4</sup> *Deunydd* for *defnydd*. The concrete is here used for the abstract—*defnyddioldeb*.

## VII.

CYWYDD ACHAU CRIST.<sup>1</sup>

DAIONI Duw<sup>2</sup> a aned  
 O Fair wryyf,<sup>3</sup> grair arf i gred ;  
 Ferch Iohasym, fab grym gra,  
 Pan torrwr pan pant ira ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Fab Pante ;<sup>5</sup> fab Pwynt eirior ;  
 Fab Elsi ; fab Eli bor ;  
 Fab Mattham digam degwch ;  
 Fab Ioseb ffel ateb fflwch ;  
 Fab Mathari, gloywri glân,  
 Digaeth fab Amos degan ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Nefawl fab Näwn afudd ;  
 Fab Eli ; fab Naggi nudd ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Fab Maath ; fab Mathathei,  
 O symaeth mydr fab Semci ;  
 Fab Ioseb, fab wynebloyw ;  
 Fa Siwda ; fab Iohanna loyw ;

<sup>1</sup> This poem is at best but a literary freak. The bard could scarcely have imagined a wilder thought than that of weaving into *cyng-hanedd* the uncouth Jewish names that form the pedigree of our Lord. Still Iolo Goch's Works must be complete.

<sup>2</sup> *Diaoni Duw*, 'Christ'.

<sup>3</sup> *Wryyf*. If this term were altered to *uyrf*, 'pure', 'fresh', and applied as an epithet to Mary, the line would be reduced to its proper number of feet. There is no doubt but this was the original reading.

<sup>4</sup> These lines are manifestly corrupt ; and no emendation can now be suggested which would give the meaning of the bard.

<sup>5</sup> It is impossible to account for these names. They do not appear in the genealogies either of Matthew or Luke. There is a hiatus also in the bard's list—some important names being left out.

<sup>6</sup> These lines are clearly corrupt.

<sup>7</sup> *Nudd*. Nudd Hael ab Seisyllt was one of the three generous ones of the Isle of Britain. Hence

Fab Resa ; fab oreuserch  
 Sorobabel, siwel<sup>8</sup> serch ;  
 Fab Salathiel, bu sel sant ;  
 Moddus fab Ner, meddant ;  
 Fab hoyw Elmodam ; fab Er ;  
 Luniadd fab Iesu loywner ;  
 Fab Elieser ; fab Sioram ;  
 Bu hoff fab Matthat ba ham ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Fab Liw ;<sup>1</sup> fab Simeon wiwiaith,  
 Baun<sup>2</sup> rhyw fab Iuda ben rhaith :  
 Fab Ioseb, wiw wynebwr ;  
 Fab Iona—wel dyna wr ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Fab Eliassym, rym rwyntiaith ;  
 Fab Melea ; fab Mena maith ;  
 Fab Mattatha, âch wrda chwyrn ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Diog fab Nathan dëyrn ;  
 Fab Dafydd frenin, gwin gwŷdd,  
 Broffwyd ; fab Iesse broffwyd ;  
 Fab Obeth, difeth ei dôn,  
 Salmwr ; fab Bos ; fab Salmon ;  
 Fab Nason, wron arab,  
 Da bwyll ; fab Aminadâb ;

*Nudd* is used as a term to signify anyone of generous blood and deeds.

<sup>8</sup> *Siwel*. Our lexicographers take no cognizance of this term. We have already mentioned that English words were frequently Cymricised by the poets of this and the two succeeding centuries. *Siwel* is doubtless 'jewel'.

<sup>9</sup> Names are again passed by. Probably the bard was unable to weave them into his verse.

<sup>1</sup> *Liw*, 'Levi'.

<sup>2</sup> *Paun*. The frequent use of

*paun*, 'a peacock', as an emblem of a chieftain or prince occurs in most of the Cymric poets. This beautiful bird, with its rich, elegant plumage is not an inappropriate representative of royalty and its trappings. English poets, however, regard it in a different light. With them it is an emblem of what is gaudy and pretentious.

<sup>3</sup> The poet seems to be in a great strait here to meet the demands of his *cynghanedd*.

<sup>4</sup> 'Of the stem of an active hero'.

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1878

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**Cymmrodor**  
Embodying the  
**Transactions**  
of the Honourable  
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FOR 1878.

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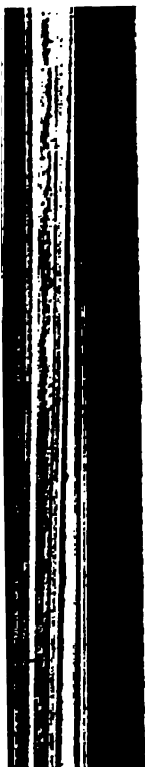
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JANUARY 1878.

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## THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES.

By JOHN THOMAS, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia).

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IN the mythological traditions of Pagan nations we find the invention of their music and musical instruments attributed to their gods, or to superhuman beings of a godlike nature; which may account for the art being called to this day—the divine art. Some of these traditions are not only interesting but highly amusing; and the following legend, as given by Carl Engel, in his *Myths and Facts*, is worthy of notice:—"In the Finnish Mythology, the divine Vainamoinen is said to have constructed the five-stringed harp, called Kantele, the old national instrument of the Finns. The frame he made out of the bones of the pike, and the teeth of the pike he used for the tuning-pegs. The strings he made of hair from the tail of a spirited horse. When the harp fell into the sea and was lost, he made another, the frame of which was of birchwood and the pegs of the branch of an oak-tree. As strings for this harp he used the silky hair of a young girl. Vainamoinen took his harp, and sat down on a hill near a silvery brook. There he played with so irresistible an effect that he entranced whatever came within hearing of his music. Men and animals listened en-



raptured; the wild beasts of the forest lost their ferocity; the birds of the air were drawn towards him; the fishes rose to the surface of the water, and remained immovable; the trees ceased to wave their branches; the brook retarded its course, and the wind its haste; even the mocking echo approached stealthily, and listened with the utmost attention to the heavenly sounds. Soon the women began to cry, then the old men and the children also began to cry; and the girls, and the young men—all cried for delight. At last Vainamoinen himself wept, and his big tears ran over his beard, and rolled into the water, and became beautiful pearls at the bottom of the sea."

There was also the same tendency to immortalise those who displayed transcendent genius in the art of music.

At the death of Pythagoras, the celebrated Greek philosopher and musician, so great was the veneration of his countrymen for him, that he received the same honours as were paid to the immortal gods; and his house became a sacred temple.

Blegwryd ab Seisyllt, a British king, who flourished about 160 years before the Christian era, being a great musician and performer upon the harp, received the appellation of "God of Music".

With regard to the source whence Britain derived her music and musical instruments, there appears very little doubt but that they were brought from the East, either by the inhabitants, in their original migration, or by the Phœnicians, who, as is well known, had commercial intercourse with Britain from the earliest times.

The Greeks are said to have derived their music, with other arts and sciences, from Cadmus, a Phœnician, and from Cecrops, an Egyptian, who settled in Greece about two thousand years before the Christian era. Consequently, as I have already suggested, if we did not bring our music

and musical instruments with us, in our original migration from the East, in all probability, we are indebted for them to the Phœnicians, who were of Hebrew origin—and were supposed to be none others than the Canaanites.

It is a remarkable circumstance, in support of this supposition, that the Welsh word *Telynu*, “to play upon the harp”, is said to signify precisely the same in the Phœnician language. This might go far to account for the harp of David being our national instrument.

The harp, of all instruments, is the one which has been held in the most general esteem, and has for ages been the inseparable companion of prophet, king, bard, and minstrel. From the days of Jubal—“the father of all such as handle the harp and organ”—it may be traced through all generations as holding the highest place among the Israelites, as is testified by the Holy Scriptures. For example, Laban reproaches Jacob, his son-in-law, in the following words:—“Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me? and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.”

Samuel, in his instructions to Saul, after having secretly anointed him king, says: “And it shall come to pass, when thou art come thither to the city (Bethel), that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them.”

Later on, in the days of King David, with whose eventful life, from beginning to end, it was associated in a remarkable degree, we find the harp occupying a still more prominent position. The advice given to Saul by his servants, will show the high estimation in which this instrument was held in those days, especially in the hands of a skilful performer:—“Behold now an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our Lord now command thy servants,

which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player upon the harp, and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand and thou shalt be well."

On the very first occasion upon which David is presented before Saul, we have the following account of the effect he produced upon that monarch, through the medium of his harp:—"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." As a proof that the harp was David's constant companion in his worship of the Almighty, it is only necessary to quote a few, out of the innumerable instances to be found in the Psalms:—"Awake up, my glory, awake lute and harp, I myself will awake right early." "Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God." "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof, for they that carried us away captive required of us a song. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." The last sentence evidently alludes to playing upon the harp, and the whole of this beautiful passage shows that such was the love of the Israelites for this instrument, that it accompanied them even in their captivity, although they had not the heart to awaken its sweet sounds. Even up to the time of the Christian era, the harp was regarded with peculiar veneration; for we find John the Apostle making frequent mention of it in the Revelations, from which we select the following remarkable passage: "And I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harp-

ing upon their harps." It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Welsh, as a people, should have retained their fondness for their national instrument, if my conjecture, as to the source from which they derived it, be correct.

Recent discoveries made in Egypt and Assyria, by Bruce, Layard, and others, show that the harp was equally popular in all these countries in ancient times; and it is to be found in every Eastern country, even to this day, in one form or another. It is generally found *without* the front pillar; but Bruce, in a letter to Dr. Burney, also alludes to the representation of a harp upon a basso-relievo at Ptolemais, in Cyrenaicum, a city built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, where it is twice represented with fifteen strings or two octaves, and *with* the front pillar; the use of which he attributes to the additional strain of the extra strings — most other harps having less than that number.

Greek historians clearly show that the ancient Britons and the ancient Greeks were well known to each other; and they mention Abaris, a British druid and philosopher, who visited Greece in the time of Pythagoras.

Himerius, a Greek orator, gives the following description of him: "Abaris came to Athens, not clad in skins like a Scythian, but with a bow in his hand, a quiver hanging from his shoulder, a plaid wrapped about his body, a gilded belt encircling his loins, and pantaloons reaching from his waist to the sole of his feet. Moreover, he addressed us in our own tongue."

On the other hand, the Greeks appear to have been acquainted with the British Isles, from the following description given by Diodorus Siculus, half a century before the Christian era. He says: "There is an Island over against Gaul, the size of Sicily, under the Arctic pole, inhabited by the Hyperboreans, so called because they lie far north. They say that Latona was born there, and therefore that they

worship Apollo above all other gods, because they daily sing songs in praise of this god, and ascribe to him the highest honors. They say that these inhabitants demean themselves as if they were the priests of Apollo, who has there a stately grove and renowned Temple of a circular form, beautified with many rich gifts; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing upon the harp, chaunt sacred hymns to Apollo in the Temple, setting forth his glorious acts. The Hyperboreans use their own natural language; but, of long and ancient time, have had a special kindness for the Grecians; and more especially for the Athenians and the Delians; and that some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans, and left behind them divers presents (or things dedicated to the gods) inscribed with Greek characters; and that Abaris formerly travelled thence into Greece and renewed the ancient league of friendship with the Delians."

Julius Cæsar, in his *Commentaries*, states that the Druids made use of the Greek characters and gives reasons for their doing so. In explaining the system of education adopted among their disciples, he says: "They are taught to repeat a great number of verses by heart, and often spend twenty years therein, for it is deemed unlawful to commit their statutes to writing; though in other matters, whether public or private, they make use of *Greek* characters. They seem to me to follow this method for two reasons,—to hide their mysteries from the knowledge of the vulgar, and to exercise the memory of their scholars."

It may be a circumstance worthy of remark that *Abaris* was a name peculiar to Arabian kings in ancient times, as much so as Ptolemy was to Egyptian monarchs.

In the fourth century, Ammianus Marcellinus relates that the British bards celebrated the brave actions of illustrious

men in heroic poems, which they sang to the sweet sound of the harp.

In this respect they resembled the Grecians, as is shown by Homer, in the 9th book of the *Iliad* (v. 245). In the embassy sent by Agamemnon to Achilles, during his retirement, after he had quitted the Grecian camp, he gives the following description :

“Amus'd at ease, the God-like man they found,  
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound ;  
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,  
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame) ;  
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.”

The most remarkable feature of all, in comparing the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks with those of the ancient Britons, is to be found in the singular similarity between the Olympic games and the Eisteddfodau, which have been periodically held in Wales from time immemorial, and continued up to the present. It is true that athletic games are no longer included in the programme of the Eisteddfod—in addition to music and poetry—as was the case in the Olympic games ; neither have we any instance of a challenge of skill between two musicians, and its being mutually agreed that he who was defeated should be tied to a tree and flayed alive by the conqueror, as was the case between Marsyas and Apollo ; but the particular trials of strength mentioned in the Grecian contests, such as running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, and throwing the quoit, are all included in the four-and-twenty games of the Welsh ; and in all probability, they were encouraged at the Eisteddfodau in former times, and until the more civilising influence of music and poetry caused them to be discontinued.

The first Eisteddfod of which we have any historical record, was held in the middle of the seventh century, pre-

sided over by King Cadwaladr;—as it was a prerogative peculiar to the ancient kings of Britain to preside at the Eisteddfod or Congress of the Bards.

A curious circumstance is related by two Welsh historians, Dr. John David Rhŷs and John Rhydderch, as having occurred upon that occasion:—"King Cadwaladr sat in an Eisteddfod, assembled for the purpose of regulating the bards, of taking into consideration their productions and performances, and of giving laws to music and poetry. A bard, who played upon the harp in the presence of this illustrious assembly in a key called *is-gywair*, *ar y bragod danneru* (in the low pitch and in the minor or mixed key), which displeased them much, was censured for the inharmonious effect he produced. The key in which he played was that of *Pibau Morvydd* (i.e., 'Caniad Pibau Morvydd sydd ar y bragod gywair'—'The Song of Morvydd's Pipes is in the minor or mixed key.' He was then ordered, under great penalties, whenever he came before persons skilful in the art, to adopt that of *Mwynen Gwynedd*, 'the pleasing melody of North Wales,' which the royal associates first gave out, and preferred. They even decreed that none could sing or play with true harmony but with *Mwynen Gwynedd*, because that was in a key which consisted of notes that formed perfect concords, whilst the other was of a mixed nature."

I am strongly impressed with the conviction that the above incident arose from a general desire to suppress an attempt to introduce into Wales the pentatonic, or so-called Scotch scale, where the fourth and leading notes of the key are omitted, which accounts for the peculiar, not to say startling effect, produced upon a cultivated musical ear by the Scotch bagpipe of the present day, upon which, the music written for it passes from major to minor, without the least regard for the tonic and dominant drones of the original key, which still continue to sound on to the end of the performance.

The relation of the above incident also shows that the Welsh were already in possession of a scale or key, which, by their own showing, consisted of notes that formed perfect concords ; whereas the other, which they objected to, was of a mixed nature—neither major nor minor, but a mixture of the two, which is not altogether an inapt way of describing the pentatonic, or Scotch scale.

I shall require to allude to this incident in connection with a subject to be mentioned later ; but there is a word used in the relation of this account, in the original Welsh, which I may as well point out at once, as having a signification peculiar to the Welsh language. In ancient Welsh works, “to play upon the harp” is expressed “to sing upon the harp”—*Canu ar y Delyn*. It is also the same as regards the *crwth*, an old Welsh instrument, which was so popular in Britain in olden times as to have been mistaken, by historians of the sixth century, for our national instrument. This form of expression we appear to have derived from the Israelites ; for we find in Habakkuk, iii, 19, that the Prophet dedicates his last prayer—“To the chief *singer* on my stringed Instruments”.

At this period, the seventh century, according to the Venerable Bede, the harp was so generally played in Britain that it was customary to hand it from one to another at their entertainments ; and he mentions one who, ashamed that he could not play upon it, slunk away lest he should expose his ignorance.

In such honour was the harp held in Wales that a slave might not practice upon it ; while to play on the instrument was an indispensable qualification of a gentleman. The ancient laws of Hywel Dda mention three kinds of harps : the harp of the king ; the harp of a pencerdd, or master of music ; and the harp of a nobleman. A professor of this favourite instrument enjoyed many privileges ; his lands were free, and his person sacred.



It was the office of the ancient bard to sing to his harp, before and after battle, the old song called *Unbeniaeth Prydain*, or the "Monarchical song of Britain", which contained the exploits of the most worthy heroes, to inspire others to imitate their glorious example.

Diodorus Siculus also says: "The bards stept in between hostile armies, standing with their swords drawn and their spears extended ready to engage, and by their eloquence, as by irresistible enchantment, prevented the effusion of blood, and prevailed upon them to sheath their swords."

In the eleventh century, Gryffudd ap Cynan, king of North Wales, held a Congress for the purpose of reforming the order of the Welsh bards; and he invited several of the fraternity from Ireland to assist in carrying out the contemplated reforms; the most important of which appears to have been the separation of the professions of bard and minstrel—in other words—of poetry and music; both of which had hitherto been united in one and the same person. In all probability, it was considered that both poetry and music would be greatly benefited by the separation, each being thought sufficient to occupy the whole and undivided attention of one person.

The next was the revision of the rules for the composition and performance of music. The twenty-four musical measures were permanently established, as well as a number of keys, scales, etc.; and it was decreed that from henceforth all compositions were to be written in accordance with those enactments; and, moreover, that none but those who were conversant with the rules should be considered thorough musicians, or competent to undertake the instruction of others. All these reforms were written down in books, in the Welsh and Irish languages; as is shown by a manuscript now in the British Museum, copied in the fifteenth century from another book dating from the time when the

above reforms were instituted. In this manuscript will also be found some of the most ancient pieces of music of the Britons, supposed to have been handed down to us from the ancient bards. I have carefully studied the contents, and find that the whole of the music is written for the *Croth*, in a system of notation by the letters of the alphabet, with merely one line to divide bass and treble.

Dr. Burney, after a life-long research into the musical notations of ancient nations, gives the following as the result:—"It does not appear from history that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, or any ancient people who cultivated the arts, except the Greeks and Romans, had musical characters; and these had no other symbols of sound than the letters of the alphabet, which likewise served them for arithmetical numbers and chronological dates."

The system of notation under consideration resembles that of Pope Gregory's in the sixth century, and may have found its way into this country about that period, when he sent Augustine and a number of musicians into Britain to reform the abuses which had crept into the services of the western churches.

The circumstance of Irish names being attached to the twenty-four musical measures in the ancient manuscript, has led many historians to the erroneous conclusion that Wales derived the whole of her music from Ireland, at the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan; when, as is alleged, the measures were constructed. Even Welsh chroniclers, such as Giraldus Cambrensis, Caradoc, Powel, and others, have made this statement in their works upon the strength of the circumstance alluded to; therefore, it is not surprising that modern writers, such as Gunn, Walker, Bunting, Sir John Hawkins, and others, should have been deceived by relying upon such apparently good authority. But, independently of the extreme dissimilarity of the Welsh and Irish music that

has been handed down to us, it so happens that other parts of the same document bear ample testimony to the contrary. The Welsh had their twenty-four metres in poetry as well as their twenty-four athletic games; and the following circumstance will show that they also possessed their twenty-four musical measures centuries prior to the Congress held by Gryffudd ab Cynan.

Among the ancient pieces included in the manuscript, is one bearing the following title, *Gosteg yr Halen* ("Prelude to the Salt"), and at the end is the following account concerning it: "Tervyn Gosteg yr Halen, yr hon a vyddid yn ei chanu o vlaen Marchogion Arthur pan roid y Salter a'r halen ar y bwrdd." "Here ends the Prelude to the Salt, which used to be performed before the knights of King Arthur, when the Salter was placed upon the table."

As one part of the manuscript must be considered as authentic as another, the above composition takes us as far back as the middle of the sixth century—the time when King Arthur flourished; and the composition is written in one of the twenty-four measures—*Mac Mwn byr*—as may be seen by the copy which I have deciphered and published in the second edition of the *Myryrian Archæology*. It is also asserted that even the keys used in Welsh music were brought over from Ireland at the same time as the twenty-four measures—that is, in the reign of Gruffydd ab Cynan. There are five keys mentioned in Welsh music:

1. *Is-gywair*—the *low* key, or key of *C*.
2. *Crus-gywair*—the *sharp* key, or key of *G*.
3. *Lledf-gywair*—the *flat* key, or key of *F*.
4. *Go-gywair*—the key with a flat, or minor third; the remainder of the scale, in every other respect, being major.
5. *Brugod-gywair*—called the minor or mixed key.

Another piece included in the manuscript is *Caniad Pibau Morvydd*, "The Song of Morvydd's Pipes," the composition already alluded to, as having been performed on the harp by a bard at the Eisteddvod presided over by King Cadwaladr in the seventh century; and it happens to be in one of the above keys; *Caniad Pibau Morvydd sydd ar y Bragod dannau*, "The Song of Morvydd's Pipes is in the minor or mixed key." It is hoped, therefore, that the insertion of the above historical note may be considered a conclusive reply to such a mis-statement.

The twenty-four measures—which consisted of a given number of repetitions of the chords of the tonic and dominant, according to the length of each measure—do not appear in the music of Wales after the date to which the manuscript refers (A.D. 1040), a circumstance which may be considered most fortunate; for, although most ingeniously contrived and well adapted to the purpose for which they were intended at that early period, viz., for the guidance of performers on the harp and crwth—the latter being used as an accompaniment to the harp—had such rules remained in force, they would have had the effect of rendering our national music intensely monotonous and uninteresting, and would have thoroughly destroyed all freedom of imagination in musical composition; whereas, the national music of Wales is remarkable for its beauty of melody, richness of harmony, and variety of construction. It is also exceedingly diatonic, which evidently arose from the difficulty of modulating upon the ancient harp, which had but one row of strings; although it is said that the performer had a method of producing an occasional accidental, by pressing the string with the thumb and first finger.

Davydd ab Gwilym, who flourished about the fourteenth century, alludes, with much enthusiasm, in one of his poems, to the harp strung with glossy black hair; supposed to

have been the instrument upon which the undergraduates were obliged to study until they took a degree. He also mentions an Irish harp which had found its way into Wales in his time; and he speaks disparagingly of it, on account of the ugliness of its shape and the harshness of its tone—being strung with wire and played upon, to quote his own words, “with a horny nail of unpleasant form”. The Irish harper allowed his nails to grow long, and cut them to a point, like the quills of a spinnet. Therefore, the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him, was to cut his nails short, as it took a considerable time for them to grow long enough to admit of his playing again.

Between this time and the sixteenth century a great improvement took place, in the invention of a harp with two rows of strings, consisting of the diatonic scale on the right side from the upper part down to the centre of the instrument, with another row of accidentals on the opposite side, to be played, whenever required, by putting the finger through; and the diatonic scale continued on the left side, from the centre to the lower part of the instrument, with the accidentals on the other row on the opposite side. This arrangement shows that the harp was held on the right shoulder, and played upon with the right hand in the treble and with the left hand in the bass.

Vincentio Galilei, in his *Dissertation on Ancient and Modern Music*, published at Florence in 1581, states that the double harp was common in Italy in his day; and that it was derived from Ireland.

It is very difficult to conceive how the Irish could possibly have ever possessed such an instrument, inasmuch as it has left no trace whatever upon their music, the peculiarity of the scale of which consists in leaving out all accidentals and notes which indicate the least modulation from key to

key, but which notes would have been available upon the instrument alluded to.

A circumstance which has recently come under my notice, goes far to show that it might have originated in Wales. A bronze bas-relief by Donatello, forms part of the high altar in the Church of St. Antonio, in Padua. The date is about 1450. One of the figures is that of an angel playing the harp, and the shape of the instrument is precisely that of the Welsh triple harp. I accidentally discovered a plaister cast of the original bronze at the Kensington Museum, where it may be seen.

In any case, whether the double harp originated in Ireland or in Wales, the invention of the Welsh triple harp, with three rows of strings, naturally followed; for, as music advanced, the inconvenience of being circumscribed within the limited compass of only half the diatonic scale on either side of the instrument would soon be felt; therefore, it was extended on each side to the full extent of the instrument, with a centre row of accidentals, accessible from either side.

It is worthy of remark that the Welsh triple harp is the only instrument of the kind that has ever been known with the strings on the *right* side of the comb; thereby necessitating its being tuned with the tuning-hammer in the left hand, which is exceedingly awkward to anyone who is not left-handed. This circumstance may also explain why it is held on the left shoulder, and played upon with the left hand in the treble and the right hand in the bass, so as to have a full view of the strings; otherwise the comb would inconveniently intercept the view, as is the case when Welsh harpers in the present day attempt to play upon the modern English pedal harp,—holding it on the left instead of the right shoulder, with the strings on the *left* side of the comb.

The science of music having so rapidly advanced within

the last century, rendered it absolutely necessary that still further improvements should be made in the harp, that it might keep pace with other instruments. The difficulty of playing upon the inner row of strings of the triple harp in rapid passages, and the impossibility of playing in any other key than the one in which the instrument was tuned, gave rise to the invention of the pedal harp, which is an immense improvement, in a musical sense, upon any former invention; as it admits of the most rapid modulation into every key, and enables the performer to execute passages and combinations that would not have been dreamt of previously. In the double-action harp, perfected by Erard, each note has its flat, natural, and sharp, which is not the case with any other stringed instrument; and this enables the modern harpist to produce those beautiful enharmonic effects which are peculiar to the instrument. Another remarkable advantage has been attained by this invention—the reduction in the number of strings to one row; which enables the performer not only to keep the instrument in better tune, but to use a thicker string, and thus attain a quality of tone, which, for mellowness and richness, may be advantageously compared with that of any other instrument in existence.

To return to the Welsh triple harp. The increased resources attained by the invention of that instrument, as being so far in advance of any other instrument of its kind, up to that period, gave a powerful impetus to the progress of music in the Principality; and may go far to account for the superior beauty, in an artistic point of view, of the national music of Wales over that of any other country. This fact is admitted by the most eminent writers on music; and, lest I should be considered too partial, as a Welshman, with regard to the music of my native country, I venture to quote Dr. Crotch, a distinguished composer and learned historian, and, for some time, Professor of music in the Univer-

sity of Oxford, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. In the first volume of his *Specimens of Various Styles of Music*, referred to in his course of lectures, he writes as follows :—

“ British and Welsh music may be considered as one, since the original British music was, with the inhabitants, driven into Wales. It must be owned, that the regular measure and diatonic scale of the Welsh music is more congenial to the English taste in general, and appears at first more natural to experienced musicians than those of the Irish and Scotch. Welsh music not only solicits an accompaniment ; but, being chiefly composed for the harp, is usually found with one ; and, indeed, in harp tunes, there are often solo passages for the bass as well as for the treble. It often resembles the scientific music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ; and there is, I believe, no probability that this degree of refinement was an introduction of later times.”

Further on, he continues :—

“ The military music of the Welsh seems superior to that of any other nation. In the German marches, the models of the English, most of the passages are noisy, interspersed with others that are trifling, and even vulgar. In those of France also there is much noise, together with chromatic and other scientific passages. The Scotch Highland marches, called *Ports*, are wild warbles, which might (and, indeed, upon many occasions did, in a remarkable degree) inspire courage, but which could not answer the purpose of regulating the steps. But in the Welsh marches, ‘ The March of the Men of Harlech’, ‘ The March of the Men of Glamorgan’, and also a tune called ‘ Come to Battle’, there is not too much noise, nor is there vulgarity nor yet misplaced science. They have a sufficiency of rhythm without its injuring the dignified character of the whole, which, to use the words of the poet, is—



“ . . . Such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper heroes of old  
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breath'd.”

*Par. Lost, Book I, line 551.*

Dr. Crotch, in his eulogium on Welsh music, specially mentions military music only, whereas I think he would have been sure to have alluded to our plaintive music, had he been better acquainted with such melodies as “Davydd y Garreg Wen” (David of the White Rock), or “The Dying Bard to his Harp”, “Morva Rhuddlan” (The Plain of Rhuddlan), “Torriad y Dydd” (The Dawn of Day), and many others of the kind. I consider their great fondness for the minor key to be a very marked characteristic of the Welsh people. Some writers have attributed this peculiarity to the influence of the circumstances under which their music was composed; but, inasmuch as the same tendency exists in the present day, after centuries of peace and prosperity, I am inclined to lay it to the strength of the emotional feelings of the Welsh as a people; for I have frequently witnessed their being so touched by the performance of one of their own plaintive melodies, as to shed a tear of delight,—even in the presence of others, of a different nationality, who did not appear to have been affected in the same degree. Nor are our pastoral melodies less worthy of admiration,—their varied characteristics being equally striking.

The Eisteddvodau have afforded the greatest encouragement to the study of music and poetry; and the contests on those occasions have been the means of recognising real merit, and of suppressing mediocrity. The result being, that music occupies a much more elevated position in the Principality at the present time than it has ever done at any former period. In proof of this, it is only necessary to call attention

to the wonderful progress made in choral singing alone, and to the great number of choral societies formed throughout the Principality. It would hardly be credited that, at an Eisteddvod held at Abergavenny on Easter Monday, 1874, as many as ten choirs, each numbering, on an average, between four and five hundred—making a total of between four and five thousand voices—competed for a prize of a hundred pounds; and, as one of the adjudicators upon the occasion, I have no hesitation in stating their singing was in no way inferior to that of the choir which came up to London in 1872, and successfully competed for the prize of a thousand pounds at the Crystal Palace. I believe I am correct in saying that the ten choirs belonged to almost the immediate neighbourhood of Abergavenny; in every case within a radius of twenty miles.

What other country in Europe, of the extent of Wales, can boast of as much activity in the cause of music? The consequence is, that our choirs carry everything before them; our young vocalists carry off the scholarships at the principal institution of this country, and perhaps of Europe,—the Royal Academy of Music; our musicians are beginning to take their musical degrees at the great Universities of the Empire; we have established a University of our own in the Principality, and musical education has been included in its programme.

We are thus, I trust, proving ourselves worthy descendants of the bards and minstrels from whom we have inherited  
THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES.

[The foregoing paper was read by Mr. Thomas before the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion on the 13th of March, 1878, in the Music Hall of the Royal Academy.—*Ed.*]

## CAN GWRAIG Y PYSGODWR.

GAN Y PARCH. JOHN BLACKWELL.

GORPHWYS Don ! dylifa 'n llonydd,  
 Paid a digio wrth y creigydd ;  
 Y mae Anian yn noswyllo,  
 Pam y byddi di yn effro ?  
 Dwndwr daear sydd yn darfod,—  
 Cysga dithau ar dy dywod.

Gorphwys Fôr ! Mae ar dy lasdon  
 Un yn dwyn serchiadau 'nghalon ;  
 Nid ei ran yw bywyd segur,  
 Ar dy lifiant mae ei lafur ;  
 Bydd dda wrtho, Fôr diddarfod,  
 Cysga 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

Paid a grwgnach, bydd yn ddiddig,  
 Dyro ffrwyn yn mhen dy gesig  
 A pha esgus iti ffromi ?  
 Nid oes gwynt yn mrig y llwyni ;  
 Tyr'd a bad fy ngŵr i'r diddos  
 Cyn cysgodion dwfn y ceunos.

Iawn i wraig yw teimlo pryder  
 Pan bo 'i gŵr ar gefn y dyfnder ;  
 Ond os cyffry dig dy donnau,  
 Pwy a ddirnad ei theimladau ?  
 O bydd dirion wrth fy mhriod,—  
 Cysga 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

# THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

---

REST, O wave, within thy deeps,  
 Nor on angry rocks be breaking;  
 Twilight falls and Nature sleeps,  
 Why shouldst thou be ever waking?  
 Stillness broods o'er all the land,—  
 Sleep, then, on thy golden strand.

Rest, O Sea! On thy blue wave,  
 Tossed with ever ceaseless motion,  
 Toils a spirit frank and brave,—  
 Lord of all my heart's devotion;  
 Gently rock him on thy breast,  
 Hush him to his evening rest!

In the forest, on the plain,  
 Not a zephyr now is breathing;  
 Chafe not then, O Sea; restrain  
 Thy wild waves' tumultuous seething;  
 Night is darkening o'er thy strand,  
 Bear his light-winged barque to land.

Startles oft the tender wife  
 As she scans the smile of Ocean;  
 In its darker hour of strife,  
 Who can tell her heart's emotion?  
 Sleep in peace, tempestuous Sea;  
 Bring my loved one back to me!

Byddar ydwyt i fy ymbil,  
 Fôr didostur! ddofn dy grombil!  
 Trof at Ux a all dy farchog  
 Pan bo 'th donnau yn gynddeiriog;  
 Cymmer Ef fy ngŵr i'w gysgod,  
 A gwna di 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

NOTE.—The Welsh poetry of the present century is of two kinds. The one, Cymric in diction, is also Cymric in thought. The other, though similar in its outward dress of language and form, draws its inner life from more diversified and wider sources. The former, homely and oftentimes simple, is yet replete with pathos and grandeur; while the latter, of a broader and more universal character, and gathering its wealth from the literature and languages of nations, is equally rich in all that constitutes genuine poetry. Between the beauties of the two kinds, the educated Welshman finds it often difficult to decide.

Of the former, Lewis Morris (*Y Llew*) may be regarded as the representative. How beautiful, and yet how truly Welsh, is his '*Caniad y Gog i Feirionydd*!' The following verses are especially a model of the idiomatic poetry of the language:—

"Eidion du a dyn ei did,  
 Ond odid i ddyn dedwydd,  
 I dorri ei gŵys ar dir ac âr  
 A braenar yn y bronnydd;  
 Goreu tyn, fe 'i gŵyr y tad,  
 Morwynion gwlad Merionydd.

"Pwy sydd lân o bryd a gwedd,  
 Ond rhyfedd mewn pentrefydd?  
 Pwy sy 'mhob hyswiaeth dda  
 Yn gwlwn gyda 'u gilydd?  
 Pwy sy 'n ymyl dwyn fy ngho'?  
 Morwynion bro Meirionydd.

"Glân yw 'r gleisiad yn y llyn,  
 Nid ydyw hyn ddim newydd;  
 Glân yw 'r fronfraith yn ei thy,  
 Dan daenu ei hadenydd;  
 Glanach yw, os d'wedai 'r gwir,  
 Morwynion tir Meirionydd."

Pitiless, insatiate Sea,  
Thou but mock'st my bitter weeping ;  
There is ONE who rides on thee,  
And has all thy storms in keeping ;  
He will hear me and command  
Thee to rest upon thy strand.

---

Of the latter kind of poetry, Blackwell is, perhaps, the chief exponent. While the language of his effusions is pure and idiomatic, the thoughts bear all the impress of a high education and of acquaintance, not only with Celtic literature, but with that of other peoples and languages. He has ransacked the storehouses of English poetry and transferred much of their wealth into his own Cymric tongue—not in its crude, undigested state ; but, by fusing it in his alembic and moulding it into new forms, he has given us creations that, retaining all the characteristics of their original condition, are yet new in our Welsh literature.

The poem before us will, if carefully examined, prove our assertion. We must caution our readers not to form their judgment of the truth of these remarks from the translation. A right opinion can be formed only by an exact criticism of the original.

The two kinds are concentrated in the poetry of Goronwy Owen, and in an extraordinary degree. After ranging through the wide fields of Grecian, Roman, and English literature, he writes his strains in a purely Cymric idiom—fusing thought and language into one compound in his crucible.

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## PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF THE WELSH IN DAYS GONE BY.

BY THE REV. ELIAS OWEN, of Ruthin.

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IN the more secluded parts of Wales, up to a time remembered by the living, the evening devotions of the people consisted of prayers in rhyme, with the repetition of the Creed and Lord's Prayer. These were usually uttered audibly in a reverent manner, and in a kneeling posture. One of the most common of these rhythmical prayers commenced with "*Mam wen*". It is known as *Breuddwyd Mair*, Mary's Dream. I have collected several readings of this hymn, and, as it is curious, it is worth perpetuating.

The first copy of *Breuddwyd Mair* I met with in 1863. It was given me by John Parry, a shoemaker, of Aber, in Carnarvonshire, an intelligent man who was fond of talking of old times, which he continued to regard, notwithstanding modern inventions, as the "*good old times*". He was taught it by an old female neighbour forty-one years before, when he was a child; and she also taught him his *Padar* (Pater), the Lord's Prayer. But I will give his own words:—"Dyma i chwi riu beth ac ni wn i ddim o ba le y tarddodd e na phwy yw ei awdwr, ac a ddysgodd hen gymdoges i mi 41 mlynedd yn ol gydar padar iw ddweud cyn myned i'r gwely bob nos ac yr oedd y pryd hyn yn beth cyffredin." He says:—"Here I send you something, but I do not know whence it sprang, nor who its author was, that was taught me by an old female neighbour forty-one years ago, together with the *padar*, to say nightly before going to bed, and it was then a common thing." And then he writes as follows:—

Mam wen Fair wyt ti 'n huno?  
 Ydwf anwyl Fab yn breuddwydio.  
 Be ti 'n weld yn dy fryuddwyd?  
 Gweld dy ddal ath ddilyn ath hoelio ar y groes  
 Ac un dyn dall wedi 'r fall ei dwyllo  
 Yn dy bigo dan dy fron aswy,  
 Y gwaed anwyl bedigedig yn llio;  
 Gwir yw bryuddwyd mam wen Fair.

Pwy bynag ai gwypo ac ai dywdo  
 Dair gwaith bob nos cyn hyno  
 Y breuddwyd drwg ni nyith niwed iddo,  
 Tir uffern byth nis cerddo.

I have adhered to the orthography; in fact, have given a perfect copy of my friend's letter. The Welsh is that of Carnarvonshire, and this will account for some of the verbal differences between the above and the versions that are to follow. He ends his letter as follows:—"A dyna fel y bydda pawb ar ol dweud ei badar drosdo 3 gwaith ac yn wir i chwi pan y bydda y dywydd yn oer byddwn i yn rhedeg drosdo yn o fuan ond mae yr hen dy soft a gwell(t) yna wedi myned ar dan ers dalm gan lawer ar ysbrydoedd yn gadwedig drwyr auhywsder;" which, rendered into English, is as follows:—"And thus did everyone, after repeating the *Pater noster* three times,—and, to tell you the truth, when the weather was cold, I ran over it pretty quickly,—but that old stubble-built and straw-thatched house has long since been burnt by many, and the souls saved through difficulties." The concluding remark shows the estimation of such prayers by a generation but one remove from that in which they were common.

Without attempting to turn these lines into English verse, I will give a translation thereof, following the verses as given in Welsh:—

Mary, mother pure, art thou asleep?  
 I am, dear Son, I am dreaming.  
 What seest thou in thy dream?  
 I see thee caught, and followed, and nailed to the Cross,



And one benighted man, deceived of Satan, piercing thy left side,  
And thy dear, blessed blood flowing.

True is the dream, Mary, mother pure.

Whoever it knows, and repeats it  
Three times each night ere sleeping,  
The wicked dream shall not him hurt,  
Hell's domains shall he ne'er tread.

There is poetry in the picture which these lines bring before us. The Saviour sees His mother in a troubled dream; and, child-like, inquires whether she is asleep; she, alluding to the horrors caused by her dream, informs her Son that she had been asleep, and that she had had a dream. Then He affectionately inquires what that dream might be that caused her those throbs of mental pain; and she, in answer, informs Him, that she, in her dream, had seen him, her dear Son, taken prisoner, rudely followed by the mocking crowd, nailed to the Cross, and His side pierced with a spear, and that His precious blood spurted from the cruel wound. She had had portrayed to her mind the whole scene of the Crucifixion. Then she is told that her dream was to be a fact. The picture is drawn by an artist, and the thoughts of the dying Saviour, which the repetition of this would suggest, are such as might well be our last, after a busy day's labours. But the latter part of the piece is greatly inferior to the former portion.

The next version that I shall give was taken down from the lips of an old woman in Flintshire, a good while ago, by a cousin of the Rev. Canon Williams, of Llanfyllin, who kindly gave me a copy thereof a few months ago. It is as follows:—

Mam wen Fair, wyt ti 'n ddeffro?  
Nac ydw, nac ydw, f' anwyl fab.  
Yr ydwyf fi yn huno ac yn breuddwydio.  
Mam wen Fair beth a weli di  
Yn dy freuddwyd i mi?

Nie welaf dy ddilyn, dy ddal,  
 Dy roi ar y groes, ar wislen wen  
 Yn dy law, a choron o ddrain ar dy ben.  
 Gwedi i'r Fall fawr dy dwyllo,  
 Dy daro di a ffon o tan dy fron,  
 Dy waed gwirion bendigedig sydd yn colli.

Sawl a'i d'wetto ac ai medro  
 Tair gwaith cyn y'i cyago,  
 Dwy waith cyn y'i cotto,  
 Breuddwyd drwg byth na thrwblo,  
 Tir uffern byth na cherddo—  
 Gwir yw 'r gair, amen ac amen.  
 A felly fydd.

Since there are so many slight differences between this and the first, I will give a translation of this also :—

Mary, mother pure, art thou awake?  
 I'm not, I'm not, my dear Son;  
 I am sleeping and dreaming.  
 Mary, mother pure, what dost thou see  
 In thy dream that concerns Me?  
 I see Thee followed, caught,  
 Placed on the Cross, a white rod  
 In Thy hand, a crown of thorns on Thy head,  
 After that the great Deceiver has tempted Thee,  
 I see Thee pierced in Thy side,  
 Thy innocent, blessed blood flowing.

Whoever says it, and knows it,  
 Three times before sleeping,  
 Twice before rising,  
 The bad dream will not trouble him;  
 He shall never walk hell's land.  
 It is true, it is true, amen and amen.  
 And so it shall be.

Both these readings are substantially the same. But the verbal differences are many. In the first line of each, the Virgin is addressed as "*Mam wen Fair*". Both begin alike. *Wen* I have translated *pure*, though, primarily, the word means *white*. I think I am justified in so translating it. After the

first three words, there comes a difference. In the Aber rendering we have the question, "*Wyt ti 'n huno?*" "Art thou *asleep?*" and in the Flintshire version it is, "*Wyt ti 'n ddeffro?*" "Art thou *awake?*" There are not two lines alike throughout the whole, and yet they resemble each other strongly. They are the same, changed by being carried along and learnt by heart, it is true; but, nevertheless, they are one hymn. Few, in days gone by, could read, and what was committed to memory would be varied by each one who learnt it; and hence the difference of these two pieces. Upon comparing the language of these readings, we see that in the Flintshire one, the word *trublo* (trouble) comes in, intimating that there English words were creeping in amongst the Welsh words, and ousting the equivalent Welsh word. As a comparison of language, the differences in these renderings are very interesting; but it was not for this purpose that they were penned, and so I go on.

The following version of "Mary's Dream" was taken down from the lips of an aged man who lived on the hill above Penmaenmawr, near Llangelynin old church, by Mr. Richard Wynne Parry. The person who repeated it was ill at the time, and died shortly after Mr. Parry saw him. He stated that everybody used it when he was a child. It is as follows:—

Mam wen Fair, a wyt ti 'n huno?  
 Nac wyf, fy anwyl Fab, yr wyf yn breuddwydio.  
 Beth a welaist ti yn dy freuddwyd?  
 Gweled dy hel, a dy ddal, a dy ddilyn,  
 Dy rodidi ar y groes a'th groeshoelio;  
 Yr Iuddew du dall oedd y fall a dy dwyllodd.

Gwin i borthi, dwfr i 'molchi.

Sawl a ddywedo hon bob nos dair gwaith cyn huno,  
 Dim breuddwyd drwg wna niwed iddo. Amen.

This, the Llangelynin version, is more imperfect than the

other two; but it contains one line of which they are deficient, viz. :—

Gwin i borthi, dwfr i 'molchi.  
Wine to feed, water to cleanse.

Alluding probably to the Sacraments.

There is also one pretty line in the Aber version which is not in the rest, viz. :—

Gwir yw 'r breuddwyd mam wen Fair.  
True is the dream, Mary, mother pure.

In the Flintshire version, also, there is one thing not to be found in the other two, viz. :—

Dwy waith cyn y i cotto.  
Twice before he rises.

And this line shows that, as the day ended, so it was to begin with the repetition of the hymn—with this difference, however: that it was said there three times before going to bed, and twice in the morning when lying on the bed.

All these differences show that the copies are all incomplete; but if a number large enough could be picked up, it would appear that one would help the other, and by-and-by a perfect copy might be procured.

With one other version, I will bring *Breuddwyd Mair* to a close. The Venerable Archdeacon Evans wrote the following out from memory; and, as far as it goes, it is very perfect, but it is only a part of the whole :—

*Breuddwyd Mair.*

Mam, wen Fair, pam rwyf ti 'n wylo?  
Nid wylo roeddwn, fy Mab, ond breuddwydio.  
Mam, wen Fair, beth oeddit yn freuddwydio?  
Gweld dy ddal, fy Mab, a'th groeshoelio,  
A dyn y fall, wedi dallu a'i dwyllo,  
Yn rhoi pig ei ffon dan dy fron,  
Nes oedd dy waed sanctaidd yn llifo.

The number of renderings of this hymn shows how univer-

sally it was used ; but it is not found in Montgomeryshire, and possibly it had its home among the hills.

The Rev. Canon Williams, of Llanfyllin, remembered another rhythmical prayer, that I have never met with. The reverend gentleman writes :—" When I was a small boy, parish apprentices were the rule ; and I remember that a little fellow used to come to the parlour door at Nant Meliden, and kneel down, on his way to bed, and repeat the following, ending with *Y Pader* :—

' Yn enw Duw i'm gwely yr af ;  
Duw a gadwo 'r iach a'r claf ;  
Mi rof fy mhen i lawr i gysgu,  
Mi rof fy enaid i Grist Iesu,  
Ac yn enw Duw mi gysgaf.

' Pan ddelo dydd y foru  
Yn amser i mi godi,  
Rhag i'r gelyn yn ddiffael  
Gael arnaf ail i bechn.'

There seems something defective, but this is what I recollect."

The child's hymn is as follows :—

In God's name to my bed I go ;  
God keep the hale and those in woe ;  
I'll lay my body down to sleep,  
I'll give my soul to Christ to keep,  
And in the name of God I'll sleep.

The second verse is incomplete ; it contains a wish to be kept from sin on the following day.

I now know a farmer's wife who is in the habit of rehearsing the Creed in her private nightly devotions ; and, a few years ago, an old woman, who had seen upwards of eighty years, told me that she had daily said her *Pader* and *Credo*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The use of the *Pader* and *Credo* is confirmed by the following anecdote :—

"An old woman of Aberdovey, while crossing the part of Cardigan Bay that lies between Aberystwith and Aberdovey, in an open boat,

from infancy, and that, as long as she lived, she intended doing so—that she could not *abide* the new-fangled ideas of the present days. The old lady has gone to her long resting-place, and with her has died the old habit of repeating the Creed of an evening after the Lord's Prayer.

I do not for a moment suppose that these peculiar forms of devotion belong exclusively to Wales. They are in use in the present day in Catholic France, with a slight difference. Instead of the Saviour, the angel Gabriel is made to question the Virgin. The same answers, however, are returned in the French as in our Welsh versions.

In certain parts of England, too, some of these devotional rhymes are used with but little variation. The following is in common use in many parts, and answers to the boy's prayer in page 30 :—

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

If no other lesson is taught us by these "Devotions", they prove how truly the sayings and doings of ages long gone by are borne downwards on the stream of tradition. Remains, as they are, of Roman Catholic times, they are deserving of record, not only, as I have stated, for their curious character, but for the lesson they teach us with regard to tradition. They prove how accurately it hands down to our day the transactions and even the sayings of long centuries ago. Wales has renounced the faith of Rome for upwards of three hundred years; and yet these echoes of her former creed are

found the passage so stormy, as to cause her to resort to earnest prayer for deliverance. When she landed at the latter place, she exclaimed with great delight :—'*Moliant i Dduw am y ddacw las unwaith etto; nid oes achos am na phader no chredo ar hon.*' 'God be praised for the green earth once more. There is no need of either *pater* or *credo* on this.'

still heard in her mountains and valleys. We are invited, consequently, to give tradition the importance it claims at our hands, nor deny it the authority which narratives like these so strongly uphold.

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## EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 2.

Y B R A D W R.

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O gwelwch ddyn a golwg  
 Isel drem, yn selu drwg,  
 A thafod esmwyth ofeg,  
 I'r byd yn doidyd yn deg,  
 Ac aml wên ar ei enau,—  
 Heb wad ef wna frad yn frau.

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## ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

*Read at the Meeting of the British Archæological Association at Llangollen,  
August 29th, 1877.*

By PROFESSOR RHYS, of Oxford.

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OTHERS may be trusted to point out to the members of this learned Association the material remains of archæological interest in this charming district of Llangollen; but there is a sense in which tumuli, earthworks, and cromlechs are no more facts than are words, and especially names. It is by directing attention to two or three of the tales supplied by this part of the country, that I would attempt to do my part in welcoming this Association on its first visit to North Wales.

One might begin by dwelling on the history of some of the neighbouring churches, more than one of which commemorate the names of St. Germanus and St. Bride or Bridget, such as Llanarmon and Llansantffraid. One of the lessons to be learned from those names seems to be that there has been a fashion in the case of saints, as in everything else.

Whether any of those alluded to are the oldest names of the churches now so called, may be doubted; at any rate, there are reasons for doubting that the churches called Llanarmon received that name during the period in which St. Germanus lived. But in the case of the church after which this parish is called, it is not so, for the Welsh have never allowed oblivion to cover the memory of the man who seems to have been the first missionary that laboured on the banks of the Dee, to turn our pagan ancestors to Christianity, and the name of Collen will be remembered as long as this place continues to be called Llangollen.



This is not the time for a lesson on Welsh phonology, but I always feel glad of an opportunity of learning a new sound; and perhaps some of those attending the meeting of the Association would be glad to acquire the sound of the Welsh *ll* before returning to England. The directions need not be long. Discard the grotesque accounts of that sound in English books, place your tongue in position for pronouncing *l*, and blow a good deal harder than need be for that consonant, then you have our *ll*; so long, however, as you hear *thl*, or *chl*, you may be sure you have not hit it, as it is a single consonant and not a combination.

To return to St. Collen, it would be needless to trouble you with the legends usually attached to his name; but I would call your attention to one which I have never seen published in English. I am indebted for it to one of our best Welsh archæologists, the Rev. Owen Jones, of Llandudno. The following is the substance of a Welsh letter with which he favoured me about a fortnight ago:—

“I have long been of opinion that our early Welsh legends are to be regarded as allegorical descriptions of historical facts; and on one occasion, several years ago, I happened to be lodging at a farm house near Pentref-y-Dwfr, at the foot of Bwlch-y-Rhiw-felen. In the morning the farmer, Mr. John Tudor, accompanied me over the Bwlch on my way to Llandegla, and in answer to my enquiries he related the following legend, which he had heard when a boy engaged as a shepherd on the mountains there:—In some very early period there used to live on the top of this Bwlch a giantess, who used to mutilate and kill all who came that way; at last, a man from the neighbouring Vale of Llangollen, made up his mind to rid the country of her; he sharpened his sword in order to go to fight with her. After he had climbed to her court, she came out to converse with him, and the result was that they engaged in a severe combat. By and

by the man succeeded in cutting off the right arm of the giantess, but she continued to fight as strenuously as ever. This went on until he managed to cut off her left arm also, whereupon the giantess began to call aloud to Arthur in the rock of Eglwyseg, entreating him to come to her rescue, as the knave was murdering her. The end, however, was that she was killed, and that the man hurried away to wash himself clean from her blood in a spring on the mountain, which is to this day known as Collen's Well. The explanation," continues Mr. Jones, "which I ventured to give Mr. Tudor was the following:—By the giantess was meant a cruel and oppressive system of religion, which prevailed here before the introduction of Christianity; it was the missionary who first brought the Gospel into those parts, and to whose memory Llangollen was consecrated, that was represented by the man who came to fight the giantess. It was with the sword of truth that he broke the force of her influence, partially at first and more completely afterwards, and in spite of her appeal to the secular power, here represented by Arthur, she was killed so as to rid the country of her violence and cruelty. Perhaps," adds Mr. Jones, "the legend was invented by one of the monks of Valle Crucis Abbey, which is in that neighbourhood."

So far his explanation is highly ingenious, as applied to the legend in its present form. However, I am inclined to think that it dates long before the time of Valle Crucis Abbey, and that most of the materials out of which it was constructed are even older than Christianity; perhaps one might characterize it as a pagan legend fertilized by Christianity. I doubt whether we might venture to compare the giantess with the sphynx; but if we substitute for her a dragon, we can connect it with a well-known class of legends, and at the same time discover a motive for the victorious slayer of the giantess hurrying away to a well to wash himself clean from her blood,

for that may, as in some of the dragon legends, have been poisonous. It is hard to say, whether the reference to the well partakes more of the nature of a solar myth or of Christianity, but certain it is that St. Collen, who by implication is the hero, represents Christianity. Consequently, Arthur appears as one who might be appealed to on the pagan side. This is, I am inclined to think, the original character of Arthur as the Solar hero of Kymry and Bretons ; and it is easy to understand how, when they became Christians, he had to follow suit, so as to become the good knight we find him in the *Mabinogion* ; as such, one cannot without some difficulty think of him as paying no heed to the cries of a female in distress. On the whole it would seem that an Arthur who was neither Christian nor chivalrous was an older and more original character than the one pictured in mediæval romance.

The foregoing legend probably did not stand alone. Within the last few days I have succeeded in collecting a few shreds of a nearly parallel one at Llanberis. Between Llanberis church and the pass, nearly opposite the house called Cwm-glas, under a large stone called *Y Gromlech*, on the left hand side as you ascend, was the abode of a giantess called *Canrig* (or *Cantrig*) *Bwt*, which seems to have meant Canrig the Stumpy, and to have indicated that her stoutness was out of all proportion to her stature. Now *Canrig Bwt* was a cannibal, and especially fond of feasting on children. So when the man came who was destined to put an end to her, and challenged her to come out and fight, she coolly replied, "Wait till I have scraped this young skull clean." In the meantime he placed himself on the stone under which she was to come out, and chopped off her head with his sword when she made her appearance in quest of him. He is said to have been a criminal sentenced to death, who had the alternative of trying his luck in conflict with the giantess,

and the name of *Canrig Bot* has come down to our time only as a means of frightening naughty children; but I am not sure that this is a sufficient proof that her ravages were confined to infants.

I would call your attention next to the name of the river you have lately crossed and re-crossed so frequently, the Dee; in Welsh it is called *Dyfrdwy*, a word which analyses itself into *Dyfr-dwy*, whereof the first syllable is a weakening of *dwfr*, water. But what is the other syllable? Two answers are given. It is sometimes crudely guessed to be the same as the Welsh *du*, black, which is phonetically impossible, and deserving of no further mention. The more popular etymology identifies it with Welsh *dwy*, the feminine of *dau*, 'two', and treats the entire name as meaning the water of *two*, that is of two rivers; and the two rivers supposed to form the Dee are pointed out in the neighbourhood of Bala. It would perhaps be no serious objection to this etymology, that *Dyfrdwy* would accordingly be a name which could be literally applied to almost all the rivers in the world; but a little fact suffices to dissolve a great deal of conjecture. The former offers itself in one of the ways in which Giraldus Cambrensis spells the name of the river, namely as *Deverdoeu*, where *doeu* is the same as the old Welsh *doiu* or *duiu*, the genitive of old Welsh *diu*, a god. It is not altogether unknown in its full form in later Welsh, as for instance in *dwyrw-ol*, divine, now written and pronounced *dwyrwl*; but more commonly *duiu* or *dwyrw* is shortened into *dwy* as in *meudwy*, a hermit, literally *servus dei*: similarly an old name *Gwas-duiu*, which also means *servus dei*, appears later as *Gwas-dwy*. So the phonology of *Dyfrdwy* is perfectly plain and simple, and the word would have to be regarded as meaning *aqua dei*, but for other evidence which makes me prefer treating *dwy* as here meaning goddess, whence *Dyfrdwy* would be *aqua deæ*. Who was the goddess I do not know,

but most probably she was a personification of the river. In later Welsh poetry the latter is personified under the name of *Aerfen*, which would seem to mean a war divinity, or simply war; and we learn from Giraldus, that in times when our ancestors and the English were at war, the Dee had still some traces of its divinity preserved, as it seems to have been treated as the arbiter of victory and defeat: if the Dee ate away its eastern bank, it betokened defeat to the English, and vice versa. The words alluded to occur in the 11th chapter of the second book of the *Itinerarium Kambriæ*; they run thus:—"Item, ut asserunt accolæ, aqua ista singulis mensibus vada permutat; et utri finium, Angliæ scilicet an Kambriæ, alveo relicto magis incubuerit, gentem illam eo in anno succumbere, et alteram prævalere certissimum pronosticum habent."

Now, according to the rules of Welsh phonology, the old Welsh *duin*, the later *deyu*, stand for an early Welsh stem *dey* or *dēw*, which is the same whence the Romans had their *Dēra*, and the English their *Dee*. It is not my intention to dwell on river worship among the Celts; and I would merely refer you to a valuable paper by M. Pictet in the *Revue Celtique*, entitled "De quelques Noms Celtiques de Rivières qui se lient au Culte des Eaux", in which the learned Celtist, who is now no more, not only calls attention to Gallo-Roman votive tablets to such water divinities as *Dea Sequana*, *Dea Icaune*, *Dea Bormonia*, *Deus Borvo*, and the like, but finds traces in Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Ireland of rivers bearing the same names as the Dee in the forms of *Dēva*, *Diva*, and *Divona*, and nearly related ones. (*Rev. Celtique*, ii, pp. 1-9.)

In the same paper he notices the rivers known in Gaul as *Matra* and *Matrona*, that is, names intimately connected with the Gaulish form of the word for 'mother', and recalling the numberless Gaulish divinities entitled *Matres* in Gallo-

Roman inscriptions. This leads me to suggest a possible explanation of the name of the principal point in the Clwydian range of hills, namely, *Moel Famau*. Now *moel* means bald, without hair or without horns, and as applied to a hill it signifies one with a round top, such, in fact, as *Moel Famau* is, but for the unfortunate Jubilee Tower on it. *Famau* is a regular mutation of *Mamau*, apparently the plural of *Mam*, 'a mother', thus *Moel Famau* would mean the 'moel of mothers', which sounds, however, somewhat more indefinite than the majority of Welsh names of the kind, and suggests that the definite article here, as in so many other instances, has been dropped; the name would then in full be *Moel-y-Famau*, but that could only be a relic of the use of a dual number in Welsh, and should be rendered into English 'the Moel of the two Mothers'. But who were these mothers, whether two or more in number? I am inclined to think that they were no human mothers, but imaginary beings, possibly associated with, or personifications of springs of water rising in the *Moel*; but whether further acquaintance with the ground would tend to confirm this somewhat vague conjecture, I am unable to say, as I have never had an opportunity of examining it. On the other hand, it would be evidently unwise to neglect any traces in this country of cults which, it may be presumed, were once common among the Celts, both in the British Isles and on the Continent.

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## THE EISTEDDFOD OF THE FUTURE

By MRS. A. WALTER THOMAS, AND DAVID THOMAS, Esq.

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FOLLOWING on the lines of *Gwalchmai's* lucid historical explanation, which appeared in the last number of the *Cymmrodor*, of the purposes of the Eisteddfod of the Past, it may not be unworthy of consideration whether the time has not arrived when one of the main features of the Eisteddfod should be developed and adapted to meet an acknowledged want of the present day.

As we have seen, the Eisteddfod originally exercised three functions : first, that of a *legislative* assembly, for the enacting of laws : secondly, that of a *judicial* body, which interpreted and enforced them : thirdly, that of a *learned* body, which aimed at the advancement and encouragement of learning, and notably of poetry, music, and art. By the statute of Rhuddlau in the reign of Edward I, the two first functions were absorbed by Parliament and the Courts of Justice respectively ; but the last function, for fulfilling the duties of which no special legal provision was made, has never been superseded, and it may therefore fairly be argued that the powers of the Eisteddfod, *quoad hoc*, still remain unrepealed and only in abeyance. They are, therefore, a *Constitutional right belonging to the Principality*.

Some recognition has been extended from time to time by British Sovereigns to the National Eisteddfod of Wales, but the *authority* of an Eisteddfodic body has long ceased to exist, although the popular feeling in its favour has increased.

The national acceptableness, the purposes, the prevalence

of Eisteddfodau, indicate that so peculiar an institution should no longer exist without more marked recognition ; and that it should be enabled to carry out its mission for the benefit of the Principality in accordance with the advanced requirements of this age.

While costly and complex machinery of every kind is proposed or utilised for advancing the civilisation and culture of the Welsh people, here is at hand an admirable engine, capable of being utilised for the purpose. Every county, every town, every village even has its literary meetings (generally under the name of *Eisteddfodau*), where music, poetry, art, and literature form subjects for healthy emulation. Once or twice a year the whole culminates in a more imposing and general meeting under the name of *Yr Eisteddfod*, or *Yr Eisteddfod Genedlaethol*, the popularity of which is attested by the numbers and character of those who attend, or who take an interest in it, either as competitors for prizes, adjudicators, visitors, or patrons. Such a gathering, and for such a purpose, as was seen last year at Wrexham, and this year at Carnarvon, indicates a vast amount of intellectual activity in which the Welsh language plays no mean part.

Our Saxon friends have been told often, and told truly, that the English language is rapidly spreading in Wales, and that not a single day-school teaches the Welsh language. It might perhaps surprise them, were they further informed that, in spite of all this, there are issued in the Welsh language in the Principality no fewer than two quarterly and sixteen monthly periodicals, and thirteen weekly newspapers ; that Welsh is now spoken by a number of persons greater probably than in the days of the Heptarchy ; and that its vocabulary is enriched daily by the addition of new words.

These facts and statistics sufficiently indicate a reading public in Wales ; and not only is this the case in the present day, but the whole nation is panting for improvement, and



looking out for some hand that will guide this intellectual activity which finds its vent through the medium of the Welsh language. That ruling power should be found in the Eisteddfod, for, as has been well said by a German writer (Möser in his *Osnabrück History*), all laws should be the outcome, not of abstract theories, but of the history of a people; and that institution which has so deep a hold on the hearts of the Cymry is surely best adapted to guide their minds.

The Eisteddfod is the natural as well as the national institution of Wales. "The study of modern history", says Shelley,\* "is the study of kings, financiers, statesmen, and priests. That of the history of ancient Greece is the study of legislators, philosophers, and poets: it is the history of men, compared with the history of titles." And to this latter description the Eisteddfod may proudly lay claim. High as the clamour may rise outside of political and religious strife—so high, alas! as almost to justify the old proverb, "Ni bydd dyun dau Gymro"—within her walls it is hushed, and men are content to forget their differences for a time, that each may sprinkle his incense on the altars of those

" Sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring."

If the Eisteddfod possesses such powers when, by those outside the Principality, its existence till lately has only been recognised to be scoffed at, what would not be its influence when surrounded by the prestige of State authority?

And here may be pointed out the one great disadvantage under which the Eisteddfod labours. It lacks one chief element of success—*authority*. Any body of men, in any part of Wales, may claim Eisteddfodic powers. They may forthwith collect funds, announce prizes, hold meetings, and

<sup>1</sup> Fragment of an essay on the literature, arts, and manners of the Athenians.

confer rewards, irrespective of their qualifications for the task. That under these circumstances so much unanimity should reign, and so many qualified persons should be willing to undertake Eisteddfodic duties, is highly creditable to the nation, and forms a just claim for the extension and consolidation of the power of the Eisteddfod.

It is not surprising that under the disadvantages we have mentioned, Eisteddfod committees should become too local in their management, and too commercial in their actions. Local bodies have a tendency to identify the interests of knowledge with the commercial interests of their own town or locality. They are more anxious to attract visitors, in order to cover the pecuniary risks that they guarantee, than to advance any permanent object embraced within the scope of an Eisteddfod proper. Nor is it to be supposed that the world will be ready to bow to such a self-elected body, changing as the scene changes. Dissatisfaction with, and disputes concerning, the adjudications and the disposal of surplus funds are too often the unfortunate but unavoidable results of the present system.

To sum up these arguments. If the Eisteddfod of the present, in the hands of varying and self-constituted bodies with no authority and very little responsibility, is a useful and a popular institution, how much more so might be the Eisteddfod of the future, with disorder reduced to order, anarchy to government, isolated efforts to centralisation?

NID DA, LLE BO GWELL. Many of the warmest friends of the Eisteddfod have long felt the force of this proverb, and have directed their efforts to the creation of a permanent and central committee.

The time is ripe for change: for a change that shall give full effect to our aspirations. But how can this be accomplished? Surely, by giving *authority* to the Eisteddfod. We conceive that this result might be brought about as follows.

The Eisteddfod might be incorporated as a society under a royal charter, for the performance of the third function already alluded to, viz., the encouragement of poetry, music, and art (understanding art in its widest sense).

Sufficient permanent funds should be provided for working the machinery. A constitution, following on historical lines as far as possible, should be drawn up, defining the duties and powers of the Eisteddfod and regulating the appointment of its central governing body.

This governing body or council should be carefully chosen from individuals of *mark sufficient* to give weight to their decisions. On questions of music and philology there are certain Welsh names that at once present themselves, whose owners would anywhere be accepted as fully competent and valuable members of such a council. Nor would it probably be difficult in time to form a *Ford Gron*, a round table, capable of doing good and honest service to the cause of Welsh literature generally. Other branches of literature might also be brought, for the benefit of Wales, within the scope of the Eisteddfodic Council: and there is no fear that the task of finding competent members of the council or worthy adjudicators would prove difficult, with the whole world to choose from. The London or Scotch Universities (or any of the bodies incorporated for special objects) have never been at a loss for persons able to perform similar duties, while they have money to command their services.

In this way security would be taken that the prizes and degrees conferred—the mintmarks of approval—should guarantee the work as standard gold, above suspicion (and this would necessarily be the case if competent adjudicators were elected by the central authority).

The second point to be carefully considered is, that room should be left within these safeguards for the play of that liberty enjoyed by local committees in the selection of the

place for holding the Eisteddfod, and even the method of conducting it, and the management (or mismanagement) of local funds.

Nor (and surely this is important) should the working man be discouraged—that class which in Wales takes so unique an interest in Eisteddfodau. The standard of excellence in the republic of letters is high and difficult of attainment by those who earn their daily bread by the labour of their hands. Bearing also in view the important fact that every degree conferred should be worthily conferred, and no sham, the Eisteddfodic Council might institute degrees of various order, so giving to all merit due recognition, whether it flourish in sunshine or in shadow.

Thus, whether in poetry, in art, in science, in classical or modern language, in mathematics or philology (for all these and more might be subjects for competition), the distinction given would be what it professed to be. In this way, room would be left for the action of the general and local bodies respectively. The distinction of higher and lower degrees was not unknown to the historic Eisteddfod: witness the grades of Druid, Bard and Ovate: and, coming from the source which we have indicated, there would be no gainsaying them.

An authoritative centre—such a centre as would command at once the confidence of scholars and of the country—is an absolute necessity.

It is obvious therefore that some organised body must be appointed to act with effect in discussing and defining the constitution of the Eisteddfod of the future, its objects and duties, its general and local action: in a word, in furthering the appointment of a properly constituted Eisteddfod authority. By such a proceeding, order would arise out of chaos, real merit be honoured, pretentiousness discouraged, learning promoted, Welsh literature receive due recognition; and

last, but by no means least, care would be taken of the Eisteddfod exchequer, that funds might not be lacking for its various purposes. Obtaining this, Wales would obtain what it has long sought. Such a body responsible for the collection and employment of public and private funds would thus inspire confidence.

It would be presumptuous to attempt detail or to lay down dogmatically what range of subjects should be embraced by the Eisteddfod, and whether its sweep should be broader or narrower than at present. Enough, if the writers have succeeded in indicating a real necessity in connexion with our country's peculiar and honoured institution ; and in suggesting that some organised body would best set about its consolidation.

It will be for such a body as we have indicated to consider, as a preliminary step, the desirability of seeking a Royal Commission, which should make enquiries and collect into one focus information as to the requirements and claims of the Principality, the ancient uses of the Eisteddfod, and its adaptability to modern purposes : or whether it would be better, on the other hand, to seek at once a Royal Charter of Incorporation, from which would arise a duly constituted body, having authority, "a local habitation and a name."

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## L E T T E R S

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD  
RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.*(Continued from Vol. i, p. 170.)*

TO EDWARD RICHARD.

" Penbryn, June 22nd, 1760.

" DEAR SIR,—We have flies that are begot, come to perfection and play, engender their kind, and lay their eggs and die in one day, and the next day a new brood comes, and goes on the same for the whole summer, generation after generation; and these do as much, and to as much purpose, as most of us that annoy and distress one another, as if we were to live for ever. How many ages of those flies is it since I have heard from you and my little ones? Is your library almost finished? and when will you put up the books? God send that it is not ill-timed, for the taste of our age seems to be quite otherwise. If you had lived in the time of the Primitive Christians, some good might have been expected from such a thing, and the Church would have sainted you for it; but those days are over, and the like of them will never be, for our shepherds are turned wolves and foxes, and my son, perhaps, will see your successor incapable of reading the title pages of the books you collect. Thus our schemes, though ever so well founded, are very narrow and shallow; but an active mind must be doing of something, let it end where it will. Most of the ancient philosophers (except

Diogenes the Cynic) were lovers of society, and lived among the thickest of their fellow-creatures, and imparted their knowledge readily, as if you had lived at Aberystwith and taught the inhabitants of that place common civility and letters : few of them, or none, have run to the tops of mountains to instruct sheep and deer. Among the first Christians indeed, there were a surly kind of people who affected retirement and lived in caves, but they seldom did any good, except what they did to themselves in mortifying the flesh. Am not I a silly fellow for attempting to persuade you to leave Ystrad Meurig, and to live at Aberystwith ? that was my scheme, but I am afraid to no purpose, for you seem to be like the plant Chanremorus, who will live nowhere but on the top of Snowdon. My messenger who comes with shirts for the boys calls on me for the letter, and says it will be too late to stay longer. In my last meeting with Ieuan Fardd I have convinced him that it is in vain for him to attempt Nennius until he has a better copy than Archbishop Usher's Nennius in Llannerch library, which is far from being correct, and will lead the world into intolerable errors. Nothing will do it but Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt's copy, which hath been compared with all the ancient copies in the public libraries, the Cotton, Bodleian, Cambridge, the King's Library, and with Usher's own transcript from eleven MSS. ; but the difficulty is to come at it, for Mr. Vaughan will suffer no man to see it, though his father hath suffered me to make some extracts out of it, which is the test I have to try all other copies by. That was the only man that understood Nennius, and that knew what he wrote about him, I mean Mr. Robert Vaughan, who was cotemporary with Usher. If you, who have so critical a knowledge of the Latin tongue, would take such a translation in hand, it would make you immortal, and the history loudly calls to be turned into English, being just expiring ; but you have a thousand excuses, though indolence

is the real reason. I conclude this with my respects to your  
fireside, and am, "Dear Sir,

"Your Friend and Servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, July 4th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours of Dygwyl ffair fadr, with Dr. Philipps' and Mr. Pegge's letters, which made me stare, and I now return them. Their compliments are so high, that they made me turn about like the drunken woman, whose cloaths had been changed while asleep, and I asked myself, Ai fi ydwyf fi? doubting much whether the character fits me. Besides, there is an old proverb among us which says, 'A fynno glod bid farw'. According to this, either I am dead, or this is no praise. Last night I had no sleep, a summer cough (the worst of coughs) has seized me, and brought an inflammation of the pleura, which has been partly removed by bleeding, but am still very bad. Ped fai waeth i neb arall ond fy eppil fy hun.

"Our friend Ieuan has sent me some of Aneurin's works that is worth its weight in gold. O bishops, O princes, O ye fat men of the land, why suffer ye that man to starve? Do not flinch from your part of attacking Camden, or you will have a chance of being shot in the head. I will send you an account, when I have leisure, of some parts of his body that are not invulnerable, not about his heels, but about his head. Yours is the first edition of him, and therefore is the best, for there you have the author in his native simplicity before he hath called allies to his assistance. Have good courage, nid oedd ond dyn fal dyn arall. Pwy ond Dewi Fardd sy 'n dyfod ar llythyr hwn, ar ryw neges i Ieuan, ag i edrych noethni 'r wlad mae 'n debyg.

"Mr. Pegge and Dr. Philipps are welcome to copy my  
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letters, provided no use is made of them without my consent. During a correspondence of about two years I had with the late Mr. Carte, I had some disputes with him about our antiquities. He has printed in his book of the *History of England* whole paragraphs out of my letters, and never owned but one from whence he got the matter (which is in page 31), and even that without my consent or knowledge. It is dangerous to correspond with such antiquaries; but what is worse, some points which he had given up in his letters to me, he maintains in his book, to the dishonour of our Ancient Britons, and indeed to his own shame. I have annotations upon my interleaved British copy of *Tyssilio*, but I despair ever to have health to undertake a translation of it; besides that, my collection of Celtic Remains, to which I am almost intirely devoted, keeps me from everything else; and to encourage Ieuan to give us an English translation of *Nennius* is my great ambition. I am sure that neither Leland, Camden, Selden, Usher, Sir Simon D'Ewes, Dr. Gale, nor any of the moderns, ever understood him, though they have been all beating about the bush. All that we want is the great Usher's genuine transcript, which he collated with eleven MSS. We have a copy of it; but it is not correct.

"Yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, July 6th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Yours wrote yesterday I received by Dewi Ddifardd. He is but short indeed; ond rhaid i'r adar mân gael bwyd. He takes his flight to-morrow. Yea, yea, watch Camden, and give him a knock now and then when he slips. If I have a little leisure next week I shall send you a few notes on him for your guidance. Ask Mr. Pegge questions by all means, and exert yourself. Knowledge is not a native

plant of any one country more than another : it may be in your closet as well as Mr. Pegge's. Pray, let me see Morgan Herbert's epitaph. Let me also into the secret of the dispute you have about some passages in *Lilly's Grammar*, though I may not understand such high things. Well, now comes the *jest* of the cause. Lewis and John's mother longs for a sight of her sons for four days. Her pretence is, that they want to be patched and mended ; but they had a sort of promise to come when the fruit grew ripe, and in the shearing season, when feasting goes on after the manner of the old patriarchs ; and lo, here are horses to bring them this very day. You'll think it expressly against the rules of the Christian religion to send for them on the seventh day ; but in the time of the primitive Christians they were not so nice, as I find by the *Gododin*, where Aneurin makes one of the greatest characters of his northern heroes in Cattraeth do it.

" Yn lladd Saesson y seithfed dydd.

" My cough is a little better to day. I had but three fits of it last night.

" I am, yours sincerely,

" LEWIS MORRIS."

" Penbryn, July 13th, 1760.

" Dear Sir,—The boys return after a stay of four days, and two days their mother kept them, for which I am not accountable : for though Scripture and the Church say man and wife are one, yet, if ever you are blessed with a wife, you will find yourselves to be two most commonly, especially in disputes about children. The bearer will bring me Morgan Herbert's epitaph, I suppose, and the song. Usher did not understand Nennius, because he was a Welchman ; not because he wanted learning, &c. You say you are lazy, but that you are resolved to be honest in your calling. You may read Camden and give me a little help, and be honest too.

Well, I have now in my thoughts to write a letter, to be sent to Dr. Philipps and Mr. Pegge, by way of reprisals. It is not fair I should always be on the defence. It is about some Saxon affair. If coughing and death do not interfere you shall have it soon. I am really very bad as to my health and jogg on by mere dint of strength of spirits only. Many an heroe would have sunk under such infirmities. If the materials of my body will hold out, I am now in a fit humour to write what I know of natural philosophy and antiquities: for I am not fit for any active part of life, which requires strength and motion. For God's sake, make no excuses. The world wants to know what you know, and are capable of knowing in a more exquisite manner than others. You that are arm'd with all manner of weapons can fight with more effect than a poor fellow with twicca carn corn, let him be ever so willing. Such a one am I. God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, July 27th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—By the nature of things I expected this summer, after my illness last winter, to be in tolerable health but so it is that, considering everything, I am really worse than ever. I cannot sit down for half an hour to write; I cannot walk about for want of breath. Tho' I endeavour to be with my haymakers hitherto, I can scarce be said to exist anywhere, and live merely by art. This is my case. The Herbert inscription was designed by a good hand, but murdered either by the stonecutter or the schoolmaster that copied it. I thank you for your translation of it. The original should be, I think, as I wrote it in the inclosed copy Pray, let me hear how far you have gone with Camden.

"I am, yours, whilst

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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“ Penbryn, July 28th, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—The pleasure I had in meeting with agreement of sentiments with mine in perusing Dr. Philipps and Mr. Pegge's letters hath produced this. They had no occasion to apologize for taking copies of mine provided they go no farther. What I wrote in my late letters was an answer to some doubts of theirs about our ancient British antiquities, which was intirely within mine own sphere, and within my depth, having made it my study for many years, and consequently, I ought to be a tolerable master of it, having come at such materials and opportunities as but few men have met with, some lucky accidents conspiring to bring these things together. But as for my performing what they so earnestly wish—a translation of *Tyssilio's British History*—it is very uncertain, tho' I have been providing materials this 35 years. I thank Mr. Pegge for his hint about the giants. What I write now is, in a manner, out of my depth, and I apply to them as men of learning, as I was applied to as a Cambrian antiquary. I have met with I think a British MS., a very great curiosity, which regards the English more than the Welsh. The Teutonic language and its branches is what I never made my study, except by a transient view of it, as it is pretty much mixed in ancient time with the Celtic. The Celtic in all its branches, the Welsh, Erse, Armoric and Cornish, has been my study from my childhood, and for which I have the strongest inclination ; but I never had proper materials or opportunities to study the Teutonic ; and the slips of Mr. Camden, and his followers, who pretended to etymologize the British tongue, is a sufficient caveat for me not to meddle or pretend to any extraordinary knowledge in the Saxou, Danish, or any branch of the Teutonic language, which I do not perfectly understand. This must be left to the learned English, the descendants of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who have MSS. in plenty of the Teutonic language in their

public libraries, and the observations of learned men upon them, which I never saw. This is an advantage the English antiquaries have : they are many in number, and they have materials in great plenty, as far back as the time of Bede, who I reckon as their first author of whom we can be certain. My meeting with this MS., of which I shall give some account by and bye, confirms me in the opinion I have been long of, that the people of Germany, and all the North about the Baltic, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, spoke the same language (the Teutonic), except a colony of Cimbrians, that once inhabited the Cimbric Chersonnesus, who in process of time mixed with our unconquered North Albanian Britons, and incorporated themselves together under the name of Brython, (called) by Latin writers, Picti, by the English called Pights, and by the Welsh, Pichtiaid, but by their own people, Brython, derived from the Celtic Brith, particularised as their own poet Myrddin ap Morfryn, the Caledonian testifies—

‘Brython dros Saesson Brithwyr ai medd’.

*Hoianan Myrddin.*

Our Tyssilio also gives us a hint of this incorporation, and the reason of it, as doth the *Triades*, so that the Pictish tongue, the language of these Cimbrian sea-rovers was Celtic, and nearly related to the British, tho’ Bede, who was a stranger to both, thought otherwise ; but the rest of the nations about the Baltic were certainly Teutons, and were, as we find in old MSS., called by the Britons Llychlymwyr, *i.e.*, Llychlyn men, and so to this day we, in Wales, call the inhabitants of Norway and Sweden ; and the Irish call them Lochlonnach ; but the ancient Irish made a distinction between some of the sea-rovers which came from those parts. The Danes they called Dubhlochlonnach, *i.e.*, Black Lochlyn men, and some other nation, the Finlanders perhaps, Fionlochlonnach, *i.e.*, White Lochlyn men. The word Lochlon-

nach among the Irish signifies also a mariner in general; but their antiquaries don't know the derivation of it to be from those Lochlyn men's being formerly masters of the sea; and this also gives a reason why our old English writers calls the Danes the Black Nation, and the Black Army. Llychlyn is an ancient British word, compounded of Lewch and Llyn. Lum in Irish is standing water; in Welsh, a lake or pool is called Llyn, so that the meaning of Llychlyn among the Gwyddelian Britons (now Irish), the aborigines of Britain, was a sea-lake; and among the Britons who succeeded them here, the Lake of Lakes, which comes much to the same purpose, a proper name enough for the Baltic. You know that in the beginning of the 11th century, Canutus, king of Denmark, who was called in his own language Cnut, after many years infesting the coast, and making use of the usual arts of princes, conquered England, and became king of England, Denmark, and Norway, and after many violent proceedings to fix himself on the throne, thought it the safest way to please the people, to encourage the country's religion. About the year 1030 he went to Rome, bribed the Pope with vast presents, and came to England to do the same by his sons, the bishops and abbots, by heaping gifts of lands upon them out of other men's estates, to wash away his former sins. I think there can be little doubt that he advanced his own friends to the profitable places in the Church, or that he propagated and encouraged the use of his own language, the Danish, in England. If there was a considerable difference between that dialect of the Teutonic and the Saxon, and one would think that the grants he made to the churches were wrote in the Danish language, these things are natural enough to an aspiring prince, who settled himself by bloodshed and force. Some learned men think that Danes and Normans, or Northmen, signified originally the same people, and it is said that Rollo, the Dane or Norman, first gave name to the

country called Normandy, in France, about the year A.D. 900. But the Pictish Poet Myrddin mentions Northmyn, *i.e.*, Normans, about the Baltic, about 300 years before this, and call their country Normandi.

‘Pan ddyffo Northmyn ar lydan lynn’.

*Hoianan Myrddin.*

*i.e.*, when Normans or Northmen came from the broad lake &c. By all which, it seems that the nations who from time to time infested Britain from the North above the Baltic, whether Danes, Norwegians, Frisians, Angles, Jutes, &c. Saxons, were all Teutons or Northmyn, and spoke the same language, tho’ differing in dialects, which, as I take it, were not very different from our present English in its pronunciation. These things premised, I come to give an account of the MS. I mentioned. A friend of mine is in possession of a Latin MS. of the Four Gospels, on vellum, wrote in the most beautiful hand in the ancient British letter, now commonly called the Saxon letter. The MS. seems to me to be as old as St. Hierome’s time, with whose version, as in principle I find it to agree in most places. There is a note in it, in capital letters, in Latin, which looks but modern in comparison to the book, signifying that it was expounded by Mæielbrith Macdurnam, and the book was given by Æthelstan, king of the Anglo-Saxons, to the Church of Canterbury and in the margin, in (I think) a still more modern hand in figures, + 925, which probably was inserted about the 15th century, when figures were in use. I take the book to have belonged originally to the Britons, not only on account of the character (the same letters being to be seen on our ancient tomb stones in Wales, erected before the Saxons had the use of letters), but also because Mæielbrith Macdurn was also a Briton, as plainly appears by his name; and you may see in some copies of Gildas’s *Nennius* that the Cambro-British kings used, on the first coming of the Saxons, the appellation

of Mac, instead of Ap and Map, tho' now entirely disused in Wales, and kept only in North Britain and Ireland (see *Nennius*, chap. 53, Gale's edition), tho' of late sunk into the surname there, as Macpherson, Macdonald, &c., so Ap and Map is also generally lost of late in Wales in the surnames among the gentry of Pryse ap Rhys, Powel for ap Howel, &c. For the better apprehending this affair, I shall insert here the said note faithfully copied with my own hand out of the said MS., every letter in its form :—

MÆIELBRIDVS' MACDVVNANI'

ISTV'TXTV' PER TRIQVADRV.

DO. DIGNE. DOGMATIZAT'

925

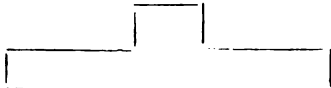
ASTAETHEL STANVS' ANGLOSÆXAA.

+

REX' ET RECTOR' DORVERNENI'

METROPOLI' DAT' PÆVV :'

This note seems to be in the Saxon character used in the time of Athelstane; and that the Saxons had not taken as yet the old British letter (now called Saxon), tho' they had all or most of the Loegrian British libraries in their possession, which they found in the great schools and colleges on their conquest, or as many of them as they in their first blind fury did not destroy. I also think that Mæielbrith Macdurnam was not the writer of this note, but that it was some Saxon after the book was given by Athelstane to the Church of Canterbury, and who knew that it had been in the hands of Mæielbrith, and that he had wrote some explanations in the margin of the text. Now, that this may be better understood, the manuscript hath neither chapter nor verses, but there are references from one Gospel to another in the margin in red letters, done, I think with a pencil, in a good hand, but a little different from the book, always inclosed thus :—





which I take to be explanations or dogmas of Mæielbrith mentioned in this note. The meaning of which note I suppose is this, Mæielbrith, the son of Durnan, doth worthily expound this text by references, &c., but Athelstane, king and ruler of the Anglo-Saxons, makes a present of the book to the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury for ever. Here I call to my aid Dr. Philipps, Mr. Pegge, and yourself: for I fairly confess I don't know what to make of the words per triquadrum Dominum. So much for the note about Mæielbrith and Athelstane. Now to other matters in the said MS. In this letter I have given it as my opinion that the character in which Mæielbrith's note is wrote was the Saxon letter used by the monks of Canterbury in the time of Athelstane, about A.D. 900, and I suppose since the time of Augustine, under Pope Gregory; but I find that the old British letter (the character in which the MS. of the four Gospels was wrote) was, about a hundred years after this, taken in, not only by the Saxons, but by the Danes also, for there are some grants and instruments wrote about the year 1035, after King Canute had returned from Rome, on the void leaves in this MS. in this very character, called since, Saxon; and whether the language of this grant is Saxon or Danish, if there was any difference between them, I am yet to learn, and hope to be informed by your learned correspondents. I think I find some words in Cnut's grant which I don't remember to have met with in Saxon books; but I have not sufficient knowledge in the Teutonic language and its branches as to pretend to be any judge in the matter. Here followeth a copy of one of those grants which Cnut made to Christ Church in Canterbury, and which I presume was entered in this MS. of the Gospels, to give it the greater solemnity:—

Cnut cyneg ȝpet ealle mine bȝ mine eoplaf 7  
mine ȝepeȝan on ælcepe feȝȝepe æpelnoð aȝceb  
ple hiped æt cpifcef, &c.



*i.e.*

Cnut cyneg gret ealle mine B and mine eorlas and mine gereffan on æl cere scire the Æthelnoth arcet and se hired sæt cristes eyrceanland habbath Freondliec, and ie cythe eow that ic geunan hī that he beo his saca and socna wyrthe and gruth brycas and hamscone and forstealas and Infanges theoffes and flymena fyrmthe offer his agene men Binnam Bysig and Butan and offer Crystes Cyrcean and offer swa Stala thegna swa hic him to leetun hæbbe, and ic nelle that ænig maun aht thæron teo buton he and his wicneras for than ic hæbbe Criste halge rihta forgifen minre Sawle to ecare alysendness ac ic nella that æftve ænig man this abrecca be minum freondscipe.

"If your correspondents will favour me with an English translation, word for word, of the above grant, 'I Cnut, king, greet all my bishops, and my earls, and my rives,' &c., and also their opinion about Mæielbrith's note, and the other doubts of mine in this letter, I shall give them a further account of the MS., and of the other instruments in it.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, August 1st, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 28th ulto., and happened to read that part of it to my wife that related to the Wells; it made such an impression on her that she has not given me a minute's rest till I promised to go there next. Perhaps (says she) Dr. Richards, as he was so good as to prescribe gratis, may be so good as to meet you at Llan Drindod and see that you drink the waters, and that you do not drink too much strong artificial liquors. Well, but without joking, I am resolved to go there, and, please God, I intend to set out either Tuesday or Wednesday after dinner, and to be at D.

Jones's, of Cwmystwyth, that night. Who do you think, of all the men in the world, offered his services to come with me and keep me company there? No less a man than Justice Griffiths, who dined here yesterday. Now it happened in those days that a great fair is kept on the hills of Rhos, and most colleges and schools in those parts keep a sort of a carnival during the week this fair falls upon. My wife, who is my director in these deep things, says it is a fact, and that Mr. Edward Richard generally keeps a holy week on those occasions, and slips to Flynnon Cwm y Gof, or some such silent retreat, out of the noise of the crowd. If so, or if not so, cannot you come to Cwmystwyth a Tuesday or Wednesday night? If you cannot, will you come to Cwm y Gof a Wednesday or Thursday? Let me know if you can possibly. Griffiths cannot fix till Sunday whether Tuesday or Wednesday we shall set out. Let me know by the bearer if you will favour us with your company, how and where, and I will let you know by some one who goes to Rhos fair a Monday what day we shall be at Cwmystwyth. So much for the Wells. The Herbert inscription required a conjuror to understand it as the bungler had wrote it, and you are more like to be in the right than I am, for I am no conjuror at all. Cyflawn is certainly better sense than Cyflawn; but if a man has a mind to write Cyflawn I cannot help it. Why do you say it is in indifferent Latin? Why did you not put some of your best stuff in it? You have enough of it. Digrif fydd gweled Pegge yn constrio Homer. What becomes of the 8th case? Surely it is a mistake of the printer's. There are too many cases already. However, bad as I am in health, you will see by a letter that comes along with this that I have not been idle, a bod gennyf ewyllys i daflu pel ar do er nad allaf daro neppell. You see I interlard my letters with Welsh, while men of learning adorn theirs with Greek and Latin quotations. But this is the highest pitch of my learning, except.

I throw in a dish of geometry and algebra, which perhaps would be fitter for me than to meddle with any language. The art of writing and speaking any language seems to me a bottomless pit. I see no end of it. Custom has so high a hand over it that it is extream uncertain; and the whims of mankind in setting such arbitrary marks on our ideas hath made a sad jumble of things, and I think the confusion of Babel is acted over and over every day. To entice you to come to Fynnon y Cwm I shall bring some entertaining pieces of antiquity with me, &c., &c.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, Aug. 23rd, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—Fair y Rhos draws near, at which time I must send you a letter in course, as either my wife or servants call with you to enquire how the children do; and as it is a rainy day, and the mangement of corn is not practicable, I have set down to my pen and ink to begin a letter, let it end where it will. News from the Wells is what you expect first. I have too many things to say, and therefore do not know where to begin or to end, but must leave them all for your entertainment when you come here, as you have promised. The upshot of all is, that I am cent. per cent. better in health after drinking the waters, which I can never enough commend, and must leave the sea-water to those that have drank less of it (and used it in other respects less) than I have. I brought with me a good microscope and proper apparatus to examine the salts of the different springs there before I ventured on either of them, and shewed the experiments to several gentlemen and ladies to their very great surprise. This determined my choice of the waters; and nature points each of them to their proper purposes from the

very figure and make of their salts, which are better guides than all the experience of an undirected multitude. It is a pity there was not a treatise wrote on the waters by an experienced natural philosopher: it would save thousands of lives. Delinden's book is a mere puff. I read it with great attention, but it made me never the wiser, nor will it make any body else, for he observes neither method, nor order, nor truth. If there was a practical treatise of the method of cure for the various diseases of mankind by these waters it is my opinion these living waters would be the greatest panacea ever yet discovered by physicians. And what is all physick but a collection of experiments? I wish any man of ability would make a collection of the cures performed by these waters, which were performed without even the direction of common sense; it would surprise the whole world. As for my part, the inquiries that I have made in those few days that I was there astonish me; and the nostrums of balsams and pills seem to me to be mere squibs and meteors in comparison to these wonderful springs. The extraordinary cures performed on the poor who went there out of necessity and drank the waters in earnest, having been told by their neighbours, &c., that it cured them in the like cases; but the misfortune is, an opinionated fellow may drink of a water directly contrary to his distemper, and so destroy himself by not following the beaten road of his neighbours, or the well advised judgment of a skilful person. There is no house so convenient for a patient to have the benefit of the waters as Thomas Jenkins's, which you recommended to me. But alas, it was a shocking sight to me the evening I arrived there, and I was afraid I should not have been able to live there till morning: it looked as if Tischer's corps had been there raising contributions, and had taken all the household stuff away, except an old man and his old wife, a sickly daughter, a few old chairs without bottoms, three broken tables, and

had not left either glass on the windows or a pair of bellows. My companion and I consulted for our own safety, and by next morning we resolved to look on ourselves as patients in an hospital, or prisoners at one of the French spas, and that it was best under these circumstances to bear with the custom of the place. My servant, being a carpenter, was sent to mend the tables and chairs, and a glazier was sent for, and between the glazier and carpenter the windows were made. We wanted an upholster, but there was none within reach, and very few feathers in the country. But the vicinity of the Wells made amends for all : for we had the water as it came from the Creator's alembic, and we drank it at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper, and even in bed ; and now I would choose it for its taste before the best spring-drinking water I ever saw. I drank of the waters but six days. The third, I put on my shoes and stockings, which I had not been able to do for six months past. The 6th day, I mounted my horse without a horse block, and almost on a flat, which I had not been able to do for many years. Urgent business called me home the 7th day ; and I compute, if I had staid some weeks longer, I should have been 10 years younger for every week. Have you seen a copy of English verses wrote upon those waters some years ago ? They please me much ; but I could not find who the author was. There was a few copies of them printed and handed about ; but as there was a little rub on the curate of Llandrindod, they were quashed. If you have not seen them I will send you a copy of them, that you may give me your opinion, whether there is not a strong poetical spirit through the whole. I met with nothing strange in that country, except a few Welsh names of fish, and a few uncommon plants. One piece of antiquity which I expected to have met with there is entirely lost with the common people, I suppose, which is a country, or tract of land there, once called Gwarthynion. I have enquired among

others of a man 102 years old, and he had never heard of such a territory; and yet in an ancient catalogue of the churches in Radnorshire I find Llanvihangel vach yn Gwarthynion; and in *Nennius* we find a country hereabouts (I think) given to St. Garmon by way of attonement for the sins of Gwrtheyrn, called Gwarthrynion, which the ignorant scholiast upon *Nennius* derives from gwarth union; but any body with half an eye may see that the land was called Gwrtheyrniawn, as from Ceredig comes Ceredigiawn (Cardiganshire); from Mervyn comes Mervynion, etc. I had not time to go to Llan Avan Vawr to see the famous inscription on the tombstone of Avan Beullt, who was cousin german to Dewi (St. David), the first Archbishop of Menevia, and himself a bishop. If an English antiquary could show such a piece of antiquity in the character or letter that was used in those days, what a noise would be made about it!!! But we have several such in Wales. Don't you think I am very idle, or at least verbose, when I can dwell so long on trifles? Farewell, and make haste to perform your promise of staying with me a couple of days.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"P.S.—I believe my wife will pay you for the children."

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"Penbryn, Sept. 8th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Last night I received yours of the 2nd, which had like to have gone astray like that to Dr. Philipps. You cannot imagine how sorry I am for that letter's miscarriage, for I fed myself with a fancy of receiving soon some very extraordinary answers to my doubts and queries, which now perhaps never may come, for I shall not have the patience to make up such another letter, though I have the heads and chief materials of it in my *Celtic Remains* and other places.

I hope Mr. D. Richards will be able to find the person he gave it to before he goes to the d—l, or else I do not know what will become of him, or of the poor Teutonic grant either. Wele hai. Dyn a feddwl, Duw a ran. Diolch yn fawr i chwiam son am y Fynnon ddrewllyd yn sir Frycheiniog, ond ni wn i etto pa le y mae. Mi glywais fod Fynnon o'r fath honno yn agos i Fualt, ai honno ydyw eich Fynnonn chwi? Ac onide pa un ydyw? Though the sulphurous water you describe may be a great deal stronger than my favourite black water in the Wern at Llandrindod, mine though less clogged with sulphur, may be as good an alterative, and as effectual in chronical cases as the other, or more so; therefore, till I try the other, mine is best. *It* must not be thrown out of the Dictionary, though hundreds of others fairly deserve it. It is a local word used in some parts of North Wales. There is a verb *ilio* which is in English to work ale, and a vessel they use to that purpose is called *Llestr ilio*; yfed y cwrw o'r il, is drinking ale out of the working tub. You ask does *Llwh* deserve a place in the Dictionary better than *Gwy*? *Gwy* is properly the name, or (as grammarians speak) the proper name of a river, called in English, Wye. Nobody before Mr. Edwd. Llwyd dreamed of *Gwy* being originally the word for water; and Dr. Davies very seldom takes notice of the names of rivers and mountains. Mr. T. Richards, therefore, should have put it in his Dictionary on the credit of Mr. E. Llwyd. Dr. Philipps has too good an opinion of me, and so has Mr. Pegge. Such encomiums are enough to make a vain fellow stark mad with pride. You know very well that they shoot vastly wide of the mark. I know who were learned men; I am sure I am not. Such a glorious epithet fits only a Scaliger, a Selden, a Halley, a Newton, &c. Such a sacred character is infinitely beyond my reach. "Na wrthod dy barch pan y cynnygier," is an excellent British proverb; but God forbid that I should pretend to sit easy under such a great character



when I do not deserve it. I admire, and almost adore those great lights and spirits of a superior order, who were really learned men, and, for aught I know, inspired; but alas, they are so high above the common level, that I have but a faint glimpse of their perfections. So much for comets with uncommon orbits.

"Your Octavus Casus is an odd affair. I do not know what to think of such cases of nouns as the 7th and 8th, when the genius of the Latin tongue requires but six different endings (or cases), according to five different forms (or declensions), to express a word in its various relations. The genius of the Celtic and Teutonic requires no such cases, having no variety in the ending of their nouns; and why should the Latin be loaded with more than is absolutely necessary? I only write at random as the light of nature seems to direct me. If this is not common sense let me know. Now I speak of the Latin tongue, I wish you would inform me if ever you have met with any Latin author, wrote before the invention of cases of nouns and conjugations of verbs. These niceities were not known at Rome till above 500 years after the building of the city, when Crates Malotes, of Pergamus, set up a grammar school there. Mr. Edward Llwyd, in his letter to the bishop of Hereford (*Archæologia Brit.*, p. 268), mentions it as a known thing, that at a certain time the Latin verbs had no terminations of *ant*, *ent*, and *unt*, &c. Pray, explain this affair, and let me have your opinion of it: for nobody can do it better, since that language is mixed with your very blood and animal spirits. I am sorry a mason, one single mason, a mere illiterate mason, should be the cause of your not seeing me at Penbryn. What cannot a lord or an esquire do, when a mason, with his mortared fingers, can do so much? I have had some friends who would have knocked down some half a dozen masons if they stood in their way to prevent their seeing me. I am almost asleep, and my words come out by

pieces, called syllables—yea, monosyllables; so good night.  
Farewell.

“Yours whilst

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

“Penbryn, Sept. 11th, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—Wawch fawr! dyma hen wraigyn yn dywedyd imi glowed o honi hi, Mr. Edwd. Richard ei hunan, &’i enau ei hunan yn dywedyd fod Llythyr y Dr. Philipps gwedi ei gael, a darfod ei yrru iddo o Nant Eos er mawr lawenydd i bawb a sydd wedi camgymmyd y ffordd i’w yrru, oblegid yr oeddynt yn ofni yn eu calonnau fod dinystr yn dyfod am eu pennau am ei ollwng ar gyfrgoll. Yr oedd y wraig hon yn dywedyd fod matterion pwysfawr yn y llythyr hwnnw, na bo’nd ei grybwyl! a bod, &c., &c., &c. You have forgot Caniad y Bontfendigaid: and to answer my query, whether you have seen the poem on Llandrindod waters. She further tells me, Mi waranti i mai Ffynnon Llanwrtyd y soniodd Mr. Edwd. Richard am dani; chwi a ellwch ei chlywed hi yn drewi o Aber Gwesyn. Pray, solve these difficulties, and whether Ffynnon Graig Fawr, in the road from Rhos Fair to Rhaiadr, a little before you come to Llyn Teifi, be not equal to either of them.

“Yours as before”.

“Sept. 13th.—The messenger just going off; all the coast clear; no enemies appearing. My wife talks of sending for the boys home for two days, for she says the neighbours’ children are allowed breath now and then. But this request is not yet complied with.”

“Penbryn, Sept. 15th, 1760, Monday.

“Dear Sir,—I have yours of Monday morning, I suppose this day sen’night, though it came here but last night. Pryse, I believe, carried it in his pocket wherever he went. I am glad the Teutonic letter is found. I wish you had let me

know how the doctor liked the taste of it; I am afraid not so well as he expected, by the description given by you of it when lost. That raised his expectations far above the value of the thing when found. Phoe, phoe, says he, is this all, that we kept such ado about? Well, did not he say so, tell me seriously? I wish you would increase your family another way, that the world might have some of the breed preserved. I know your answer, 'Gwell gennyf i fy mam na menyw arall yn y byd, ac mae pobl eraill yn eppilio digon a gormod, pa beth y mae hwn yn ei geisio gennyf? Ceisio dro arall fy hudo i wreicca, ag i dorri ar fy holl lonydd-wch meddwl; ni bu gennyf erioed flas yn y peth, ac mi eis yn hên.' Let it be so, if you cannot taste what is good for you. I cannot help it. God mend your taste; he actually expected you to propagate your kind, and he has now ordered you to do it; he has provided you with all materials for that purpose. If you were to examine the Scripture close, I think we could find there, that you are ordered to live at Aberystwith rather than on the mountain. However, in spite of all I can say, or even the Scripture can say, I see you will go on your own way, and that with such strictness, that you cannot even bear the sight of the fruitful and pleasant valley of Melinddwr, which floweth with, &c. I suppose Ieuan Fardd has got his nose in some vellum MS., and cannot possibly take it out, till he has snuffed it all up. I wish, for the sake of the Cambro-British people, that he was well provided for. It is a shame for the whole body of us to suffer such a genius to trifle away his time by slaving so hard for a little drink: he gets nothing else by his labour.

"Sept. 16.—My wife tells me that she has ordered the boys home with Evan William's son unknown to me, and that she expects them home by dinner time to-day. Dyna'r fath beth yw mam.

"A correspondent of mine, whose parish hath been blessed

lately with a clergyman very much Anglified, sends me the following query. What does Mr. L—d mean when he reads in the Litany, oddiwrth falchder a gwag ogoniant a phig sancteiddrwydd? Pa fath big ydyw honno. Pray let me have a proper answer to this in your next, says my correspondent. What is to come next concerning spells or charms, called in Welsh *Swynion*. I wish you would procure me the words of one of these *Swynions*. Several old women and some old men have them, and cure distempers through their means. Remains of Druidism.

“Sept. 17th, at night.—Wele hai! dyma'r plantos newydd ddyfod adref yn llawen iawn, a dyma finnau gwedi bod yn chwilio rhinwedd dwfr y Graig Fawr. A chalybeate purgative spring, and good for certain diseases if drank with judgment. I have also your letter, which I begin to answer thus. If I live next summer I intend to visit Fynnon Llanwrtyd. You do not explain to me what Mr. Edward Llwyd means in the place I mentioned in his *Archæol. Brit.* about the plural termination of verbs. I am inclined to think it is literally true by what Fabius (*Inst. Crat.*) says, that the Salian Priests in the Augustan age scarcely understood their own hymns, which were instituted by Numa. Let it be as it will, such a great master of languages must mean something. Though I know little or nothing of these things, yet busy minds must be meddling. What shall I fill this paper with? My case is not parallel to Dean Swift's. It was his pride that made him send to Sheridan for his boy's exercises, for he looked upon books to be as far below his notice as these children's works; but it is not so with me. I am an humble admirer of all works of genius in what class soever they are, and look upon all to be above me, and if your editor, Mr. Oliver, hath done you justice, I intend to feast on Caniad Pontfendigaid, and, as the man said of his mistress—

·Digon o fwyd gennyf i  
Goetian fy ngolwg atti.'

These are my classics ; fal y bô r dyn y bydd ei lwdn.

"I have lately got six Englyns wrote by Morgan Herbert, on advice to his son. I see in them a lively description of a sensible good man that understood the world, agreeable to his epitaph, and not a mean poet. If you promise to put them into English heroic verse, I will send them you ; perhaps you had rather turn them into Latin. I'll send you also the poem on Llandrindod when I have more leisure than I have now. When you have read thus far you begin to scratch your head and rub your elbows, and talk thus to yourself, 'Doth this vain man think that I have nothing to do but to sit down and read his dreams and reveries ; have not I forty boys to look after, and have not I architects to direct, and have not I Camden to read, and have not I Homer to consult about the sound of the waves ? Must not I have time to eat and drink as well as other people who have no conscience, I think ?' Hold, hold, you need read no more here. I have just done, and am going to supper. Happy for you, or else I would have begun another half-sheet. Farewell.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, Sept. 20th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours by your servant, for which I am much obliged to you, and I don't doubt your being concerned for our misfortunes here, which I reckon as none, for they are the natural consequences of living in this world, and the lessons of the school of adversity. I cannot say we are out of danger yet, for open wounds and fractures are never out of danger, but we are in what the bulk of the people call a fair way of recovery. A fever which belongs to fractures may seize the boy, which he hath escaped hitherto, and the ulcer

on my leg may turn phagedænic or worse, through an ill habit of body, or an irregular way of living, and may go beyond the skill of a Cardiganshire surgeon. The consequence is removing to a world where there is no occasion for surgeons, a lle na chloddia lladron trwodd. Thirty days is the time allowed for the cure of the radius or ulna, and I shall not go beyond the common boundary, and then the boys shall come and confound Latin till they are tired. I am afraid they make no hand at all of it, and that they are intended for the plough, they are so extreme dull. My pain is now very great while I write this, and I would advise satirical writers to have always a sharp wound on their leg, which would certainly make them *shine*. May it not be a question worth resolving, whether all ill-natured critics have not ulcers in some part or other that irritate their spirits? Thomas Williams's performance, which I sent you, was stewed up in London; but what I send you inclosed here comes from Mona, the ancient seat of the Muses, and was carried there by one of the country, a disciple of Daniel Rowlands, so that you are to look upon it as the excrements of a *Tal y Bont* man, which he voided in a fit of looseness at Bod Edeyrn, in Anglesey, where he is now a schoolmaster, to the dishonour of all Wales be it spoken. You see these vermin creep into all corners, through the least crevices; and even the seat of the Muses, the Temples of the Gods, and the Cabinets of Princes, are not exempt from them. Is our age more fertile in ignorance than the last, or is it because a Ieuan Fardd and a Gronwy have appeared in the world that these flies infest us and lay their eggs in every matrix they can meet with? They are not unlike indeed the aurelias of butterflies which eat our cabbages. He that hath no cabbage need not fear them; and if neither Gronwy nor Ieuan had appeared, we should have none of these apparitions. By this time you stare about you for the explication of the names of rivers and

mountains, which I partly promised you, for as I can write so much low nonsense by wholesale, why not a little by retail of the other kind of nonsense? Well, now for it. But to premise, take notice that some of the most ancient and common names of mountains and rivers even in Wales, let alone England, are inexplicable in any of the Northern languages, Celtic or Teutonic; and Mr. Edward Llwyd's making them Gwyddelian British, for the language of the first planters, will not do, for they are not found in the present Gwyddelian or Irish, if ever they were there. Therefore I conclude such names to be the language of the first planters indeed, but what kind of language that was I dare not determine, or we may guess it to be the language of Gomer, as he picked it up at that great jumble at Babel, without rules, order, or reason. This jargon was probably taken up by his descendants, the Celtic nation, and might be pretty well molded and trimmed before they came to Britain, when they gave their first names to most mountains and rivers here from their nature and situations; but as yet this language had not undergone the discipline and chains of grammar, therefore is not exactly what we now have. What a wild piece of work then is it to attempt to etymologise or rather to anatomise those ancient names, and to bring them to the modern Celtic or any of its branches, viz., the Welsh, Irish, Erse, Armoric, or Cornish. Many an alteration by conquest, by mixt colonies, and by several accidents, hath the Celtic tongue suffered from that day to this, and I know no man living that can tell me the meaning of a mountain in Wales called *yr Eifl*, another called *Pumlumon*, and many such. How then is it possible to explain the names of mountains and rivers in England, France, and Italy, &c., though purely Celtic, when disfigured by time, by bungling transcribers, by foreign conquerors of the Teutonic race, and by the great tyrant, Custom? The utmost we can do then is to compare such with the ancient and

in-bred names of places in Wales, which have remained so time immemorial, and several of which we can trace in the works of our poets so far backward as near a quarter of the number of years towards the creation of the world. These are great things, and which no nation besides can pretend to do with that certainty as we can, from the very nature and structure of our language and poetry. Some of the names of mountains and rivers in countries which were once inhabited by the Celtic may have been in some measure changed by the conquerors, sometimes new names imposed, and sometimes translated into their language; others may remain corrupted, and some few uncorrupted, but who can distinguish them? If the River Sheaf is a straight and swift river, I should be apt to think its original name was *Saeth*, an arrow, as *Saethon*, in Wales. An hasty antiquary would immediately pronounce the River Dove to be called so from the British *Dof*, tame; but if the Dove is not a tame river, the derivation is ridiculous, and you must look for the origin of it in the rivers *Dyfi* and *Towi*, in Wales. All these things considered, you may take my etymology of the names you sent in what light you will, they are mostly no better than mere guess work, because I am a stranger to the situation of the places, &c., but none of them are mere whims and trifles such as Mr. Baxter and others have run into. Etymology requires a great deal of modesty, and not to run headlong as Camden and others have done, when they had but very little knowledge in the language they treated of.

“A native of Wales must look on the great Camden with an eye of indignation when he finds him asserting that the Gaulish *Bagaudæ*, certain bands of men who strove in Gaul against the Roman power in Dioclesian’s time, were so called from *Beichiad*, which, he says, signifies, in the Welsh, swineherd. But every Welshman knows that *Beichiad* never signified swineherd in our language. The word is *Meichiad*,



from *Moch*, so Llywarch Hen, about 1200 years ago, said, *Bid lawen meichiad wrth uchenaid gwynt*, because of the fall of acorns in that case. What then must become of Mr. Camden's swineherds? Might not ploughmen and tradesmen form an army as well as swineherds? But Mr. Camden should have told us that Bagaudæ and Bagoda had been also wrote by some authors Bagadæ; and we know that *Bagad*, in the British tongue, is a multitude; and in Armoric-British, to this very day, *Bagad* signifies a troop or batallion: and to put the matter out of dispute, in the Irish or old Gwyddelian British, *Bach* is a battle, and Bagach, warlike. I shall only mention one thing out of Baxter's *Glossary*, who, not content with murdering and dismembering old British words, murders and annihilates our very saints—men noted in the primitive Church of Britain for planting our religion. In the word Corguba, because it sounds like *Caer Gybi*, he makes *Caer-gybi* to be read *Caer Corb*, which he says is an old Irish word for a cohort, and denies the very being of a saint of the name of Cybi. But neither his *Corb* nor his *Cuba* are to be heard of anywhere else. Kebius, called by the Welsh, *Cybi*, was the son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall. All our ancient MSS. agree in that. He was not only founder of this Church, but of several others in Wales: *Llan Gybi* in *Lleyn*, and *Llan Gybi* in *Cardiganshire*, *Llan Gybi* in *Monmouthshire*, which all exist. Are all these to change their names to please the whim of Mr. Baxter? And *Caer Cybi* was a Church so called because within a *Castrum* still existing. *Cybi* lived at the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire in Britain, and was contemporary, and in great friendship, with St. Seirioel. What sets the matter above all dispute is, that there are two ancient inscriptions upon stones in the wall of the Church of *Caer Cybi* (*Holyhead*) where Kebius is acknowledged the patron saint. There was no such scarcity of saints in Wales in those days to put them to the shift of

inventing fictitious names for their Churches. Fynnon Gybi, Eisteddfa Gybi in Anglesey, and the ancient tradition and proverb to this day in that island, *Seirioel Wyn a Chybi felyn*, are also evidences of the strongest kind, so that we are as sure there was once such a man as Kybi as that Dewi, Teilo, Padarn, Curig, Padrig, &c., were once founders or patrons of those churches which bear their names. When men of as great learning as Camden and Baxter can advance such incoherent stuff, is it a wonder that every smatterer in history thinks himself equal to them, and even that witticism and puns take place of solid knowledge, and that etymology hath so little credit? As for my part, I am very cautious how I meddle with those things, and can say nothing positive, and abominate a fanciful derivation of an ancient name. If we can give a probable and grave account of a name, and back it by ancient authority or reason, it is all that can be expected, and we should stop there. Take the following account then of the names you sent me, and be assured that few men besides yourself could have extorted so much out of me at this time. I could wish you, who have such a superior capacity, would turn your head to these studies, and take the labouring oar out of the hand of such weaklings as have no strength to manage it. *Derwent*, the English name of some rivers in England. On one of this name, which runs through Surrey and falls into the Thames, was fought the first of Gwrthefyr's battles with Hengist and Horsa, the Saxons, (mentioned by our British writers) in the 5th century. In that corrupt edition of Nennius, by Dr. Gale, this river is called Dererent and Deregwent. In our ancient vellum manuscript of Galfrid's Latin translation of Tyssilio which I have, it is "super fluvium Derwende." In the Paris editions of Galfrid, 1508 and 1517, it is "super fluvium Deriment." In the Heydelberg edition of Galfrid it is Derwent. There is a river Derwent that runs thro' Derbyshire, another thro' Yorkshire,

on which Antoninus's Derventio, a Roman station, stands, seven miles from York. In my ancient British copy of Tyssilio's History of Britain, that battle is said to have been *ar Avon Dervennydd*, which, in the old orthography, was wrote, *Deruonyt*, and hence came Derwent. I know what Mr. Baxter says of Derventio; that it comes from the Welsh Derwent and Dirwyn—all of a piece with Corguba, aforementioned; inventions and boilings over of a fertile brain. The Welsh tongue never had the word Derwent, therefore his whole building is without foundation. I have traced it to its original British name, but will not attempt the etymology of it. If it is from Derw Oak, why was not every river that ran through a forest called Dervennydd? Rother; if the bed of this river is reddish, it might originally be called Rhudder or Rhuddwr, *i. e.*, Redwater. Iber or Hyber; there are rivers in Wales which have *pér*, sweet, in their names, as Peryddon, Pergwm, &c., and this might have been Hyber, easily, sweet Amber, *q. d.*, Amaeth ber, sweet nurse. So we have Amaeth aradr, literally, plough nurse. Erwash, C. B. Erwys, the river of heroes. Trent, wrote in our most ancient MSS. of Llywarch Hen, Tren; but from whence derived I know not. Dove; if a river from a level ground, it had its name from the British *Dof*, tame; but if a swift river, it is of the same origin with the Dyfi in Wales and Tywi. Wye; the old British name of this river was Gwy, and is still, which seems to have been the word for water in general among the first planters, as appears from the names of water fowl, having it in their compositions—Gwydda, goose; hwyada, duck; gwglan, a gull; gwyach, a snipe; gwyrain, barnacles; gwylog, a guillimot. A great many rivers in Wales have Gwy, or Wye, in the composition of their names, as Dyfrdwy, Dyfrdonwy, Trydonwy, Llugwy, Mawddwy, Elwy, Dwyfawr, Dwyfach, Edwy, Efurwy, Mynwy, Onwy, in Llywarch Hen, &c. Larkel; we have rivers in Wales of the names of Parchell and Marchell, *i. e.*, pig-water and horse-water, but whether

this is any of these originals, or from *Llawreul*, a narrow bottom, I don't pretend to determine. Dolee had its name probably from Dolau, or Dolennau, windings. Sheaf might originally have been Saeth, an arrow.

"OF HILLS.—Bunster might originally have its name from bann, high, or bryn, a hill. But as I know not where it stands, I can say nothing of it. Chevin is probably the British Cefn, a back or ridge, as Cefn Nithgroen, Cefn y Garlleg, and such high lands in waters. Cloud is probably the British Llwyd, as the English Clan for Llan. We have in Wales Llwydiarth y Bryn-Llwyd, Cefn Llwyd, Escair Llwyd, &c. Gun, I take to be corrupted from the British Gwyn, as Barwyn, y Cefn gwyn, Gwynfynydd, y Bryngwyn, &c.; and the Appenine is nothing else but Epenwyn, or in modern orthography, y penwyn, the white topped. Mamtorr, may probably have been of the same origin with Maentwr, or with Mynyddtwr, of which name there is a mountain in Anglesea, *q. d.*, Tower Mountain. Masson, if there were plenty of ash trees there, might be called by the Celtæ Maes Onn, *q. d.*, Ashfield. Morridg might probably be originally called in the British Mawrwydd, great wood, as Bronwydd, &c. Peak; this seems to be the Celtic Pic, now Pig, a bill from a rock, probably of that figure; but we have no names of mountains in Wales to resemble it. Riber may have taken its name from the British Rhiwferr, if it is really a short ascent. Several mountains in Wales have Rhiw in the composition of their names, as Rhiw Felen y Rhiw Goch, Rhiw Nant Bran, &c., and the Greek *ῥιον*, and Latin *rupes*, are of the same origin. Weverhill, of which name there is also a river in England, may have been taken from Gwefr, Amber, or Gwiwair, a Squirrel, *q. d.*, Squirrel Hill; or rather from Gwiber, a flying serpent. It is high time to leave off, both for your ease and mine.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

" Oct. 15th, given at Penbryn, 1760.

" Dear Sir,—The minute I put this pen to paper, my wife tells me, in great fflwdan, that her boys want breeches, stockings, and shirts, and her maid must go this minute to Ystrad Meurig; so if I have a mind to write to Mr. Richards it must be instantly. So I will. The matter of the greatest concern I have to impart to-day, that the first . . . son of David John Oliver, called here yesterday as drunk as a slater, who told me he had no letter from you, but he had his message in his head. 'What is that', said I? 'Here it is', said he, and sung out, with a loud voice, an excellent song made on Pontfendigaid; and before I could thank him, he brought me out another, saying, 'Dyma un arall a wnaeth ef i hoelion rhod;' and that being scarce done, 'Dyna un arall i nhad oedd a darn o drwyn ganddo a dreuliwyd gan y Flagen, a dyma un arall i Bob, a dyma un arall i Gutto, a dyma un i Sionir Golau a dyma un i,' &c., &c. The Datgenydd delivered them all with great justice, and gave me great pleasure; and I could not help thinking of the Druidical bards of old, who spoke all in verse, and the man looked wild, as if he had been possessed at Delphos. He promised to get me a copy on paper of some of those I admired most, and that he would bring them me next Sunday in exchange for a belly full of bottled ale. I long to hear from you. I am almost in the hyp, the worst of all diseases. I am extremely obliged to the discoverer of the waters of Llandrindod. I am twenty years younger than I was last winter; but I shall grow old by and by.

" I am, yours sincerely,

" LEWIS MORRIS.

" I have got lately a parcel of curious Roman coins".

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“ Penbryn, Dec. 2nd, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—This comes to call for my Suckers home. The old tree was like to have been blown down by a hurricane, and is now scarce alive—scarce indeed. On the 14th Nov. a fiery pleuritic fever knocked me down flat. God left me my senses ; and I bled about half a hundred ounces, . . . until I got it under, and also a spitting of blood attended it. Mr. Pryse was of great help to me ; I could trust nobody else to bleed me. But, says you, what is all this to me, fevers, colics, &c. ? Now, if you were a goose, as I am, I would compare myself to our feathered geese, who, when they escape a danger, will gabble for an hour together ; and it certainly gives them pleasure, and so it does me, tho’ writing is extreme painful to my head. Well, to continue my *Olegar* : On the 22nd, at ten at night, being in a violent sweat in the height of my fever, the chimney of my bedroom took fire, which in a few minutes blazed up to the clouds, or several yards high at least, with great noise. It threw lumps of fire on a thatched house adjoining, and down the chimney, even all over the room and under my bed. As it pleased God, my servants were not gone to bed ; they followed my directions and immediately my room was all afloat, and the fire extinguished. I was as little able to bear water as fire, but both I was obliged, which gave my fever a complicated turn, and for aught I know for the best. I have got over it, thank God ; but my head is as giddy as a drunkard’s, and my body weak, and can scarce creep, having lost whole collops of flesh, if it is loss. I had an excellent nurse, whose interest was to save my life ; and there is no stronger demonstration in the world than this, that no nurse is equal to a wife. Consider . . . of this seriously. My case may be yours, and you may lose your life foolishly for want of such, or at least bear very great hardships. In the midst of my terrors in fire and water

I could not help thinking of David ap Gwilym's expression:—

Tân aml a dwr tew'n ymladd,  
Tan o lid, dwr tew 'n ei ladd.

"In such a case you would have thought of Homer; but God defend you from such an accident, and take care of your chimneys. I shall endeavour to guard against such accidents for the future. This fever and fire were two heavy blows; but they were rods which God thought proper to shew with a gentle hand, for my good no doubt. I am glad your mother is on the recovery. An old tree will be long recovering new fibrous roots. I wish you would let me see a catalogue of your books in your library; I may have some duplicates or other which possibly I may throw in. I have also begun a library (no, a closet) for my few books; but the pleurisy stood at the door with a drawn sword and threatened me. Nay, I have laid a plan for a cabinet to put up my natural curiosities of fossils, shells, &c.; but that same pleurisy told me, with a stern countenance, go to bed, and bleed and sweat, and consider of it. Now, I intend to have the other touch at it. My cabinet is to contain five or six thousand articles, which I have ready to put up. I hope I shall see you when that happens. Is not Mr. Pegge long a considering about an answer to my letter? I cannot go to my bureau to return you his and the doctor's letters. Onid oes berw rhyfeddol yn fy mhen i o ddyn claf heb allu na bwytta nag yfed? I can write no more to-night. God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"December 3rd, 1760.—I am much better if the weather would permit me; but as my head is a barometer I cannot expect to be well till the weather is good. Your observation about Mr. Pegge's Argolicum is just. His etymon is not

according to analogy. The doctor has a great opinion of him, and too great, indeed, of me! I really blush at the high encomiums he gives me, though I see what it is owing to, viz., an excessive love of my country. You say that no trout equals that of Llyn Teifi, and I say no oysters equal those of Rhos Colyn (in Anglesey); and so said the people of Rome of those of the Lucrine Lake. Do not fail to send me your catalogue. Make no excuses, and as soon as I can get an amanuensis you shall have a catalogue of my poor collection. I have had a present made me lately of a manuscript on vellum, but my head is not yet solid enough to make a right judgment of it, and it belongs more to a writer of ecclesiastical history than to me. I am afraid there is little in it that suits my taste, though curious in its kind. I am tired once more, so must leave off, and perhaps shall have no further opportunity to write any more before my messenger goes.

“Yours as before.”

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“Saturday, about 3 in the morning, in bed.

“Yesterday a diarrhoea took me, which made me extream uneasy; but by the help of my own garden rhubarb I hope it is carried off, for I feel the effects of it. This is like a cobbler patching an old shoe which may last one winter more, or make a closen, or something. David John Oliver has not been a man of his word; I have not one song to divert me. Last post has brought me a letter from Mr. Pegge, which I suppose opens a correspondence for life. I have sent to London for a book he has published, that I may see him in the book.

“Yours very crazy,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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## THE FOUNTAIN AT PORTMADOC.

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IN accordance with the intention we expressed in page 37 of the first volume of *Y Cymmrodor*, we revert to the subject of the development of the fine arts in their practical uses and bearing upon the Principality. We then recorded the "opening" of the Castlereagh Tower at Machynlleth, and expressed our admiration of the beautiful edifice. We have now to record the erection of another, though less pretentious, architectural structure at Portmadoc—a fountain erected not only for adornment, but for the purpose of supplying the town with a flowing rill of pure mountain water. Its style is admirably adapted to the locality in which it stands, and to its intended purpose. The pedestal, six feet in height, is formed of two large blocks of Cornish granite, each weighing upwards of three tons, the front face being polished. The "axed" portion sparkles with felspar and mica. The basin is of highly polished Sicilian marble, and receives its jet of water from a bronzed lion's head. The whole is surmounted by an elaborate ornamental pillar with brackets supporting three octagonal gas lamps.

The fountain was designed by Messrs. W. and T. Wills, and has been erected as a memorial of Mr. William Alexander Maddocks, the founder of Portmadoc, and in commemoration of the coming of age of his grandson, Mr. Francis William Alexander Roche.

The ceremony of "the opening" was more than usually interesting. The water was turned on by Mrs. Breese, of Morfa Lodge, with a quiet grace that won her the applause of the crowd collected around. The fountain being thus proved to be complete, Mr. Breese, with a short but excellent

speech, handed over to the contractor a cheque for the amount of its cost. Mr. Morgan Lloyd, M.P., next spoke, and made some telling remarks on the excellence of water as a beverage, compared with intoxicating drinks. The Rev. Robert Jones, of Rotherhithe, followed with some Welsh lines appropriate to the ceremony, and ended with reciting the following verses written for the occasion:—

Daughters of the glen and mountain,  
 When to this bright silvery rill,  
 Bubbling from its rocky fountain,  
 Ye your vessels come to fill,  
 May its limpid gush recalling  
 Memories of a nobler tide,  
 Tell you of the life-blood falling  
 From a dying Saviour's side!  
 Be your life, ye gentle daughters,  
 Active as its running stream;  
 Pure and bright as living waters  
 Sparkling in the noon-day beam;  
 Calm each thought as when the heaven  
 Mirrored lies in glassy seas,  
 Gently thus shall tides of even  
 Bear you o'er their waves in peace.

A few speeches in Welsh followed; after which the concourse, which had come to witness the ceremony, quietly separated.

It would be as unjust as it would be ungenerous were we not to notice the effectual help rendered by Mr. Breese, not only towards the erection of this fountain, but towards the carrying out of various improvements in the town and neighbourhood of Portmadoc; and we were glad to find how highly, in consequence, both he and Mrs. Breese were greeted by the inhabitants. In the same words that we spoke of David Howel at Machynlleth, we would speak of Edward Breese at Portmadoc. We would hold him up as an example of what a single individual, when uninfluenced by selfishness, can do for the locality in which he moves and for the people among whom he lives.

## THE CAERNARFON EISTEDDFOD OF 1877.

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WE have little to record of this Eisteddfod. In some points it was a grand success ; in others, it hardly reached mediocrity. The crowded attendance on most of the days proved how popular the old institution is with the masses of the people ; and it was a matter of deep regret to every patriot there that so splendid an audience should not have been treated with a richer intellectual feast.

There were great drawbacks. The pavilion which had been erected for the Eisteddfod was on too gigantic a scale : its form, too, an oblong, was, in our opinion, but ill suited for the conduct of sound. On most of the days we visited the farther end of the building for the purpose of testing its acoustic character, and from that quarter the business on the platform was little better than dumb show. The patience of the persons seated there had to undergo a severe ordeal. We give the greatest credit to our countrymen for the extreme good humour with which their negation of what should have been most interesting was borne. We doubt that an English audience would have done so with the same equanimity.

The absence of Mynyddog as conductor was a great calamity. Alas ! poor Yorick. He lies in his quiet grave hard by the old Chapel of Llanbrynmair, and the wit and jest and humour with which the Eisteddfod rang when he, its ruling spirit, directed its movements, were sadly wanting at Caernarvon. Estyn and Llew Llwyfo did their best ; but all their energies seemed but to provoke a comparison with former Eisteddfodau. Some of the trivialities, too, they enunciated from the platform were unworthy of themselves,

to say nothing of the thousands who had come together for, we trust, something higher and better. Eight thousand people gathered and brought together—some from remote parts of the country—demanded a better programme, and a more faithful carrying out of it, than was found at Caernarvon.

Some of the “old familiar faces”, too, of the Eisteddfod were away—some who, in the hours of its greatest need, had been its firm and unselfish friends. Brinley Richards was not there. John Thomas, Pencerdd Gwalia, was absent. How was this? Professor Macfarren, unused as he was to Eisteddfodau, deplored their absence, and, in his own quiet gentle manner, rebuked the directing body for not having secured their attendance.

But what struck us more than all was the absence of the county families from the gathering. At Wrexham, in the previous year, there was a no mean sprinkling of the aristocracy. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was there, a host in himself, with Lady Williams Wynn, and his daughters; the Lord Lieutenant of the County and Mrs. West; the Bishop of St. Asaph, with many others of a high station; but at Caernarvon the same support was not given to the Eisteddfod. Lord Penrhyn was present on the day in which he presided, and there were on the several days one or two others of the gentry of the neighbourhood; but that was all. We regret this exceedingly; at the same time, we congratulate Caernarvon on the presence of the “thews and sinews” of the land. The people were there in all the grandeur that numbers and vastness give to an assembly.

The several Presidents made, on the whole, excellent speeches. The Mayor of Caernarvon spoke well and sensibly on the first day. Lord Penrhyn brought his usual amount of good common sense to bear on his subject; and there were other effective utterances—such as those of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., whose speeches, and he delivered two, were

sparkling with gems. Nor must we pass by the speech of Mr. Breese, the chairman of the Thursday's concert. He spoke some homely truths in no ungentle or bitter spirit. Mr. Breese was truly eloquent as he uttered the following passage :—

I hope I shall not be considered ungrateful if I express disappointment at the absence of our most distinguished Welshmen. I for one sadly miss at this, a great national gathering of the Cymry, not only the presence, but the sound and honest advice, and the brilliant touch on that instrument (pianoforte) of the gifted composer of our second national anthem, Brinley Richards, who has done so much for Welsh music and Welsh musicians. I would also we could hear those magic strains which are evoked from our national instrument by the cunning fingers of that prince of harpists, John Thomas, who has so often discoursed most eloquent music to us—

“ In notes, with many a winding bout,  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

But our President this morning explained that the Committee wished to have representatives of English, Irish, and Scotch talent amongst us, and it may be well for us to listen to them, though not to the exclusion of our own. For I fear we are prone as a nation to place our music and all our achievements in literature and art on too high a comparative pedestal. For myself, I see nothing but beauty in our clustering hills and secluded vales, in our placid lakes and turbulent streams. I am proud of the ancient literature and music that have consecrated every hill and every dale. But we must remember there is a world outside Wales, and a big one, which many of us have seen, and in which there are mountains higher and more majestic—valleys deeper and more secluded—lakes broader and in grander settings—and larger rivers, ever hurrying on through wider channels to pour themselves into bluer seas. The poetry and the prose, the minstrelsy and the art of other countries have a wider range than our own. But for all this, we may be proud of our own, and foster them with every care. One of our airs—the well-known “*Hob y deri dando*”—is said to be the most ancient known tune, and to have been composed by the Druids. Another of our melodies, many centuries old, carries us back in its plaintive wail to the defeat on Morfa Rhuddlan. We may be justly proud of Dr. Burney's remarks in his great history of music, that it was in the quiet Welsh valleys (though he adds “among a semi-barbarous people”) the first sound principles of harmony were found. But we should be more proud

of that progress and refinement of later days which have given us our Edith Wynne, our Brinley Richards, and our John Thomas, and which have made us all more fitting and appreciative receptacles for sweetest sounds.

There were other speeches ; but if we except that of Hwfa Mon, and even he was not himself, they were not equal to the occasion.

The competition for the several prizes, as well as the adjudications, were of the usual character. The music was no worse, and, most certainly, it was no better, than we have heard at other Eisteddfodau. One musical composition, by a late talented pupil of the University College of Wales, Mr. David Jenkins, seems to be a superior effusion of genius. The chair prize poem, too, was an excellent one. We have since made a farther acquaintance with it, and our first impressions are confirmed. The following lines to 'The lark' are very beautiful:—

Hudol wyd ŵyl Ehedydd,—blygeiniol  
Nabl, genad boreuddydd ;  
Yn rhoi fry mewn ter frydd  
Fawrwych dôn i gyfarch dydd.

Nor less so are the following, 'To a young maiden with her milk-pail':—

Ar y fron draw 'r forwynig—a welir,  
Wylaidd dlos enethig ;  
Drwy coed, yn troedio 'r cwm,  
Mor hoyw mae a'r ewig.  
Edrydd ei cherdd wrth odro,—ni cheir briw  
Na chur bron i'w blino ;  
Gwefr yw ei hiaith,—creig y fro  
Ar y wendeg sy 'n gwrando.

With respect to the other compositions, there was lacking that enthusiasm which overflows when genius sparkles and talent abounds in the compositions.

Altogether, the Eisteddfod at Caernarvon was not what we

should desire our countrymen to look up to. We would not set it up for a model, but rather use it as a beacon to warn them off the shoals and quicksands whereon Eisteddfodau, if their present course be persisted in, will assuredly be wrecked.

There is one point on which we would give this Eisteddfod and its managers the highest praise. The financial arrangements, expenditure, and division of surplus, do them the greatest credit. We are not going to quarrel about a few petty items, seeing how well they have managed to dispose of the great bulk. Unlike Wrexham, Caernarvon has come out of the crucible of audit unscathed by the fire. All honour, we repeat, to it! In giving its hundreds to the University College of Wales, it will be a notable example to future Eisteddfodau, not to spend their gains on their own petty local matters, but to regard national gatherings as bound in honour to promote national objects.

The huge structure of the pavilion is to be a permanent erection for the holding of meetings at Caernarvon. We sincerely hope it will answer its intended purpose. We are sadly afraid, however, that it will turn out "a white elephant". The constant repairs required in such a structure will form a serious drawback to its financial success.

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## Reviews of Books.

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MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN. Edited by her  
SISTER. With a Portrait. Longmans, Green, and Co.,  
London. 1877.

ANY literary production written by a lady so closely connected with the house of Wynnstay as Miss Wynn, must exact the deep interest of every one connected with the literature of the Principality. It may not treat of tradition, or of language, nor yet of the rich poetry in which our old Celtic tongue abounds, and which contains such valuable though unappreciated fragments of undeveloped history. It may relate to neither art nor science; but we are sure that it will be something worthy of our perusal and study. The stock from which an author descends may not be a guaranty for his genius or learning; but we may be assured that the work of his pen will be replete with good taste, generous thought, and honourable feeling, and, in most cases, with the scholastic attainments which are the result of a high education.

Who that ever knew the late Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, will for a moment doubt that of such a kind would be his daughter's efforts in literature? The friend of Southey—his benefactor at a time when the world had not yet learnt to appreciate his genius as a poet, or his almost unequalled talents as a writer of prose—Mr. Wynn, out of a not overflowing income, bestowed effectual help on the rising author, by giving him a no mean share of his own, thus enabling him to devote his energies to the works which have now become classic in our language. Nor was this a solitary instance of Mr. Wynn's generosity. Wales is deeply indebted to him for a large share of his Indian patronage,



when he was for years President of the Board of Control. We know of at least four sons in one family on whom he bestowed cadetships in the Indian army.

One little incident is deeply touching. Professor Elmsley, a ripe scholar, and a genius as transcendent as Oxford ever nurtured in her lap, died in early manhood. His works had made him a high name in the University, and his death was deeply deplored. His last resting-place, however, remained unhonoured. Not a line marked the spot, and he seemed forgotten. One quiet Sunday morning, as bells were answering bells, calling to prayer, we wended our way to the Cathedral, as the University sermon was to be preached there on that day. Not a cap or gown was yet visible, and, until they were collected for service, we wandered through the venerable pile, reading the inscriptions on the several monuments raised in honour of some of Oxford's most talented sons. All at once we came on a newly-erected monument of white marble. Large and of elegant form, it was as pure as though it had been of alabaster. It had been raised to the memory of poor Elmsley. One of Cambria's generous sons had, at his own cost, erected the memorial. At the close of the inscription, which was worthy of the man whose talents and virtues it recorded, was the simple sentence:—"Erected by his friend and school-fellow—C. W. W. W." The initials were too peculiar, as well as familiar, not to recal at once to our mind, "Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn."

Nor was Mr. Wynn himself undervalued in Oxford. His portrait, a striking likeness, by the late Sir Martin Archer Shee, graces the dining-hall of Christchurch.

How well do we remember him! Tall and dignified, and of aristocratic bearing, his countenance was an index of the benevolence that leavened his whole constitution. When he and his brother, the late Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, appeared together in public, they were as Saul among the chiefs of

Israel. Out-topping those around them, their dignified yet gentle demeanour won them the respect and homage of every spectator.

With all this loftiness and elevation of character, Mr. Wynn possessed a most genial temperament. He was facetious and amusing in conversation, and would occasionally descend to playfulness, and to smart, if not severe, repartee. After the sharp, though decisive contest for his Montgomeryshire seat in the election of 1831, when he was returned by a large majority, he invited the chief townsmen of Llanfyllin to dinner and a day's shooting through the pheasant preserves of Llangedwin. Sir Watkin was also present. Among the guests were two gentlemen who, with their other vocations, exercised that of preaching their Master's gospel. They belonged to the sect of the Independents. An attorney from Llanfyllin, who had also been invited, fancied he had found an opportunity of mortifying his dissenting neighbours on the score of their religion; and when the wine was circulating after dinner, he introduced the subject of baptismal registration, saying that such were the informal registrations now made in every petty chapel through the country, that ere long it would be impossible to trace a pedigree or make out a title to any property in the Principality. Mr. Wynne discerned at once—as he knew his guests—for whom the covert shaft was intended. He turned round to the speaker: “Yes,” he said, “the question of registration is at the present time in a very unsatisfactory state. I have myself heard of a clergyman and his clerk so reckless of the parish register book, as to tear out its leaves to light their pipes with.” The attorney, being thus quietly set down, his intended victims chuckled not a little.

It may be asked, why dwell on the characteristics of the father, when it is the daughter's book that calls for criticism? We reply that, independently of his connexion with the

authoress of the work before us, his identification with Wales, her literature and her language, will not allow us to pass by the friend of Heber, Mackintosh, Southey, Henry Hallam, and other such men, and especially in a work devoted to Welsh interests.

Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn was a lady of extraordinary powers both of thought and expression. Had she devoted her talents to literature, she would have raised herself to the highest rank among the authors of her day. If her letters and unpremeditated journals are so replete with gems of thought as the present volume indicates, we can well fancy the excellence to which her more finished productions would have reached. Let the reader open the volume wherever he will, he is sure to find something to instruct and refresh him—not the gleanings of antiquated sayings, nor yet proverbs and bye-gones dressed up anew, but fresh and sparkling thoughts, bubbling up in spontaneity and copiousness from the rich fountain of her own mind. Our readers must not fancy that we are speaking extravagantly. Our praise is by no means excessive. To prove that it is not so, we bring the testimony of a few passages selected at random out of her book. How neatly expressed, for instance, is her opinion of her friend, Mr. Rio, a Breton, who ever claimed kinship with the Welsh:—

It is curious that a month ago I complained in this very book of being weary of theological discussions, and that no one spoke of religion from their hearts, but rather from their head. A few days after I meet a man who talks only from his heart, and I am no longer weary. His faith is beautiful, and his conviction is so deep and sincere, that it is most touching. His conversation was to me like some church bell—it always produced a feeling of devotion in my mind. What can I say stronger?

How admirable, again, are the following remarks on Goethe! Writing from Llangedwin in October 1841, she says:—

It would be difficult for me to express how much I delight in Goethe! My new edition is so small, that I can always carry a volume when I walk; and he is the most companionable of authors, suiting all moods and all humours. Not to be obliged (as is the case with most writers) to wind one's self up to some particular key, before one can enjoy and understand him, is to me a great charm. Then, the seemingly careless, concise manner in which he allows observations and opinions to flash out which open a new world of thought to one, is very fascinating. But the principal effect his works have on me I cannot myself understand. He comforts, he consoles me! How, I know not; and it is a happiness which I never expected to have gained from them; for, as you know, his way of thinking was very different from all I have hitherto looked up to.

The descriptions of scenes in Rome, Florence, and Venice, are more than commonly interesting; but we must pass them by. We cannot, however, do so with Miss Williams Wynn's reminiscences of Heidelberg; its beautiful valley seems to have afforded her more enjoyment than any of the places she visited; and she concludes her interesting narrative thus graphically and feelingly:—

I shall be very sorry to leave this place, which I enjoy intensely. My walks on the heath-covered hills far above the castle will remain in my memory long after I have left them. Such walks are in truth, to use Biblical language, "times of refreshing". I have found that there is a deeper teaching in Nature than in any professor's book. The misfortune is, that one so seldom has the opportunity of coming into communion with her. How I wish that you were here, that we might talk over all the "thick-coming fancies" that are the result of my long mornings on the hill-tops!

We have rarely read a book written by a lady that bears so strongly the impress of a thoughtful mind as these "Memoirs." The trivialities of every-day life are unnoticed, that she may grapple with intellectual pursuits of the highest kind. Nor are her efforts in vain, although the subjects are oftentimes out of the reach of common minds, and such as engage the powers of the giants of literature. What a host of bright names, too, forms the phalanx of her friends! There,

are Hegel, Bunsen, Varnhagen von Ense, Döllinger, Montalembert, De Tocqueville, Lamartine, Carlyle, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Brookfield, Maurice, and others of equal status. That she also was appreciated by them we can have no doubt. The following is Baroness Bunsen's testimony to her high worth, as given in a letter to one of her sisters. It is dated Carlsruhe, May 14, 1870:—

If I could but paint such a portrait of her as some of the ancient painters have left us of persons often without name, of whom we know nothing, and yet into whose very soul and life we seem to enter, whose capabilities of action, whose principles and feelings we take in by intuition, not needing further testimony, satisfied by internal evidence and intense conviction of moral power and equipoise—then, indeed, the demands of your affection might be duly met, and an image transmitted to posterity worthy of that enshrined in our memory. But what I can say in words is so tame and colourless, that I shrink from the attempt to note it down, and wish that some other mind than my own would make clear to me the *why* and the *how* she could be so feminine and yet so forcible, so decisive and yet so mild; so considerate of others, of their feelings, of their shortcomings, and yet so positively herself; so dignified, not in manner and carriage only, but in elevation and grasp of mind, and yet no abstraction; so full of human sympathies, and yet not melting away into unsubstantiality.

We deeply regret our inability, from sheer want of space, to give larger extracts from these "Memorials." We can only express our wonder that amid her many ailments—for her health was never good—the authoress was enabled to serve her generation so faithfully, and yet preserve intact the vigour of mind and intellect displayed everywhere throughout this autobiography, even to its close.

An excellent portrait faces the title, and the work, as is always the case with the publications of the Longmans, is beautifully printed, and forms an elegant volume.

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Since the foregoing pages were written, we have received intelligence of the lamented death of Mrs. Lindesay, the editor of this volume. She was the last surviving daughter

of the Right Honourable C. W. W. Wynn, and the widow of John Lindesay, Esq., of Loughrea, in the county of Tyrone.

While Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn rests beneath the green, quiet pines of Arcachon, her sister, Harriot Hester, lies almost under the shadows of our great metropolis, where—

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside her.

How truly are the beautiful words of our Welsh poetess exemplified in their case:—

They grew in beauty side by side,  
They fill'd one home with glee:  
Their graves are sever'd far and wide  
By mount, and stream, and sea!

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GRAMMADEG CYMRAEG GAN DAVID ROWLANDS, B.A. (DEWI MON) ATHRAW YN NGHOLEG ABERHONDDU. Wrexham: [N.D.] Hughes & Son.

WE have perused this little book with considerable satisfaction. Grammar, as a science, while requiring a more exact study has of late enlarged its boundaries, and it now deals with questions which it never touched on in the past. It seems inclined also to treat words and phrases more logically than heretofore. To keep pace then with the exigencies of the present day Mr. Rowlands has compiled his little manual, and as an epitome of Grammar, or rather a rudimentary treatise, we are bound to add, that the young Welsh student ought to feel deeply grateful to him—it will put him in the right way, and keep him free of the errors which are so prevalent in modern composition. We have been particularly pleased with the part devoted to prefixes and affixes. With a few things, indeed, we do not agree; but they are of such little moment as compared with the excellencies of the book

in general, that we think it almost a pity to mar our otherwise unqualified praise by mentioning them.

The book is neatly got up by the publisher, Mr. Charles Hughes of Wrexham—its only fault is, that it is without date. We always look with suspicion on an undated publication—it savours generally more of the bookseller than of the author. This book deserves a date. We can prophesy its exhaustion long before it becomes antiquated.

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### Literary Announcements.

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OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the next part of *Y Cymmrodor* will contain a poetical translation, by Lord Aberdare, of "The Bard and the Cuckoo", a poem written by Owain Gruffydd in the early part of the last century.

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It is with no little satisfaction that we announce the early publication of the Welsh-English Dictionary, so long in preparation, by the Reverend D. Silvan Evans. While the work will be brought out under the auspices of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, the onus of publication will be taken up by a number of gentlemen connected with the Principality who are anxious for its appearance, knowing, as they do, its value for the opening up of the old Welsh literature. The want of such a Lexicon has been long felt. The high character of the compiler, than whom no man living is more suited, both by talents and attainments, for the work, will, we trust, ensure it not only a large and remunerative circulation, but the gratitude of the Welsh student, whom we heartily congratulate on the prospect of possessing so valuable an instrument for the digging and delving into the old poetry and the ancient manuscripts.

Fab Arom; lin Esrom les;  
 O phery gwir, fab Phares;  
 Fab Iuda; fab ni wna nag  
 Eisoës Iacob; fab Isag;  
 Fab Abram, bab o rym bwyll;<sup>5</sup>  
 Fab Thare, deidie<sup>6</sup> didwyll;  
 Fab Nachor, fab clodfor<sup>7</sup> clau;  
 Rhugl<sup>8</sup> fab Saruch; fab Rhagau;  
 Fab Phaleg, diofeg dwyll;<sup>9</sup>  
 Heber fab Sale hoywbwyll;  
 Fab Cainan, wrdran<sup>1</sup> eurdrem;  
 Fab syw Arphacsad; fab Sem;  
 Fab No hen i<sup>2</sup> lën a'i liw,  
 A adeiliodd rhag diliw;  
 Fab Lameth, fab difeth drem;  
 A'i sel, fab Methusalem;  
 Fab Enog, fwya 'i bennwn;  
 Fab Iareth, heleth<sup>3</sup> fu hwn;  
 Fab Malalel, mawl eilwaith,  
 Cariad mil fu 'r ciried<sup>4</sup> maith;

<sup>5</sup> *Bab o rym bwyll*, 'a Pope in strength of mind'.

<sup>6</sup> *Deidie* for *deidiau*.

<sup>7</sup> *Clodfor* for *clodfawr*.

<sup>8</sup> *Rhugl*, 'dexterous', 'ready'.

<sup>9</sup> *Diofeg dwyll*. The meaning of the bard seems to be:—'without deceit of mind'.

<sup>1</sup> *Wrdran*. Whether this word is the offspring of a corrupt text, or one that, in the course of long ages, has become obsolete, it is now difficult to say. All we can say in its favour is, that it supplies the needs of the *cynghanedd*.

However *cynghanedd* may be

disparaged, it has undoubtedly assisted in the preservation of our language. Some valuable, though quaint remarks on this subject by Lewis Morris will be found in his *Notes on Cywydd y Farn Fawr*, by Goronwy Owen. See London edition of the Works of the latter, Vol. i, page 37.

<sup>2</sup> *I* is frequently used by the old bards for *ei*.

<sup>3</sup> *Heleth* for *helaeth*.

<sup>4</sup> *Ciried*, 'beneficence', 'kindness'.

<sup>5</sup> *Ddwyfan ddifeth*. The name Cainan occurs twice in the genea-



Fab Cainan, ddwyfan<sup>5</sup> ddifeth,  
 Oes hir; fab Enos; fab Seth;  
 Fab Addaf, gloyw eurnaf glwys,  
 Priodor tir Paradwys;  
 Fab DUW ei hun, Gun gwrawl,  
 Tad pybyr Fab pob rhyw fawl;<sup>6</sup>  
 Brawd lles i Addaf bryd llwyr,  
 A'i wrol Daid a'i Orŵyr;<sup>7</sup>  
 Brawd i Fair ddiwair ddwywaith,<sup>8</sup>  
 A'i Thaid a'i Mab, enaid maith.  
 Brawd i bob Cristion o brudd  
 Du dwyfawl,<sup>9</sup> a'i Dad ufudd.  
 O hil Addaf, hylwydd-ior,  
 Yr fym yn geraint i'r Ior.  
 Arglwydd uwch law arglwyddi  
 O nef yw 'n Pencenedl ni.<sup>1</sup>  
 Gwelais faint graen<sup>2</sup> a galar  
 A oedd gaeth Adda i'w gâr.  
 Cymmerth ar groes dromloes draw,  
 Fawr dristyd, i farw drostaw.  
 Cyfodes, cyfa<sup>3</sup> ydyw,  
 Droedwyn Fab, dradwy<sup>4</sup> yn fyw;

logy. The elder Cainan lived to the age of 910 years; hence the words *oes hir*.

<sup>5</sup> *Fab pob rhyw fawl*, 'a son deserving of every kind of praise'.

<sup>6</sup> Iolo Morganwg has ventured on a note here:—"Iesu Grist yn Frawd i Addaf, &c."—Iolo Morg.

<sup>8</sup> *Ddiwair ddwywaith*, 'doubly chaste'. Whether these words apply to 'the exceeding chastity of the Virgin', or to 'the immaculate conception', our readers must determine for themselves.

<sup>9</sup> *O brudd du dwyfawl*. Can the bard mean to identify religion with gloom in this place? It seems so.

<sup>1</sup> Quaint though these lines may be, they are very beautiful, and make amends for the weariness of the genealogy.

<sup>2</sup> *Graen*, 'pungency', 'asperity'.

<sup>3</sup> *Cyfa*, 'perfect'.

<sup>4</sup> *Dradwy*, like *trannoeth*, has probably come to us through the Latin. It is one of those words that, while they prove the affinity

I ddwyn ei daid wiwddawn, dwys,  
 O bryder i Baradwys ;  
 A'r sawl urddasol o'r saint  
 Ag a rodd Duw, a'i geraint.  
 I Fair y diolchaf fi,  
 A Duw, Ion y daioni,  
 Am fagu Iesu oesir,  
 Bronwyn Gun, Brenin y gwir ;  
 A brynawdd â gwaed breiniawl  
 I deulu fo ; dylai fawl.<sup>5</sup>

of the Latin and the Celtic in their source, show that the severed streams have at some period been again partially re-united. While the etymons of *trannoeth* and *tradwy* are purely Celtic—*traws nos* and *traws dydd*—their forms are more easily derived from the Latin *trans noctem* and *trans diem*, especially when we bear in mind that the *ct* of the Latin makes *th* in the Welsh.

\* While the poet's meaning in this line is tolerably clear, its expression, to say the least, is clumsy. The poem, however, as a whole, is less burdened with difficulties than most of Iolo Goch's effusions.

## VIII.

## CYWYDD I'R OFFEREN.

O Dduw, am yr hyn oedd dda  
 I ddyn, pawb a'i hadduna;  
 I wneuthur Awdur ydwyd<sup>1</sup>  
 Tra fai a minnau tra fwyd;  
 Gwir-ddal y ffydd a gerddodd  
 Gatholig, fonheddig fodd;  
 A bod, gwae ef oni bydd  
 Gair ofn, yn gywir ufydd.  
 Oed bydd o bob rhith i ben,  
 Oreu ffair,<sup>2</sup> yw 'r Offeren.  
 Dechreu mau godych-wrych.<sup>3</sup>  
 Iawn waith yw cyffesu 'n wych.  
 Offeren dan nen i ni,  
 Air da iawn, yw 'r daioni;  
 A'i *hoffis* aml ddewiso<sup>4</sup>  
 I bawb o'r deunydd y bo;  
 Ai o'r Drindawd ddoethwawd ddwyn,  
 Ai o Fair, wirion Forwyn;

<sup>1</sup> With a text unintelligible in some parts of the poem, it is still impossible to exclude an effusion of Iolo Goch that contains such distinctive characteristics of his faith as the present. In Roman Catholic worship the sacrifice of the *Mass* (Offeren) holds the most prominent place.

Ydwyf. MS. — rhyming with *fiery* in the next line.

<sup>2</sup> *Ffair*, 'market', 'fair'. Here it must be taken in the sense of 'profit'.

<sup>3</sup> The third, fourth, ninth, and this line are so corrupt as not to be deciphered in the present day.

<sup>4</sup> *Hoffis*, 'office', or Roman Catholic 'Service'. There are the Offices of 'the Trinity', of 'the Virgin', and others.

Ai o'r Yspryd, glendyd glân :  
 A'i o'r dydd<sup>5</sup> mae air diddan ;  
 Ai o'r Grog oediog ydiw ;  
 Mawr yw'r gwyrth, ai o'r meirw gwiw ;  
 Ai o lafer,<sup>6</sup> rhwydd-der rhad,  
 Modd arall, meddai uriad.<sup>7</sup>  
 Llawer ar yr Offeren  
 Rhinwedd, medd Mair ddiwair wen :  
 Dyn wrthi Duw a'i nertho ;  
 Ni hena, ni fwygla<sup>8</sup> fo.  
 A gyrch, drwy orhoff goffa,  
 Offeren, daw i ben da.  
 Angel da a fydd yngod,<sup>9</sup>  
 Yn rhifo, cludeirio<sup>1</sup> clod,  
 Pob cam, mydr<sup>2</sup> ddi ddammeg,  
 O'i dŷ hyd ei Eglwys deg.  
 Os marw, chwedl garw i gyd,  
 O'i sefyll yn ddisyfyd,<sup>3</sup>  
 Os cyfraith, loywfaith heb lid,  
 Dduw yn ol dda a wnelid,  
 Annodd i arglwydd yna  
 Iddwyn un geiniogwerth o'i dda.  
 Y bara Offeren ennyd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Da fu 'r gost, a'r dwfr i gyd.  
 A'n pair<sup>5</sup> cyspell<sup>6</sup> yw felly  
 Yn gymmunol freiniol fry.

<sup>5</sup> *Dydd*, the office of 'the day', such as saints' days.

<sup>6</sup> *Lafer*, 'laver', the baptismal font. One MS. has *lawer*.

<sup>7</sup> *Uriad*, 'elder', and probably a corruption of *henuriad*.

<sup>8</sup> *Ni fwygla* ; 'he will not grow lukewarm'.

<sup>9</sup> *Yngod*, 'juxta', 'close by'.

<sup>1</sup> *Cludeirio*, 'to heap up', 'to gather together'.

<sup>2</sup> *Mydr*, 'a metre' in poetry. Here, perhaps, it represents 'a saying'.

<sup>3</sup> *Yn ddisyfyd*, 'suddenly', as in our Litany.

<sup>4</sup> *Offeren ennyd* ; the form is properly *yngod*. *Sul ynyd*, 'Shrove

Fe wnai 'r Offeren—Fair fwyn—  
 O ddwfr gorph ei Mab addfwyn.  
 O waith *Prelad* a'i *Ladin*,  
 A'i waed bendigaid o win ;  
 Teiriaith hybarch ddiwarchae  
 Ym mewn Offeren y mae :  
 Y *Lading* berffaith loywdeg,  
 Y *Gryw*, *Elbryw*, a *Grôeg*.<sup>7</sup>  
 Rhaid yw tân wrth ei chanu ;  
 Rho Duw dilwfr a dwfr du.  
 Mi awn pam ond damunaw,  
 Y mae 'n rhaid tân<sup>8</sup> cwyr raid caw.<sup>9</sup>  
 Wybren oedd ar gyhoedd gynt  
 I dduo byd a ddeuynt ;  
 Rhaid yw felly gwedy gwad  
 Arglywais<sup>1</sup> gael goleuad ;  
 Llyma 'r modd pam y rhoddir,  
 Da frawd, yn y gwin dwfr ir :  
 Dwfr o fron Iesu wiwsain,  
 A ddoeth gyda 'i waed oedd ddain.

Sunday'; *Mawrth ynyd*, 'Shrove Tuesday'.

<sup>5</sup> *Pair*, 'a cauldron'. No amount of search has enabled us to elucidate the poet's meaning.

<sup>6</sup> *Cyspell*, 'propinquity', 'compactness'.

<sup>7</sup> It would almost appear that, instead of three, as mentioned by the poet, four languages are found in the *Mass*; but *Y' Gryw* and *Grôeg* are the same. We suspect that the exigencies of his *cynganedd* demanded the duplication: Iolo Morganwg has a note on this

line:—"Y mae yma ryw wall mawr neu anwybodaeth."

<sup>8</sup> *Tân*, here in the sense of 'light'.

<sup>9</sup> *Cwyr raid caw*. The term *caw* is used for so many purposes that we need not fear to employ it, in conjunction with *cwyr raid*, as denoting 'wax lights'.

<sup>1</sup> *Argylwais*. The difficulty of this line is great. Some emendation of the *cynganedd* will be:—

Arglywais gair goleuad.

But a better way of meeting the difficulty will, perhaps, be to re-

Pa ham y codir wir waith  
 I fynu modd fau fwyniaith.  
 Ym mhob lle, pan ddarlleer  
 Fyngial<sup>2</sup> pwyll Efengyl pêr?  
 Er ein bod yn barod berwyl  
 I ymladd ryw radd yr wyl,  
 A'r neb diwyneb uniawn.  
 A ffalsai *nill nai*<sup>3</sup> a wnawn.  
 Pell i rym, pan nid pwyll raid,  
 Pen dewin, pan y dywaid  
 Yr offeiriad ei *bader*,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yn ol dyrcha corph ein Ner,<sup>5</sup>  
 Er dysgu a ffynnu 'r ffydd  
 Ini efo yn ufydd.  
 Aro pam yr ai eraill  
 O'r llu i 'Fengyl i'r llaill,  
 Yn ol *Agnus* ni rusia  
*Dei, Cytolus*,<sup>6</sup> *Deus* da.  
 Arwydd tangnefedd eirian,  
 A maddeu, mwygl eiriau mân.  
 Ucha ystâd, nis gwad gwŷr,  
 Ar y Pab, eiriau pybyr,  
 Eillio tröell<sup>7</sup> wellwell wiw  
 Ar ei siad, eres ydiw.

gard the verb *arglywais*, 'I have heard', as parenthetical. and the strengthening of our faith.

<sup>2</sup> *Fyngial*, 'a muttering'.

<sup>6</sup> *Cytolus*, 'Catholic' literally.

It is here used for 'the Catholic Church'.

<sup>3</sup> *Nill nai*. There is no deciphering of these words.

<sup>7</sup> *Eillio troell*. The poet refers to the 'tonsure'. Roman Catholic priests of certain orders have a round patch shaven on the crown of the head. This the bard calls here 'a wheel'.

<sup>4</sup> *Bader*. The term is taken from the Latin 'Pater' at the commencement of the Lord's prayer.

<sup>5</sup> The elevation of the Host, the bard tells us, is for our teaching

<sup>8</sup> *Wyth rym meddyginiaeth*. The

O son am bêr Offeren,  
 Pur ei bwyll â'n pair i ben;  
 Wyth rym meddyginiaeth<sup>8</sup> raid  
 Yw ar unwaith i'r enaid,<sup>9</sup>  
 Arwydd-der a gwarder gwiw,  
 Gywir ffawd, i'r corph ydiw.<sup>1</sup>

determinate number is used for an undeterminate or multitudinous one.

<sup>8</sup> The Sacrifice of the Mass, he considers as a medicine for internal and external evils—a healing both of body and soul.

<sup>1</sup> A re-examination of the poem, even after the pains that have been taken with it, is in no way satisfactory. Errors of transcription, added to the use of obsolete terms, render the work of deciphering the poet's meaning more than usually difficult. It may be asked, Why

deal with such poems? Would it not be wiser to allow them, like the crumbling ruins of our old Welsh castles, to perish altogether, seeing that they are beyond restoration? We reply, No. They still retain gems of thought of an exquisite kind for the poet. They present interesting ground into which the philologist may dig and delve. And they contain invaluable fragments of undeveloped history. We would not for these reasons, leaving others unmentioned, discard one of them.

## IX.

## A W D L M A I R.

MAIR edrych arnaf, ymerodres ;  
 Morwyn bennaf wyd, Mair unbennes,  
 Mair diornair,<sup>1</sup> Mair dëyrnes,  
 Mair oleudreim, Mair lywodres ;  
*Miserere mei*,<sup>2</sup> moes eryres ;  
 Prydlyfr<sup>3</sup> gweryddon<sup>4</sup> wyt a'u priodles,  
 A ffenestr wydrin nef a'i phennes,  
 A mam i Dduw yn ymorddiwes,<sup>5</sup>  
 A nerth un-brawd, briffawd<sup>6</sup> broffes,  
 A chwaer i'th un-mab wyd a chares ;  
 Ys agos o beth, dywysoges,  
 Y deiryd dy Fab yt nid eres.  
 Ysta<sup>7</sup> dorllwyth fu ystad iarlles,  
 F' enaid yw 'r angel a anfonnes  
 Yr Yspryd attad, gennad gynnes,  
 Efo a chwegair<sup>8</sup> a'th feichioges ;

<sup>1</sup> *Diornair*, literally 'unchallenging'. May not the term be an allusion to the Virgin's meek acquiescence in the high honour, with its accompanying trials, which God conferred upon her? *Diornair* may here, also, signify 'irreproachable'; without reproach in her apparently dubious position.

<sup>2</sup> 'Have mercy on me', a sentence in frequent use in Roman Catholic prayer books.

<sup>3</sup> *Pryd-lyfr*, 'a book for meditation', 'a mirror for virgins, for example or pattern'.

<sup>4</sup> *Gweryddon*, 'maidens', or rather 'virgins'.

<sup>5</sup> *Yn ymorddiwes*, 'advancing thyself to an equality'.

<sup>6</sup> *Briffawd*, 'highest happiness'.

<sup>7</sup> *Ysta*; *ys* and *da*, a common compound in the old poets.

<sup>8</sup> *Chwegair*. These were probably the words of the 'salutation'.



Duw o fewn aeth yn dy fynwes,  
 Mal yr â drwy 'r gwydr y terydr<sup>9</sup> tes  
 Megis bagad<sup>1</sup> o rad rhodres.  
 Tair cneuen wisgi tri y tröes :  
 Yn Dad trwy gariad y rhagores,  
 Yn Fab rhwydd arab, araf cynnes,  
 Yn Yspryd gleinyd<sup>2</sup> Glân ymddiwes.<sup>3</sup>  
 Gwedi geni ei Mab gwyn y digones  
 Diareb rhwydd a dieres :  
 "Heb groen yn esgor Por perfffeithles,  
 Heb friw o'i arwain, nef briores,<sup>4</sup>  
 Heb ddim godineb i neb o nes,  
 Neu ogan awr nid oes neges,"  
 Ef a orug nef, faerdref feurdres ;  
 Ef a orug uffern, nef gair cyffes ;  
 Seren gron gyson ymddangoses  
 I'r tri brenin gwyn, hyn fu 'r hanes,  
 I ddwyn rhwydd gyflwyn<sup>5</sup> yt rhag afles,  
 Aur, thus, a myrr, ni syrr<sup>6</sup> Santes.  
 Sioseb o'r preseb, gwir fu 'r proffes,  
 Cof ydyw cennyf, a'i cyfodes.  
 Ieuan Fedyddiwr, gŵr a'n gwares,  
 Tad bedydd dibech, trech y tröes  
 Yn nwfr Eurdonnen ;<sup>7</sup> yno y nofies.  
 Cref y megaist Ef, megis Dwyfes,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Terydr*, 'swift', 'rapid', 'ardent'.

<sup>1</sup> *Bagad o rad rhodres*, 'a multitude of exceedingly beautiful gifts'.

<sup>2</sup> *Gleinyd*, 'hallowing'.

<sup>3</sup> *Ymddiwes*, 'she produced'.

<sup>4</sup> *Briores*, 'prioress'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gyflwyn*, 'gift'.

<sup>6</sup> *Syrr* for *sorra*, from *sorri*, 'to displease' or 'offend'.

<sup>7</sup> *Eurdonnen*. The conversion into this beautiful word of the name Jordan, is a happy effort of the bard. He makes it 'the golden rippled'.

<sup>8</sup> *Dwyfes*, 'goddess', from the root *dryf*, *Duw* or 'God'.

Ar dy fron hygu, fry frenhines.  
 Oddi yno y buost, y ddewines,  
 Ti a ffoest ac Ef tua ffeles<sup>o</sup>  
 I'r Aifft, rhag angraifft<sup>1</sup> a rhag ingoes.  
 Rhyfedd fu 'r gallu, fawr gyfeilles,  
 Ymddwyn yn forwyn, Fair f' arglwyddes:  
 Morwyn cyn ymddwyn, fwyn fanaches;<sup>2</sup>  
 Morwyn yn ymddwyn, gorllwyn geirilles;  
 Morwynaid etto a meiriones,<sup>3</sup>  
 Byw ydwyd yn nef fal abades.<sup>4</sup>  
 Yn dy gorpholaeth, hoywgorph haules,  
 Gyda 'r gŵr brawdwr a'th briodes.  
 A theilwng ag iawn i'th etholes  
 Iddo i'w lywio yn gywelyes.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>o</sup> *Tua ffeles*. The corrupt text here renders it impossible to get at the right meaning.

<sup>1</sup> *Angraifft*, 'correction', here 'hurt'.

<sup>2</sup> *Fanaches*, 'nun'.

<sup>3</sup> *Meiriones*, 'a superintendent', 'one at the head'.

<sup>4</sup> *Abades*, 'abbess' or 'superior over the heavenly host'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gywelyes*, 'consort'.



## HISTORICAL POEMS.

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### CYWYDD MOLIAN T SYR ROSIER MORTIMER,<sup>1</sup> IARLL Y MARS.

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SYR Rosier, asur aesawr,<sup>2</sup>  
Fab Rosier<sup>3</sup> Mortimer mawr;  
Rosier ieuange, planc<sup>4</sup> plymlwyd,<sup>5</sup>  
Sarph aer o hil Syr Raff<sup>6</sup> wyd.

<sup>1</sup> SYR ROGER MORTIMER was the fourth Earl of March, and twelfth Lord of Wigmore, being the eldest son of Edmund, the third Earl and eleventh Lord, who died at Cork in 1381. Richard II made him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in virtue of his descent from the Duke of Clarence (see page 49, line 2) he was declared heir to the throne. His military service was confined entirely to Ireland, where he was slain. He was succeeded by his son Edmund, who died in 1425, aged 24 years. With him ended the male line of the Mortimers of Wigmore. It will be well to note that Roger Mortimer, the eighth Lord of Wigmore, was created Earl of March in 1328.

<sup>2</sup> *Asur aesawr*, 'the bearer of an azure shield'.

<sup>3</sup> *Fab Rosier*. He was the grandson of Rosier, or Roger, Mortimer. *Mab* here, therefore, must signify 'grandson', or 'descendant'. The names of Roger and Edmund occur alternately for some generations in the pedigree of the Mortimers of Wigmore.

<sup>4</sup> *Planc*, 'a young steed'. The epithet is here used to denote the youthful ardour and powers of the poet's hero.

<sup>5</sup> *Plymlwyd*, for *plymnwyd*, say the lexicographers, means 'conflict'. It is congenial with, if not derived from, the Greek *polemos* and the Latin *bellum*.

<sup>6</sup> *Syr Raff*, or Ralph Mortimer, flourished about the middle of the

Ros arglwydd, Rosier eurglaer,  
 Rhyswr,<sup>7</sup> cwnnewerwr can caer;  
 Colon<sup>8</sup> engylion<sup>9</sup> Englont,  
 A'i phen, cynheiliad, a'i phont;  
 Perbren<sup>1</sup> dawn, pair<sup>2</sup> obry<sup>3</sup> 'n da,  
 Por gwyn, blaguryn Buga;<sup>4</sup>  
 Edling-walch<sup>5</sup> o deilyngwaed,  
 Eryr trin oreuraid traed;<sup>6</sup>  
 Arwraidd dy luniaidd law,  
 Wyr burffrwyth<sup>7</sup> ior Aberffraw.<sup>8</sup>  
 Draig ynysoedd yr eigiawn,  
 Dragwn aer, darogan iawn.

12th century. He was the first lord of Wigmore. The fifth lord, who died in 1246, bore the same Christian name.

<sup>7</sup> *Rhyswr*, 'champion', 'combatant'.

<sup>8</sup> *Colon*, for colofyn.

<sup>9</sup> *Engylion*. Could the bard have been conversant with the quaint saying of 'Non Angli, sed angeli'? It is not at all improbable. The term, however, here must be used in the sense of 'ambassadors' as well.

<sup>1</sup> *Perbren*, 'pear tree'.

<sup>2</sup> *Pair* 'cause' or 'instrumentality'.

<sup>3</sup> *Obry*, 'beneath'; here, perhaps, 'secret' or 'underlying'.

<sup>4</sup> *Buga*. It is impossible now to make out whom the poet meant by *Buga*. It could scarcely have been 'Boadicea', as Mortimer—his very name implies it—seems to have been of Norman extraction.

<sup>5</sup> *Edling-walch* for *edlin-walch*, in reference, probably, to Roger Mortimer being heir-apparent to the English throne.

<sup>6</sup> *Oreuraid traed*. Many of the allusions in this poem are to the armorial bearings of the Mortimers. The golden-legged eagle may have been the crest on his banner.

<sup>7</sup> *Wyr burffrwyth*, 'the lawful grandson'. It must, however, be noted that the term *wyr* is constantly used in the *Mabinogion* and the *Seint Greal*, as well as in later centuries, to signify 'descendant'. *Burffrwyth*, it is probable, stands here in opposition to *bastardd*.

<sup>8</sup> *Ior Aberffraw*, 'the lord of Aberffraw'. Inasmuch as this town was in ancient times the residence of the Princes of Wales and had its royal palace, we must give the designation of our hero here used a wider scope than simply 'lord of that place'. It seems to convey the idea of 'the lord of the territory of Aberffraw'.

Ydd wyf madws<sup>9</sup> yt ddyfod,  
 I Gymry rhyglyddy<sup>1</sup> glod.  
 Mab fuost, daethost i dir;<sup>2</sup>  
 Gŵr bellach a grybwyllir;<sup>3</sup>  
 Gŵr grym, myn gwyar y grog;<sup>4</sup>  
 Balc<sup>5</sup> arnad, bual corniog;<sup>6</sup>  
 Nid arf, ond eisiau arfer<sup>7</sup>  
 O arfau prydferth nerth Ner.  
 Gwisgo arfau, o gwesgir;<sup>8</sup>  
 A'u cynnydd fal corn hydd hir;<sup>9</sup>  
 A thorri myn di mewn dur  
 Paladr<sup>1</sup> soccedgadr<sup>2</sup> cadgur.<sup>3</sup>  
 Arwain heyrn<sup>4</sup> yn chwynn chwerw,  
 A marchogaeth meirch agerw.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Madws*, 'high time'. We apprehend, however, that the word bears another meaning here,— 'pleased', 'gratified'. Deriving it from *mad*, we may venture to give it this signification.

<sup>1</sup> *Rhyglyddy* for *rhyglyddi*, 'to Wales thou wilt bring renown'.

<sup>2</sup> *Daethost i dir*. It is difficult to arrive at the poet's true meaning. The phrase may be a poetical mode of saying, 'Thou hast arrived at maturity'; or, perhaps, it is a simple statement of his having landed in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> 'One whose deeds shall henceforth be deemed worthy of commemoration'.

<sup>4</sup> *Gwyar*, 'gore'; the blood of the cross.

<sup>5</sup> *Balc*, 'balk'; hence, 'prominency' or 'eminency'.

<sup>6</sup> *Bual*, 'wild ox', 'buffalo'.

<sup>7</sup> The poet plays on the words *arf* and *arfer*—a rare thing in our literature at this early time.

<sup>8</sup> *O gwesgir*, 'if pressed', by being compelled to put on armour.

<sup>9</sup> *Corn hydd hir*. The horn, especially in Holy Writ, is an emblem of strength, and thence of prosperity.

<sup>1</sup> *Paladr*, 'shaft'.

<sup>2</sup> *Socced-gadr*, 'firm in its socket'.

<sup>3</sup> *Cadgur*, 'the throe of battle'.

<sup>4</sup> *Arwain heyrn*, 'directing weapons'. *Arwain arfau* also signifies 'to bear arms', as in the *Mabinogion*, "Arwain cleddyf ar ei ystlys".

<sup>5</sup> *Meirch agerw*, 'steeds with steaming nostrils', 'foaming steeds'.

We can hardly suppose that the *vis poetica* was so strong in the bard as to predict the steam engine.

Ymwan<sup>6</sup> ag ieirll diaminliwynt,  
 Ymwrdd, ymgyfwrdd ag hwynt.  
 A'th yswain<sup>7</sup> a'th lain o'th flaen,  
 Pennaeth wyd—pwy ni 'th adwaen ?  
 A'th hengsamen<sup>8</sup> hoyw a'th loyw laif  
 Ar gwrser a ragor-saif ;  
 A'th helm lwys a thalm o lu  
 I'th ol ar feirch, a theulu.<sup>9</sup>  
 A cherdd o'th flaen, o raen rwyf,<sup>1</sup>  
 A chrydr<sup>2</sup> a'r pelydr palwyf.<sup>3</sup>  
 Mawr ystâd Iarll y Mars doeth ;  
 Mawr y cyfenw, mwy yw 'r cyfoeth.  
 Mawr o faint wyt, myn Mair fry,  
 Mawr dy deitl ; mwy roed ytty !  
 Iarll Mars, gorau Iarll ym myd,  
 Iarll Lldwlo,<sup>4</sup> ior llaw waedlyd,<sup>5</sup>  
 Iarll Caerllëon,<sup>6</sup> dragon drud,  
 Iyrl o Wlster,<sup>7</sup> ior lwys-drud.

<sup>6</sup> *Ymwan*, 'to combat'.

<sup>7</sup> *Yswain*, 'armour-bearer'.

<sup>8</sup> *Hengsamen*, 'henchmen', 'pages', 'attendants'.

<sup>9</sup> *Theulu*, 'retinue' here ; although the word generally signifies 'family' or 'tribe'.

<sup>1</sup> *Rwyf*, 'commander', 'ruler'.

<sup>2</sup> *Chrydr*, 'armour'; *arfau am wr*, says Richards.

<sup>3</sup> *Palwyf*, for *palahwyf*, 'the linden tree'.

<sup>4</sup> *Iarll Lldwlo*. This was Roger the tenth Lord of Wigmores—the grandfather of the subject of the present poem. He served Edward III in France ; recovered much of the Welsh property, and added to it Ludlow, another estate, which

came to him through his grandmother, the heiress of Genville. He died in 1360, being at the time commander of the English forces in Burgundy. *Arch. Camb.*, 4th Series, vol. v, page 102.

<sup>5</sup> *Ior llaw waedlyd*, 'the lord of the red hand'. The red or bloody hand was oftentimes the crest of Welsh chieftains, the emblem of blood shedding ; it has furnished an expressive term for murder—*llawruddiaeth*, 'red-handedness'.

<sup>6</sup> *Iarll Caerllëon*. From the time of Henry III, when the series of earls descended from Hugh Lupus terminated, the earldom of Chester has been vested in the Crown, or in the hands of members of the

Henw arall o hyn orau,  
 O Ffrens Dug o Clarens clau ;  
 Henw da, gŵr hen a'i dieingl,  
 Wyr Syr Leiwnel,<sup>8</sup> angel Eingl.  
 Dragon yw a draig i ni  
 A lunia 'r gwaith yleni.  
 O ben y llew,<sup>9</sup> glew ei gledd,  
 Coronir carw o Wynedd.  
 Pam mae 'r llew crafang-dew, cryf,  
 Mwy nog arth ? myneg wrthyf.  
 Yn awr gwaig ar dy fraisg fraich,  
 Wyr<sup>1</sup> brenhin Lloegr a'r Brynaich.<sup>2</sup>  
 Pen arglwydd wyd, paun eur-glew,<sup>3</sup>  
 O eginin a llin llew.  
 Pennaf fyddi gwedi gwart,  
 Ail rhyswr ar ol Rhisiart.<sup>4</sup>

royal family. Roger Mortimer, as heir apparent, might therefore be considered potential, if not actual, Earl of Chester—*Iarll Caerlleon*.

<sup>1</sup> *Iyrl o Wlster*. Lionel, grandfather of Roger Mortimer, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Burgh, Earl of Ulster; hence the allusions here and elsewhere to that title.

<sup>8</sup> *Syr Leiwnel*. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was the third son of Edward III. His only daughter, Philippa, married Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, father of the hero of the poem, who was therefore *tyr* or grandson of Sir Lionel.

<sup>9</sup> *O ben y llew*. The allusion is to our hero's coat of arms.

<sup>1</sup> *Wyr*, here, 'great grandson'.

<sup>2</sup> *Brynaich*, was that portion of Scotland that lies between the river Tyne and the Firth of Forth.

The Rev. D. Ellis, in his transcription of the poem in *Y Piser Hir*, calls the inhabitants of Brynaich 'Cymry 'r Gogledd'; and he was in a measure right. But that people included not only the men of the East of Scotland, but those of the West as well, on the banks of the Clyde, and whose chief city was 'Dun-briton' or 'Dumbarton'. The Latin form of the word, and perhaps the English, is 'Bernicia'.

<sup>3</sup> *Gwart*, 'guard'.

<sup>4</sup> *Rhisiart* — the first Richard, doubtless; Cœur-de-lion.

<sup>5</sup> *Erlogrwydd*, a corrupted form, probably, of *haerllugrwydd*.



Gwnaed ieirll Lloegr gnwd erlllogrwydd,<sup>5</sup>  
 A fynnon' o son i'w swydd ;  
 Teilwng oedd yt' gael talaith  
 Aberffraw, ymandaw<sup>6</sup> maith.  
 Amserawl mi sy herod<sup>7</sup>  
 Yt ddeffroi i gloi<sup>8</sup> dy glod.  
 Pa ryw ystyr,<sup>9</sup> par osteg,  
 Y rhoed i'r arfau tau teg ?  
 Pedwar-lliw<sup>1</sup> pedair iarlleth  
 Sy dau, pwy piau pob peth.  
 Asur sydd yn dy aesawr,  
 Iarll Mars, gyda 'r eur-lliw mawr ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sinobl ac arian glân gloyw  
 Im' yw 'r ysgwyd amrosgoyw.<sup>3</sup>  
 Pedair cenedl di edliw  
 A ddeiryd yt' Gwyndyd<sup>4</sup> gwiw :  
 Ffrancod, Saeson, wychion weilch,  
 Gwyddyl, meib cynfyl<sup>5</sup> cein-feilch,  
 Gwaed Ffrainge, gwiw a da ei ffrwyth,  
 Ydyw eurlliw diweir-llwyth ;

<sup>5</sup> *Ymandaw*. This word is translated by Pughe, 'the keeping one's self in an attitude of listening'. One MS. gives *ymadau*. It is difficult to extract a meaning from either.

<sup>7</sup> *Herod*, for *herodyr*, 'a herald'.

<sup>8</sup> *Gloi*, here, 'to complete'.

<sup>9</sup> *Pa ryw ystyr?* 'of what are thine arms emblematical?'

<sup>1</sup> *Pedwar-lliw*, the four colours represented the four earldoms in the possession of our hero, as mentioned above: viz. those of March, Ludlow, Chester, and Ulster.

<sup>2</sup> The prevailing colours in the

banner of the Earl of March were azure and gold, with gules argent.

<sup>3</sup> *Ysgwyd amrosgoyw*, 'the fluttering in various directions' of the silver and vermilion banner. The bard seems to have been well versed in heraldic devices.

<sup>4</sup> *Gwyndyd* usually represents the people—Venedotians; and *Gwynedd*, the country—Gwynedd or Venedotia. Here, however, we opine that the term is used in its etymological meaning: 'Four nations ungrudgingly bestow on thee a beautiful territory'.

<sup>5</sup> *Cynfyl*, 'strife'.

Urddedig arwydd ydiw  
 Brenin yn ngwlad y gwin<sup>6</sup> gwiw;  
 A chwbl o'r Gien,<sup>7</sup> pen pant,  
 Fyddi mwy fydd dy foddiant;  
 Tau hyd ymylau Maeloegr,<sup>8</sup>  
 A bid tau 'r lle gorau 'n Lloegr.  
 Yn achen y Ddraig wen wiw,  
 Rawnllaes, y mae 'r arian-lliw.  
 Bw<sup>9</sup> i Loegr a mablygad,<sup>1</sup>  
 Anwyl iawn wyd yn y wlad.  
 Ion o Wigmor<sup>2</sup> enwog-mawr,  
 A Iyrl y Mars, arlwy mawr.  
 Gwawdrydd<sup>3</sup> cerdd, gwaed y Ddraig goch  
 Yw 'r sinobl y sy ynoch.<sup>4</sup>  
 Am hynny bydd hy, baedd hoyw,  
 Aro<sup>5</sup> etto, aur ottoyw.<sup>6</sup>  
 Cael dâr<sup>7</sup> yw coel dy arwydd.  
 Cael gorfod rhagod poed rhwydd.  
 Gras Arthur a'i groes wrthyd,  
 A'i lŷs, a'i gadlys i gyd.

\* *Yn ngwlad y gwin*, 'France', or more particularly, perhaps, 'Burgundy'.

<sup>7</sup> *Gien*, Guienne, in France.

<sup>8</sup> *Maeloegr*. It is now impossible to say what region is meant by this name. In form it approaches *Maelor*. Can it signify—from *Mael* and *Lloegr*—the parts of England more especially devoted to merchandise?

<sup>9</sup> *Bw*, 'terror', 'dread'.

<sup>1</sup> *Mablygad*, 'the pupil of the eye'. Mortimer was in fact their terror and their darling. They both feared and loved him. He was 'the apple of their eye'.

<sup>2</sup> *Wigmor*, 'Wigmore', a castle in Herefordshire.

<sup>3</sup> *Gwawdrydd*. We can give this word its meaning only by a paraphrase: 'Thou idol of the flowing muse'.

<sup>4</sup> We cannot but choose to notice the beauty of these lines: 'The blood of the Red Dragon is the vermilion that flows in thy veins.'

<sup>5</sup> *Aro* is an adverb of entreaty; such as 'pray do'.

<sup>6</sup> *Ottoyw*, 'spur'. He addresses his hero: 'Thou of the golden spur'.

<sup>7</sup> *Dâr*, 'the oak'.

Gorau lle, ail Gaerllion,<sup>8</sup>  
 Y sydd iwch' o'r ynys hon.  
 Rhyw Gwyddyl, rhywiog<sup>9</sup> addas,  
 Yw 'r asur, lliw gloyw ddur glas.  
 Glewaf grwndwal go galed  
 Yw 'r dur glas-lym, grym i gred;  
 Glewach wyd nag ail Galath;<sup>1</sup>  
 A'th hychwayw<sup>2</sup> hoyw, loyw lath,  
 O hyder o uchder iach,  
 Hy goresgynny Gonach<sup>3</sup>  
 Dos drwy 'r môr a distryw 'r Mydd<sup>4</sup>  
 O flaen y wlad aflonydd.  
 Tref tad i tithau yw Trum,<sup>5</sup>  
 Tau gastell teg ei ystum.  
 Tegwch gwlad Fatholwch<sup>6</sup> fu  
 Calon y Werddon oerddu.  
 Dyrchaf dy stondardd, hardd hwyl,  
 Di-archar<sup>7</sup> yw dy orchwyl;  
 Gwna fwysmant,<sup>8</sup> bid tryebant trwch,  
 Maccwy mawr, a Mac Morwch.<sup>9</sup>  
 Tor, rhwyg, a brath tu rag bron  
 Draw a Galys<sup>1</sup> drwy 'i galon.

<sup>8</sup> *Gaerllion*, the seat of Arthur's palace and court.

<sup>9</sup> *Rhyw Gwyddyl rhywiog*, 'of a fine Irish kind'. *Gwyddyl* is said by Dr. Owen Pughe to be derived from *Gwyddl*. Its meaning is 'of the woods'.

<sup>1</sup> *Galath*, one of the Knights of the Round Table. See the '*Seint Greal*' *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hychwayw*, 'a pushing or driving spear'; the spear used in the wild boar hunt.

<sup>3</sup> *Gonach*, 'Connaught', an Irish province.

<sup>4</sup> *Mydd*, 'Meath'.

<sup>5</sup> *Trum*, 'Trim', an Irish town and county.

<sup>6</sup> *Gwlad Fatholwch*, 'Ireland'. See *Mabinogion* iii, 81, *Bronwen Verch Llŷr*.

<sup>7</sup> *Di-archar*, 'unrebukable', 'dauntless', 'daring'.

<sup>8</sup> *Fwysmant*, 'ambushment', 'ambuscade'.

<sup>9</sup> *Mac Morwch*, 'an Irish prince'.

Brysia a chleimia âch lân  
 Gwlad Wlster, glod Elystan;<sup>2</sup>  
 Llyngca gyfoeth llawn geu-falc,  
 Myn di yn dau min Dwn Dalc;<sup>3</sup>  
 Yn ol dâl Grednel,<sup>4</sup> fy ner;  
 Ci ffalst yw—cyff o Wlster.  
 Ti a leddy, clochdy clod,  
 Bobl Wlster bob ail ystod.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Galys*, 'Galway'.

<sup>2</sup> *Elystan*, a Welsh prince of renown. He ruled over the territory lying between the Severn and the Wye.

<sup>3</sup> *Dwn Dalc*, 'Dundalk' in Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> *Grednel*, an Irish foe, doubtless of note; but we can trace no record of him.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Roger Mortimer, the sub-

ject of the poem, was slain in 1398.

Iolo Goch must, consequently, have written the poem before the close of the 14th century.

At the end of one MS. copy of this poem, Iolo Morganwg has the following quaint remark: "Iolo Goch a'i cânt. Pei 'r Diawl a'i cânt, ni allasai ganu yn fwy gwaedgar, yn fwy lladdgar, yn fwy rhyfelgar, nac yn fwy anrhaithgar."

CYWYDD I SYR HYWEL Y FWYALL<sup>1</sup> YR HWN  
OEDD YN NGHASTELL CRUCCIAITH YN  
EIFIONYDD.

A WELAI 'r neb<sup>2</sup> a welaf  
Yn y nos pand iawn a wnafl  
Pan fum mwyaf poen a fu<sup>3</sup>  
Yn huno anian henu.  
Cyntaf y gwelaf mewn gwir  
Caer fawrdeg acw ar fordir,<sup>4</sup>  
A chastell gwyh gorchestawl,<sup>5</sup>  
A gwŷr ar fyrddau, a gwawl,  
A glas-for wrth fur glwys-faen,<sup>6</sup>  
Garw am groth twr gwrwm<sup>7</sup> graen ;

<sup>1</sup> SYR HYWEL Y FWYALL, 'Sir Howel of the Battle-axe', a son of Einion ab Gruffydd ab Hywel, a native of Eifionydd, was a hero celebrated for his prowess in the battle of Poitiers, whither he had followed the Black Prince. He is said to have dismounted the French King, having cut off his horse's head at a blow. He was knighted on the field of battle, and made Constable of the Castles of Crucciaith and Chester.

<sup>2</sup> *A welai 'r neb.* 'A welai neb.'—MS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pan fu 'n fwyaf poen a fu.*—MS.

<sup>4</sup> The castle of Crucciaith stands on the sea coast between Pwllheli and Portmadoc. Its ruins may

still be seen crowning a lofty mound. One MS. has :—

'Cadair fawrder acw ar fordir.'

<sup>5</sup> One MS. has the ninth and tenth line placed before the seventh and eighth—a better arrangement, we think.

<sup>6</sup> The same MS. has :—

'A glas for wrth fur-glwys faen  
Garw o amgylch tir grwmgaen.'

The picture drawn by Iolo Goch of the castle, washed by the blue waves, is remarkably graphic. Nor less so, and even more interesting, are the scenes within, enlivened as they are by music and the presence of fair ladies, who are engaged in the weaving of silk.

<sup>7</sup> *Gwrwm*, 'bending'; hence *ter*

A cherdd chwibenygl<sup>8</sup> a chod,  
 Gwawr hoenus, a gŵr hynod;  
 Rhianedd, nid rhai anhoyw,<sup>9</sup>  
 Yn gwau y sidan<sup>1</sup> glân gloyw;  
 Gwŷr beilch yn chwareu gar barth<sup>2</sup>  
 Tawlbwrdd<sup>3</sup> a secr<sup>4</sup> uwch tal-barth;<sup>5</sup>  
 A'r gwynllwyd wr, treiglwr trin<sup>6</sup>  
 Nawswyllt yn rhoi Verneiswin,<sup>7</sup>  
 Mewn gorflwch<sup>8</sup> aur goraurn,  
 O'i law yn fy llaw yn llyn;  
 Ac ystondardd hardd hir-ddu  
 Yn nhal twr<sup>9</sup> da filwr fu;  
 A thri blodeuyn<sup>1</sup> gwyn gwiw,  
 O'r un-llun ddail<sup>2</sup> arian-lliw.  
 Eres<sup>3</sup> nad oes henuriad  
 Ar lawr Gwynedd, wledd-fawr wlad<sup>4</sup>

*gerwm* may mean 'round tower'. The bard describes the waves as washing the rough walls that surrounded the lower portions of the castle.

<sup>8</sup> *Chwibenygl*, plural of *chwibannogl*, 'a flute' or 'flageolet'; the addition of a *chod* would point to 'the bagpipes'.

<sup>9</sup> *Anhoyw*. The double negative gives great force to the affirmative 'sprightly'.

<sup>1</sup> *Yn y sidan glân gloyw*.—MS. We can scarcely think they would be weaving silk at that early period. If *gwau*, however, is used, we must give it the meaning of 'to net'.

<sup>2</sup> *Gar barth*, 'near the fireplace'.

<sup>3</sup> *Tawlbwrdd*, 'a gaming table'.

<sup>4</sup> *Secr* 'chequered', as for chess.

<sup>5</sup> This and the previous lines are thus given in one MS. :—

'Gwŷr beilch yn gware ar barth  
 Tawlbwrdd a duon talbarth'.

<sup>6</sup> A gŵr gwnllwyd trwchlwyd trin.—MS.

*Treiglwr trin*, 'the hero that rolls back the tide of battle'.

<sup>7</sup> *Verneiswin* or *Berneiswin*, 'Vernacia, Vernago, a kind of Italian wine. See *Du Cange* under *Vernachia*, *Vernacia*.'

One MS. gives these lines thus:

'A gŵr gwynllwyth, twrch trwyth  
 trin

Nowswyllt yn rhoi Barneiswin.'

<sup>8</sup> *Gorflwch*, 'a goblet', 'a bowl'.

<sup>9</sup> *Yn nhal twr*, 'on the height and front of the tower'.

<sup>1</sup> Probably three silver *fleurs-de-lys*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ddail*. *Dail*—MS.

<sup>3</sup> *Eres*, 'strange', 'wonderful'.

Oes eb yr un syberwyd  
 Breuddwydio obry ydd wyd.<sup>5</sup>  
 Y wal deg a wely di,  
 Da dyddyn ydoedd iddi;  
 O'r Gaer eglur a'r grog-lofft,<sup>6</sup>  
 A'r garreg rudd ar gwr grofft,<sup>7</sup>  
 Hon yw Crucciaith â'i gwaith gwiw,  
 Hen adail honno ydiw;  
 A'r gŵr llwyd cadr, paladr-ddellt,<sup>8</sup>  
 Yw Syr Hywel, mangddel<sup>9</sup> mellit.  
 A gwraig Syr gwregys euraid  
 Hywel, ion rhyfel,<sup>1</sup> i'n rhaid;  
 A'i llaw-forwynion, ton teg,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ydd oeddynt hwy bob ddeuddeg,  
 Yn gwau sidan o'r glan-liw  
 Wrth haul belydr drwy 'r gwydr gwiw.  
 Tau olwg ti a welud<sup>3</sup>  
 Ystondardd ys hardd o sud,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Some MSS. have the following lines inserted here:—

'O gwbl a fetro gwybod  
 Pettwn lle mynnwn fy mod.'

But neither the Peniarth MS. nor that of the *Piser Hir* recognise them.

<sup>6</sup> The *Piser Hir* gives these lines thus:—

'Oes heb yr un syberw wyd  
 Breuddwydio obry ddydwyd.'

<sup>7</sup> *Grog-lofft* was the gallery or platform over the screen at the entrance of the chancel. But we must give it a different meaning here. The crown of the tower hung over its shaft, hence its upper room would bear this appropriate

name. In our day the term has degenerated, and signifies 'any kind of attic'.

<sup>8</sup> *Grofft*, probably the English 'croft', a small meadow near a residence.

<sup>9</sup> *Paladr-ddellt*, 'shaft of cloven wood'.

<sup>9</sup> *Mangddel*, *mangnel*, 'battering ram'.

<sup>1</sup> *Ion rhyfel*, 'god of war'.

<sup>2</sup> *Ton teg*, 'of fair skin'.

<sup>3</sup> One MS. has:—

'Tafolwc ti a welyd  
 Ystondardd ys hardd o hyd.'

<sup>4</sup> *Sud*, 'form', 'shape'.

<sup>5</sup> *Pensel* was the grand standard, says Dr. Owen Pughe; Halliwell,

Pensel<sup>5</sup> Syr Hywel yw hwn ;  
 Myn Beuno,<sup>6</sup> mae 'n ei bennwn  
 Tri flwr-de-lis,<sup>7</sup> oris erw,  
 Yn y sabl nid ansyberw.  
 Anian Mab Gruffudd, rudd ron,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ymlaen am ei elynion ;  
 Yn enneiniaw gwayw mewn gwaed,  
 Anniweir-drefn ion eur-draed,  
 Ysgythrwr cad ail Syr Goethrudd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Esgud ei droed, esgid rudd.  
 Ysgithredd baedd ysgethring,  
 Asgwrn hen yn angen ing.  
 Pan rodded trawsged rhwys-gaingc<sup>2</sup>  
 Y ffrwyn yn mhen Brenin Ffraingc,<sup>3</sup>  
 Barbwr<sup>4</sup> fu fal mab Erbin,<sup>5</sup>  
 A gwayw a chledd tromwedd trin.<sup>6</sup>

on the contrary, describes it as 'a small banner'. Looking at the etymology of the word, which is purely Celtic, it is impossible not to agree with the former.

\* *Beuno*, a saint of the seventh century who, assuming the monastic habit, retired to Clynnog in Caernarvonshire, where he built a church and founded a college.

<sup>7</sup> *Fflwr-de-lis*. Sir Howel assumed the *fleurs-de-lys*, as the conqueror of the King of France, whom he is said to have dismounted in battle.

<sup>8</sup> *Rôn*, 'spear'.

\* 'The spirit of the son of Gruffydd, of the red spear, is to rush forward on his foes.' Without some such paraphrase, it would be impossible to give effect to the

strong compressed language of the bard.

<sup>1</sup> *Syr Goethrudd*, one of the Knights of the Round Table.

\* *Rhwys-gaingc*, an epithet of *trawsge*d, but scarcely intelligible now.

<sup>3</sup> John, King of France, was made prisoner, and continued a captive for some five years.

<sup>4</sup> *Barbwr*, 'a tonsor', not of beards like Rhitta Gawr, but of heads.

<sup>5</sup> *Mab Erbin*, Geraint, a chieftain or prince of Dyfnaint, or Devon, in the fifth century. The story of Geraint ab Erbin will be found in the *Mabinogion*.

\* *Tromwedd trin*, 'the heavy weapons of battle'.

<sup>7</sup> *Bennau a barfau y bu*.—MS.



Eillio, o'i nerth a'i allu,  
 Pennau a barfau<sup>7</sup> y bu;  
 A gollwng, gynta' gallai,  
 Y gwaed tros draed trist i rai.<sup>8</sup>  
 Anwyl fydd gan wyl Einiort,  
 Aml ei feirdd a mawl ei fort.  
 Cadw 'r bobl mewn cadair bybyr,<sup>9</sup>  
 Cedwi 'r castell gwell na 'r gwŷr.  
 Cadw dwy lirs,<sup>1</sup> ceidwad loensiamp,<sup>2</sup>  
 Cadw 'r ddwywlad, cadw 'r gad, cadw 'r gamp;  
 Cadw 'r môr-darw cyd a'r mor-dir,  
 Cadw 'r môrdrai, cadw 'r tai, cadw 'r tir;  
 Cadw 'r gwledydd oll, cadw 'r glewdwr,  
 A chadw 'r gaer—iechyd i'r gŵr!

<sup>6</sup> After this line the following couplet appears in one MS.:—

'Gwarden yw, garw deunaw-osgl,  
 A maer yn y drwsgaen drosgl.'

<sup>9</sup> *Cadair bybyr*, 'firm throne'.

<sup>1</sup> *Cadw dwy lirs*. In a note, *Lewis Glyn Cothi*, VII, iv, 59, *lir* is translated 'livery'. That, probably, is its meaning here.

<sup>2</sup> *Loensiamp* or *lorsiamp*, 'a coat of mail'; from *lorica* and *campus*. See Glossary to *Dafydd ab Gwilym's* Works, page 545.

In concluding our wearisome

lucubrations on this poem to *Syr Hywel y Fryall*, we cannot help expressing our deep regret at the unsatisfactory result. The transcripts of the poem are so various—no two MSS. being alike—and they have been so carelessly wrought, that a correct text cannot now be made. We have deemed it a more honest, if not a wiser course, to allow passages to remain unraveled, than to hazard conjectures—oftentimes proved by new elucidations to be wide of the mark—which might mislead and disappoint.

CYWYDD MOLIANT I EDWARD III, BRENIN  
LLOEGR, WEDI AERFA CRESSI.<sup>1</sup>

---

EDWART AP EDWART, gwart gwŷr,  
Ab Edwart anian Bedwyr;<sup>2</sup>  
Edwart ŵyr<sup>3</sup> Edwart ydwyd,  
Trydydd Edwart, llewpart llwyd;  
Ar awr dda,<sup>4</sup> arwraidd ior,  
Aur gwnsallt,<sup>5</sup> eryr Gwingsor,<sup>6</sup>  
Y'th aned o'th ddaioni;  
Na fetho turn<sup>7</sup> fyth i ti!  
Cael a wnaethost, post peisdew,<sup>8</sup>  
Calon a llawfron y llew.  
A ffriw<sup>9</sup> lygliw,<sup>1</sup> olyg-loyw,<sup>2</sup>  
A phryd dawn,<sup>3</sup> a phriod hoyw,

<sup>1</sup> *Aerfa Cressi*. Edward invaded France to make good his claim to the Crown. He defeated the foe at Crecy and took Calais. He died at Richmond in 1377.

<sup>2</sup> *Bedwyr* was one of the bravest knights of King Arthur's court, and was the *penrulliad*, 'chief butler'.

<sup>3</sup> *Wyr* is here literally 'grandson'. The term, however, is more generally used by the poets of this age, to signify 'descendant'.

<sup>4</sup> *Ar awr dda*. In other words — 'His star was in the ascendant'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gwnsallt*, 'a military garment', 'a general's robe'.

<sup>6</sup> *Eryr Gwingsor*. Edward III was surnamed 'of Windsor'. It was the place of his birth.

<sup>7</sup> *Turn*. We could almost fancy this word to be a corrupted form of *teyrn*, 'sovereignty'. We must, however, in deference to high authority, strip it of the dignity, and give it the humbler signification of 'a good turn'.

<sup>8</sup> *Post peisdew*. Pais is 'coat'; pais-ddur, 'a coat of mail'. It must be regarded here as a robe of distinction.

<sup>9</sup> *Ffriw*, 'mien', 'countenance'.

<sup>1</sup> *Lygliw*, 'dusky', 'dark'.

<sup>2</sup> *Olyg-loyw*, 'bright-eyed'. The

A phob iaith, cydymaith cadr ;  
 Engylaudd wyd, fy ngwaladr.<sup>4</sup>  
 Cefais gost, cefais gysteg,<sup>5</sup>  
 Yn nechreu d'oes yn wychr<sup>6</sup> deg ;  
 Yn ostwng pawb anystwyth,  
 Lloegr a Ffrainge, lle gorau ffrwyth.  
 Cof cyfedliw<sup>7</sup> heddiw hyn—  
 Bob ail brwydr gan bobl Brydyn.<sup>8</sup>  
 Difia eu llu lle bu 'r baich,  
 Dâl breuin, dileu Brynaich,<sup>9</sup>  
 Dolurio rhai, dâl eraill,  
 Llusgo 'r ieirll oll, llosgi 'r llail.  
 Curaist â blif,<sup>1</sup> ddylif ddelw,<sup>2</sup>  
 Cerrig Caer Ferwig<sup>3</sup> fur-welw.<sup>4</sup>

portrait our poet draws of Edward is graphic in the extreme. The dark countenance animated by a clear, brilliant eye; the body apparelled in a coat of heavy mail, and enclosing the heart and courage of a lion; together form a no mean picture of combined heroism and royalty. As he proceeds, the bard seems to warm towards the English monarch, until at last he makes him something more than human, and invokes him as his lord. And to a certain extent he was right. Edward III was "every inch a king".

<sup>4</sup> *A phryd daw*.—MS.

<sup>5</sup> *Fy ngwaladr*, 'my sovereign', 'my leader'.

<sup>6</sup> *Gysteg*, 'affliction', 'painful labour'. The early years of Edward had been tempestuous. The shock he must have felt at the execution of his uncle, the conduct

of his mother, who cohabited openly with the Earl of March, his own gallant arrest of Mortimer and the bringing him to trial and execution, were severe incidents in so young a life. All occurred before he reached his majority.

<sup>7</sup> *Wychr*, 'stout', 'cheerful', 'resolute'.

<sup>8</sup> *Cof cyfedliw*, 'a memorial of reproach', 'a disgrace'.

<sup>9</sup> *Brydyn*. The allusion is to the king's wars in Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> *Brynaich*. See note 2, p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> *Blif*, 'a kind of catapult for throwing large stones'.

<sup>3</sup> *Ddylif ddelw*, 'in the manner of a deluge or torrent'.

<sup>4</sup> *Caer Ferwig*. 'Berwick-on-Tweed'. From the taking of the town by Edward it has remained in the possession of the English to the present time.

Rhoist ar gythlwn, rhwystr gwythlawn,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ar for Udd aerfa fawr iawn.  
 Gelyn fuost i'r Galais,<sup>6</sup>  
 O gael y dref, goleu drais.  
 Perygl fu i byrth Paris,<sup>7</sup>  
 Trwst y gâd lle 'i t'rewaist gis.<sup>8</sup>  
 Grasmus dy hynt yn Gressi,<sup>9</sup>  
 Gras teg a rydd Grist i ti!  
 Llithiodd dy fyddin, lin lem,  
 Fraïn byw ar frenin Böem;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ehedaist, mor hy ydwyd,  
 Hyd y nef; ehedyn wyd.  
 Weithian ni 'th ddi-gywoethir,  
 Ni thyn dyn derfyn dy dir.  
 Gwna dithau—doniau dy daid—<sup>2</sup>  
 Doethineb da i'th enaid;  
 Cymmod â Duw, nid cam-oes,  
 Cymmer yn dy gryfder groes.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Fur-welur*, 'of decaying or crumbling walls'.

<sup>6</sup> *Môr Udd*, 'the English Channel'.

<sup>7</sup> *Galais* is the name, or rather the form of it, which is generally found in ancient MSS.

<sup>8</sup> Edward led his army on toward Paris, and the city was thrown into a panic. It was saved only by the most strenuous exertions and the help of German knights.

<sup>9</sup> *Gis*, 'a blow', 'a stripe'.

<sup>9</sup> *Gressi*. This battle was virtually fought by the Black Prince, who was at one time so hardly pressed, as to be deemed in peril by his followers. When Edward

was appealed to by a messenger for help, he refused with the words:—"Let the boy win his spurs." The King stood on an eminence whence he could survey the whole field, and was aware, doubtless, that the Prince was in no inextricable difficulty.

<sup>1</sup> *Böem*, 'Bohemia'. The language of the Bard in this passage is highly poetical:—"Thine army, a fierce brood, enticed the ravens on the King of Bohemia."

<sup>2</sup> *Dy daid*. The first Edward.

<sup>3</sup> *Groes*. We must not suppose that Iolo would have his hero take up the cross in the sense that our Divine Master used the words. As the context shows, he calls on him

Od ai i Roeg, mae darogan,  
 Darw glew, y ceffi dir glân,  
 A'r Iuddew-dref arw ddirrist,  
 A theimlo grog a theml Grist;  
 A goresgyn a'r grwys-gaith<sup>4</sup>  
 Gaerusalem, Fethle'm faith.  
 Tarw gwydych, ceffi 'r tir a'r gwŷr;  
 Torr fanwaith tai Rhufeinwyr;  
 Cyrch hyd yn min Constinobl;  
 Cer bron Caer Bablon cur bobl.  
 Cyn dy farw y cai arwain  
 Y tair coron cywair cain,  
 A ddygwyd gynt ar hynt rhwydd;  
 Ar deir-gwlad er Duw Arglwydd;  
 Tirion-rhwydd a'r tair anrheg  
 A'th wedd, frenin teyrnedd teg.  
 Teilwng rhwng y tair talaith  
 Frenin Cwlen<sup>5</sup> fawr-wen faith.  
 I wen-wlad nef ef a fedd,  
 Y doi yno 'n y diwedd.

to join the Crusades, describing the  
 state in which he would find  
 Greece, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and  
 so on. Edward's prowess in Scot-  
 land and France led the Bard to  
 expect great results in the East  
 also from his achievements.

<sup>4</sup> *Grwys-gaith*. Gaith, says Rich-  
 ards, is the same as *caeth*. These  
 words must then be translated:—  
 'With the captive cross'—the cross  
 that was then in the power of the  
 Saracens.

<sup>5</sup> *Cwlen*, 'Cologne'.

CYWYDD I BEDWAR MAB TUDUR LLWYD<sup>1</sup> O  
BENMYNYDD MON.

MYN'D yr wyf i dir Mon<sup>2</sup> draw—  
Mynych im' ei ddymunaw—  
I ymwybod<sup>3</sup> â meibion  
Tudur fy naf,<sup>4</sup> Mordaf<sup>5</sup> Mon :  
Gronwy, Rhys, ynys hynaif,<sup>6</sup>  
Ednyfed, Gwilym lym laif.<sup>7</sup>  
Rhys, Ednyfed rodd-ged rwy,<sup>8</sup>  
Gwaywlym graen<sup>9</sup> Gwilym Gronwy :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tudur Llwyd* was of the stock whence descended Owen Tudur, the founder of the Tudor dynasty in England.

<sup>2</sup> *Iolo Goch* was a native of the county of Denbigh. His home was thus a considerable distance from Anglesey.

<sup>3</sup> *Ymwybod*. Independently of the exigencies of the *cynghanedd*, the use of this term is very appropriate here. While *ymweled*—the word that usually denotes 'to visit'—in its etymological meaning, simply implies 'to see and to be seen', *ymwybod* conveys the idea of 'to know and to be known, as from intercourse', 'to become personally acquainted'.

<sup>4</sup> *Naf*, 'lord'.

<sup>5</sup> *Mordaf* was one of the three generous chieftains of the Isle of

Britain. It is not unusual with the Welsh bards to make the name of a renowned chieftain or lady an epithet of the person of whom he is then singing. Nor is this practice confined to them. The name *Mecænas*, for instance, is given frequently to a patron of poets and *literati*. In his beautiful verses on the marriage of Sir Richard Bulkeley, John Blackwell compliments the bride with the name of *Nest*:—

"Ystanley sy Nest hoenlon  
Iddo, a merch newydd Mon."

<sup>6</sup> *Hynaif*, 'ancestors'; here, perhaps, 'patriarchs' or 'rulers'.

<sup>7</sup> *Llaif*, *glai*, 'sharp weapon', 'a glaive'.

<sup>8</sup> *Rwy*, 'excess'; here, probably its meaning is 'abundant'.

<sup>9</sup> *Graen*, 'asperity', 'boldness'.

<sup>1</sup> The bard, to avoid giving un-

Ednyfed, Gronwy rhwy Rhun,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rhys, Gwilym ail rwysg Alun.<sup>3</sup>  
 Gwilym Gronwy yw 'n gwaladr,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ednyfed, rhoes ged Rhys gadr;  
 Pedwar eglur pedroglion<sup>5</sup>  
 Angelystôr<sup>6</sup> gar môr Mon.  
 Pedwar Nudd<sup>7</sup>—Pedr i'w nodd—  
 Poed ar awr dda mawr i mi!  
 Pedwar-maib—pwy a'u dirmyg?  
 Plaid ni âd im ddim plyg<sup>8</sup>  
 Iaith o figion, iaith fyged,  
 Gwynedd pedwar cydwedd ced.  
 Plant Tudyr, fy eryr fu,  
 Peunod haelion pen teulu;  
 Aerfa<sup>9</sup> 'r llu ar for llant,  
 Aur dorllwyth yw 'r blaensrwyth blant;  
 Teirw ergryd<sup>1</sup> haerllyd eurllyn,  
 Terydr<sup>2</sup> aer taer ar y drin.<sup>3</sup>

due prominence to any particular one, mingles the names of the four sons promiscuously.

<sup>2</sup> *Rhun*. There were several distinguished men of this name. The principal were *Rhun*, a son of *Maulgryn Gwynedd*, who succeeded his father; *Rhun*, the son of *Perc-dur*, who was restored to the sovereignty on the death of *Idwal*; and *Rhun Paladr Bras* (of the thick shaft), who succeeded his father, *Leon Gaur*.

<sup>3</sup> *Alun*, here 'the river Alun'. The rush of *Gwilym* was like that of the stream or torrent.

<sup>4</sup> *Gwaladr*, 'a disposer'; hence, 'the head' or 'leader of a people'.

<sup>5</sup> *Pedroglion*, 'men to form a

quadrature', or 'square', as for battle.

<sup>6</sup> *Angelystôr*, 'evangelist', of whom there were four, as there were here four sons.

<sup>7</sup> *Pedwar Nudd*. See note 5 of the preceding page.

<sup>8</sup> This and the following line are manifestly corrupt. It is impossible to understand them as they are written.

<sup>9</sup> *Aerfa*, 'battle-field'. 'The battle-field of the host on ocean's flood'.

<sup>1</sup> *Ergryd*, for *ergrydr*, 'causing to tremble'.

<sup>2</sup> *Terydr*, 'ardent workers'.

<sup>3</sup> *Drin*, 'Battle'.

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## DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BARD AND THE CUCKOO,

FROM THE WELSH OF OWAIN GRUFFYDD.

By THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ABERDARE.

---

THE following translation of the Welsh Poem *The Bard and the Cuckoo* appeared in the columns of the *Merthyr Guardian* in 1835, with the signature *H. A. Bruce* (now Lord Aberdare). The freshness of thought with which the original poem teems has been admirably conveyed into English by this elegant translation. It demands, therefore, a place and perpetuation in the *Cymmrodor* on grounds independent of the eminence the translator has attained as statesman, and of his connection as President with the University College of Wales.

The author of the Welsh poem was born in 1643, and died in 1730. He was a native of Llanystumdwy, in Carnarvonshire, where he appears to have officiated as parish clerk. Despite his humble origin and occupation, he was not only a poet of genuine merit, but is said to have acquired much curious learning, especially archæological, according to the lights of that age, and even some knowledge of Greek and Latin. The reference to the age at which the Virgin

Mary died, might appear to have proceeded from a Roman Catholic pen. But this supposition would not only be inconsistent with Owain's office of parish clerk, but the reference itself is quite in keeping with the character of the religious belief then prevailing in many parts of the Principality. In the words of Mr. Lecky's excellent synopsis of the religious condition of Wales in the eighteenth century,<sup>1</sup> before the great outburst of Methodism :—"The Welsh were passionately musical, passionately wedded to tradition, and, like the Highlanders of Scotland, they preserved many relics of Catholicism, and even of Paganism. They crossed themselves in sign of horror; they blessed their beds in the name of the four Evangelists. When a dead man was lowered into his grave, his relations knelt upon its border, and prayed that he might soon reach heaven. Many poetic legends were handed down from generation to generation, and were looked upon as almost as sacred as Scripture."

*The Bard.*

Goodmorrow to thee, sweet and beauteous bird !  
 Once more thy cheerful song at morn is heard !  
 Late, roaming o'er the primrose-spotted plain,  
 I paused and listened for thy wish'd-for strain ;  
 I asked—nor I alone—"Why sleeps the note  
 Which oft as spring-tide smiled was wont to float ?  
 The Earth is fresh and green, the fields rejoice,  
 And yet no valley echoes to thy voice ;  
 The genial Sun rolls through the cloudless skies,  
 And Flowers spring up ; arise, sweet bird, arise !"

*The Cuckoo.*

Thou gentle Bard ! oh ! why should I obey  
 The voice that chides me for my lingering lay,

<sup>1</sup> *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii, pp. 602-3.

Nor wait *His* just command, whose awful name  
 None save with deep-felt reverence may proclaim ?  
 For His I am, to Him my strains belong,  
 Who gave that voice, who swells that vernal song !  
 Like me, in deep humility of mind,  
 Yield grateful homage, to his will resign'd ;  
 Thou canst not learn of earthly things the cause ;  
 Be mute and lowly, and revere His laws !

*The Bard.*

Bird of the dark-brown hue ! and art thou come  
 With summons stern to tear me from my home ?  
 Say, dost thou chant thy monitory lay  
 In sounds prophetic of my Life's last day ?  
 And must those tones, just welcom'd with delight,  
 Heralds of Death, my trembling soul affright ?  
 Say, must I now, while spring is swelling here,  
 Quit these bright scenes, so lovely and so dear ?  
 Oh, let me still, while yet the joy remains,  
 Gaze on these sunlit woods, these flowery plains !

*The Cuckoo.*

Fair is the Earth, and glorious are the skies !  
 Yet seek not pleasures which thy God denies !  
 In Him alone repose thy hopes and fears,  
 And mark, oh mark ! how fleet thy number'd years !  
 Already threescore springs and three are past,  
 And life is short—then think, how near thy last !  
 Yes, at this age, oh Bard ! the blessed Maid,  
 Christ's holy Mother, in the grave was laid ;  
 Grim Death smote her, who gave th' Immortal birth,  
 The Judge of all, the Saviour of the Earth !

*The Bard.*

And ere that time be come, no more the form,  
 Erect and firm, resists as once the storm !

And ere those years be fled, the failing eye  
 And shrunken sinew tell us "Man must die!"  
 Deign, bounteous Bird! to guide my erring ways;  
 How shall I learn the number of my days?  
 Vast is my debt, and empty is my hand;  
 I dare not thus before my Saviour stand!  
 How when the trumpet breaks the death-like trance,  
 Shall I, a sinner, meet His piercing glance?

*The Cuckoo.*

For every foolish thought, for every crime,  
 Repent while yet for penitence is time!  
 Leave fancied pleasures, leave Earth's tinsel toys,  
 For endless rapture, and undying joys!  
 So shall true Virtue soothe thy tranquil end,  
 So Christ Himself shall on thy steps attend;  
 And, Victor o'er thy spiritual foes,  
 Heaven shall be thine and Zion's blest repose.  
 One boundless bliss, one stream of deep delight.  
 While seraphs waft thee to thy Master's sight!

*The Bard.*

Oh, God! behold me by Thy mercy mov'd,  
 Regret the hateful faults which once I lov'd!  
 That I have sinn'd and spurn'd thy bounties high,  
 I can not and I would not now deny!  
 Look on me, Father, for I am but weak;  
 Crush'd with the weight of woes, thy aid I seek!  
 Not through the merit of my own vile deeds,  
 But lo! for me the blessed Saviour pleads!  
 Oh! by His latest pangs, His dying love,  
 Receive thy suppliant to the realms above!

---

DAFYDD AB GWILYM.<sup>1</sup>

By PROFESSOR COWELL, of Cambridge.

DAFYDD AB GWILYM has a peculiar interest to an English student of Welsh from the fact that he was so nearly contemporary with Chaucer (1328-1400), the Welsh poet having been born about 1340, and having probably died shortly before the end of the century. Their lives were, therefore, passed in the same stirring time. I need only mention a few of their contemporaries to show what a stirring time it was.

Rienzi became tribune of Rome in 1347; he was killed there in 1354. The Popes returned from Avignon to Rome in 1377; and the great schism of the West commenced in 1378, which was only finally settled by the Council of Constance in 1418. Petrarch and Boccaccio were the great luminaries in Italy, and the monk Barlaam first revived the knowledge of Greek by his celebrated lectures on Homer at Avignon in 1339, where Petrarch was one of his pupils. Nearer home, the great event was the commencement of the hundred years' war between England and France in 1337. Crecy was fought in 1346; Poitiers in 1356, and all our possessions in Guienne were lost by 1377. It is this last series of events which alone has left some traces in the poetry of Ab Gwilym. For this great struggle was one of the things which first began to unite Wales and England into a living body, not a dead, mechanical mass; for Englishmen and Welshmen fought side by side at Crecy and Poitiers. Lingard expressly mentions that among Edward the Third's in-

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Cymmrodorion, May 29th, 1878.



fantry there was always a large proportion of Welshmen, armed with lances and dressed in uniform at the king's expense:—"These, proved of great utility whenever the country was mountainous and ill-adapted to the operation of cavalry." We can still hear the distant echoes of these French wars in Ab Gwilym, as, for instance, in his Ode to the Ship which bore Morfudd's husband to France, when he sailed in company with a detachment of three hundred men under Rhys Gwgan, to join the army of Edward III, probably in the later war of 1369 or 1370. Ab Gwilym is believed to have died before the stormy days of Owen Glendwr began under Henry IV, as no allusion to them occurs in his poems.


Of Ab Gwilym's own life we have many legendary details, but I doubt how far they are to be accepted as historically true.

He was no doubt the illegitimate scion of a noble family, and he was brought up by his uncle Llewelyn ab Gwilym; and, when he grew up, he lived at Maesaleg in Monmouthshire, in the house of his kind patron Ifor Hael, a relation of his father. He seems to have been Ifor Hael's steward as well as his bard; and he is also said to have acted at one time as tutor to his daughter; but, as the young tutor and pupil became attached, the daughter was placed in a nunnery in Anglesea. It is remarkable, however, that this supposed amour did not break off the intimate relations between the poet and his patron. His poems are chiefly amatory, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the legends of his life chiefly relate to the various ladies whose names are more or less celebrated in his writings. The three most prominent names are Dyddgu, Hunydd, and, above all, Morfudd, to whom 147 odes are said to be devoted; but it is curious that in Ode CLXVI, where he reckons up the names of his different mistresses just as Cowley does in his *Chronicle*, Morfudd merely appears as one of the crowd, with no special mark to distinguish her

from the rest. Most of the legends naturally are connected with her name. She was the daughter of Madog Lawgam, a gentleman of Anglesea; and she and the poet are said to have been married by the bard Madog Benfras in the wood; but her relations, not approving the union, married her to a wealthy decrepit old man, Cynfrig Cynin. The poet constantly lampoons him as Eiddig and Bwabach in his odes, and frequently describes himself as still meeting Morfudd clandestinely in the woods.

These traditions regarding Dafydd ab Gwilym's relations with Morfudd are very singular; and it is not to be wondered at that they have been generally accepted as historical certainties. Many of them seem to be supported by passages in his own poems; and if these poems are to be regarded as autobiographical sketches, they may well be quoted to throw some little light on the obscurity of the poet's life. But are we justified in thus using them? Was the poet, when he wrote them, laying bare the secrets of his heart to us, or was he only deceiving us by a pretended confidence which really meant nothing?

I must here remind my hearers that these legendary details of a great poet's life are, by no means, peculiar to Ab Gwilym. Similar traditions cluster in abundance round many others. I need only specify here Virgil, Shakespeare, and the Persian poet, Háfiz; and in each of these three cases we can distinctly prove that they are mostly but the idle gossip which naturally gathers round a great name when there are few or no certain facts to supply its place. Men cannot bear to be utterly ignorant concerning the details of that life in which they are so deeply interested; and stories seem to rise up spontaneously in an uncritical age, none knows how, to supply the want of actual biography, just as it is the loneliness and the silence which make us seem to hear those



"Airy tongues which syllable men's names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

But I think in Ab Gwilym's case, we have some very strong reasons which may well make us hesitate before we accept these extraordinary adventures as actual facts. These stories are said, in the preface to the first edition of the poet's works, to rest chiefly on local tradition, and especially as collected by Iorwerth Morganwg. But, on the other hand, we have the distinct testimony which comes through the bard Watkin Powel (1580-1620), that Ab Gwilym was a very quiet man, and particularly reserved in conversation; and we also have in Provençal literature a close parallel which, I think, may help us to understand much in the poet's life, which, in itself, seems extravagant and immoral. I trust that my audience will here kindly bear with me while I digress for a few minutes into this little-trodden field, as I hope to find there some interesting illustrations for the subject of my lecture to-night.

Provençal literature was in its glory between 1150 and 1290; and the poetry of the troubadours for a time gave the law of taste to all Europe. We can trace their influence in the early literature of Spain, Italy, France, Germany, and England; and, to quote Hallam's words, "the songs of Provence were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of its habitual language". The troubadours at one time filled very much the same position at the halls of the nobles of Languedoc and Provence, which the bards filled in Wales; they were not only liberally rewarded for their poems, but they frequently enjoyed the intimate friendship of their patrons. Even men of knightly birth were sometimes troubadours; and we expressly read of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras that he was originally a musician or jongleur, which was an inferior rank to the troubadour; but he attached himself to the court of Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat, who made him a knight.

Now one of the most striking features of Provençal poetry is the fact that nearly every love-poem,—and these form one half of the literature,—is addressed to the sister or wife of the poet's patron. This strange form of homage became the universal fashion of the courts; and it was considered a high honour to the lady who was immortalised by the poet's praise. Occasionally, there is reason to fear, these relations led to evil; but in the vast majority of cases they were perfectly innocent; and, however the poet might sing of his lady and boast of her kindness, it was the head, not the heart, which dictated the verses, and there was an impassable line fixed by fashion as well as virtue, which separated the proud lady of the castle from the troubadour, however gifted and renowned. We read in the biography of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras that, for years, he had celebrated the beauty of Beatrix, the sister of his patron Boniface, and wife of the Lord of Delcarat. He had given her the name *Bel-cavalier* in his poems, in allusion to his having once seen her playing with her brother's sword, when, thinking that she was unobserved, she had unsheathed it, and amused herself with making passes in the air. After awhile he, in some way, offended the lady, and she withdrew her favour from him; until her brother, the Marquis, found out the cause of the poet's distress, and himself begged her to receive him into her favour again. Such an incident would have been impossible, if this chivalrous homage had had the slightest tendency to becoming a serious passion. In one of his poems he represents the lady as saying to him:—"Thou art such a good knight, that there is no lady in the world who would not willingly choose thee as her friend. Thus I have seen Madame de Saluces accept the love of Pierre Vidal; the Countess of Burlatz, that of Arnaud de Marveil; Madame Marie de Ventadour, that of Gaucelm Faidit; and the Viscountess of Marseilles, the wife of the Lord Barral, that of Folquet of Marseilles."

The resemblance between Ab Gwilym's poems and the chansons of the troubadours, will strike anyone who compares the two. Ab Gwilym is a greater poet than any troubadour, and his lyre has some deeper notes than theirs; but the essence of their music is the same.

I have also noticed some curious minor resemblances. Thus, Diez expressly notices that a superficial knowledge of the works of Ovid, especially of his *Metamorphoses*, comprises all the classical learning of the troubadours; and, I believe, Ovid will similarly be found to be responsible for all Ab Gwilym's classical allusions.

Some sixteen pages in Ab Gwilym's works are taken up with the "Cywyddau yr Ymryson" between him and Gruffydd Grug; these form a curious parallel to the *tensons* of the Provençal poets, where two rival poets meet to discuss some point of love or politics, with the fiercest personal spite and animosity.

Similar to these, and easily springing from them, are the dialogues between two lovers or two rivals. These, of course, differ from the former, because they are the work of one poet, not of two; but the vivacity of the dialogue is the same in both. There are several very celebrated Provençal poems of this kind, as, for instance, the dialogue between Raimbaut d'Orange and his mistress Beatrix, Countess of Die; and that between Peyrols and Love, who reproaches him for having deserted his service; and that between Raimbaut de Vaqueiras and a Genoese lady, who remains obdurate to his flatteries. Ab Gwilym has several dialogues of this kind. I need only mention here the dialogue with a maiden (No. CLXXX), that under a maiden's window (No. CLII), the wonderful dialogue between the bard and his shadow (No. CLXXI), and that with the cuckoo (No. CCX), as well as that with the same bird (No. LXX), when it tells him that Morfudd is married. One of the most curious parallels which I have noticed

between Ab Gwilym and the Provençal poets, may be accidental in itself; but I mention it because it so singularly illustrates the comparison which I have tried to institute between them. In Poem xcix Ab Gwilym describes Bwa-bach as sailing to France with a detachment of three hundred men, under the command of Rhys Gwgan, to join the army of Edward III, and he utters his wishes that he may be drowned on his voyage or killed by a French archer. I quote the lines in Mr. Arthur J. Johns' translation:—

“Soon shalt thou pay the debt I owe  
 To Jealousy, the poet's foe.  
 Like bird of ocean he shall whirl  
 From wave to wave and shoal to shoal,  
 As the wild surges fiercely curl  
 Around the shores, O sordid soul!  
 May Hwynyn, demon of the sea,  
 Thy headman on the voyage be!  
 And thou, cross-bowman, true and good,  
 Thou shooter with the faultless wood,  
 Send me an arrow through his brain,  
 (Who of his fate will e'er complain?)—  
 Haste with thy stirrup-fashioned bow,  
 And lay the hideous varlet low!”

Guillaume Adhémar has a similar poem, in which he implores Alphonse IX, the King of Léon (who died in 1230), to start on a crusade. “If King Alphonse, the best count in Christendom, would but raise an army against the Saracens, and carry with him the jealous husband who keeps my lady, a close prisoner, there is no sin of which he should not get the pardon!”

A portion of his Odes are so like Provençal *chansons* in their subject-matter, that one might almost believe they were direct imitations. These are those somewhat wearisome semi-metaphysical disquisitions on the nature and lineage of love, the golden hair of Morfudd, “Yr Hiraeth”, etc. These are the staple of Provençal poetry; but in Ab Gwilym they are only a very small portion.

I have already said that we find abundant traces of the influence of the troubadour poetry of Provence in France, Germany, and Italy. In France, we especially find it in the works of the early lyric poets of the thirteenth century; in the course of which century at least 136 song-writers are known to have flourished. Their *chansons* are modelled, as to form, on those of Provence; and in many cases the subject-matter also clearly reveals the troubadour influence. In Germany, we find it in the works of the *Minnesingers*. I have no time to enter upon this at length this evening; but I would refer any of my audience who would wish to examine the question further to a very interesting article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June 1876, on Walter von der Vogelweide, the Minnesinger, who lived between 1170 and 1235. I read the article with great interest, and I was especially struck by the strong resemblance between the German poet and Ab Gwilym. Each had the same deep love of nature, especially in Spring and May; and some of the poems translated in the article might have passed for translations from Ab Gwilym. Of course in this case there could be no direct communication; but the resemblance was the family likeness between two sisters, each reproducing the features of the common parent, but modifying them to suit her own individual type of development. In Italy, the troubadour influence is still more marked; the word *trovare* was constantly used as the Italian for "writing poetry", and *trovatore* for "a poet"; and in Dante and Petrarch we have the very apotheosis of the Provençal idea. The poetry of Provence, at its best, was feeble and artificial; it was a delicate hot-house plant nursed by court patronage and shielded from all the rough winds of real life, and striking its roots into a soil of fancy and sentiment, so that its shoots always betray the original weakness of the stock,

"Invalidique patrum referunt jejunia nati."

But in Italy the transplanted shoot found a more fertile soil, and struck its roots down deep into the very heart of human nature and reality; and though Dante's "Beatrice" and Petrarch's "Laura" were originally the reflections of Provençal poetry, the genius of Dante and Petrarch have created them anew, and made them symbols of beauty for all time. And so Ab Gwilym seems to me to have similarly borrowed the Provençal idea, and then reproduced it as a new creation by his own genius. We can thus trace in him a new line of Provençal influence, derived, I suppose, through France or Italy. I have already pointed out some of the points of resemblance; and, I believe, that it is also this Provençal influence which must bear the blame of the somewhat immoral shadow which hangs over parts of Ab Gwilym's poetry. The essential feature of so much of the best of Provençal song centres round the poet's poetical affection for a married woman; and, I think, we trace this evil influence in Dante and Petrarch as well as in Ab Gwilym. May we not trace it further still? Am I wrong in suggesting that Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are the latest and, perhaps, greatest instance of this Provençal influence? For my own part, I do not believe in the legends spun by critical Arachnes, out of the slender and obscure hints of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, any more than I believe in the real love of Ab Gwilym for Ifor Hael's daughter, or for Morfudd; in both, I believe, it was the working of the spell thrown by the magic of *Provence*,—it was the glamour exercised by that evil Vivien, which, for a time, held even Shakespeare under its fatal sway.

Ab Gwilym is said to have introduced the *cywydd* into Wales. If so, I cannot but think that this is an echo of Provençal poetry, as the *chanson* is generally one continuous poem and is written in rhyming lines of eight or seven syllables; but it is possible that the *cywydd* may be far older than his time and a native product of Welsh invention. Of



course it is interesting to trace the early history of any new experiment in poetry, to watch the progress of the new idea as it passed on from the land of its birth to a foreign soil; but, after all, this is only a secondary matter, as compared with the much more real interest which is associated with the poet's own history and character. Dafydd ab Gwilym interests us this evening as the great poet of Wales; and it is this which is to be our special subject. I cannot help believing that he borrowed the first idea of his new form of poetry from the troubadours of Provence; but, like all great poets, he reissued the old bullion as a new coinage, stamped with his own image and mint-mark. No one can read his poems without being struck by the originality and native vigour which everywhere pervade them; nothing seems borrowed or second-hand; everything speaks of the master's own hand and workmanship.

I was very much struck, from the first, with the entire absence of any references to Classical mythology in his poems. The troubadour poets, as I have said, seldom go further than Ovid for their Classical stories, but the *Metamorphoses* supply them with many a poetical allusion; Ab Gwilym hardly contains one. He knows Ovid by name; thus, he says, in his poem to the nightingale (No. LXXXIV), "prid yw ei chof gan Ofydd", "valuable is her mention in Ovid", and he calls the thrush "bard of Ovid's faultless song"; but almost the only definite allusion to Classical mythology which I have noticed is that found in Ode XXIX, where he compares Morfudd to the three famed heroines of ancient days: Polyxena, Deidamia, and Helen,

"Yr hon a beris yr ha  
A thrin rhwng Groeg a Throia."

He has a romantic literature to refer to, as the heroic background behind the present; but it is the age of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, not that of Thebes or Troy.

His Elen, for instance, is generally the Elaine of the Arthurian legend, not Menelaus' faithless wife; and his mythology is drawn from the earliest Mabinogion and faint reminiscences of Druidical superstitions, not from the foreign myths of Greece and Rome. Some of these references to old British legends are very striking. Thus we have Myrddyn's ship of glass referred to more than once. Thus in Ode XLVII, he says, of the grove of broom (*y banadl-lwyn*):—

"I will make here to allure her  
An enclosure of the green delicate broom,  
As Myrddyn, with his love-inspired architecture,  
Made a house of glass for his paramour."

In the same poem we have a beautiful allusion to the Mabinogi of Manawyddan fab Llyr, where Dyfed is covered by a mist through the enchantment of Llwyd the son of Kilcoed:—

"And to-day in the green wood  
Such shall be this court of mine beneath the broom."

In other Odes we have references to Hu Gadarn's oxen and Neifion's ship; but one of the most beautiful is that in Ode CLXXXIII, "*Achau y dylluan*", which seems to me a masterpiece in its way. We often hear those old lines of Barnefield's to the nightingale highly praised,—and they well deserve it:—

"Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
None takes pity on thy pain;  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;  
King Pandion, he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapped in lead.  
All thy fellow birds do sing  
Careless of thy sorrowing:  
Even so, poor bird, like thee  
None alive will pity me."

But beautiful as the lines are, they seem to me far inferior to Ab Gwilym's splendid address to the owl, where he makes

her shame him for his rude and thoughtless insolence, by reminding him of her ancient woes, how that she, now a

“Creature of the world of gloom,  
Owlet with the dusky plume,”

and

“Destined by its fate  
To endure the agony  
Of sad penance, and the hate  
Of all birds beneath the sky,”

had once been the *Blodeuwedd* or “flower face”, of old romance —of whom we read in the tale of Math, the son of Mathonwy, that “they took the blossoms of the oak and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of *Blodeuwedd*.” But at last, for her falseness, Gwdion, the magician, changed her into an owl; “because of the shame thou hast done, thou shalt never shew thy face in the light of day henceforth; and that, through fear of all other birds. For it shall be their nature to attack thee, and to chase thee from wheresoever they may find thee.”

One of the finest of these old allusions seems to me to be that in Ode CCVIII, where the poet laments his ill-luck to be lost in the dark night on the hills, until he is guided into safety by the appearing of the stars. He describes himself as caught in the mountains as in a trap:—

“Like luckless warrior whom his foes  
Fiercely in hollow glen enclose,  
I crossed myself, and gave a cry  
Of terror and of agony.”

And then this suggests the splendid comparison of the marshalled hosts of the midnight sky:—

“Every pair exactly arranged,  
The battle of Camlan re-enacted in the broad gray sky!”

I have said that Ab Gwilym was a contemporary of Chaucer, and I do not doubt that a careful comparison of the two poets would bring out some interesting illustrations for each. I will only mention three or four, but they may be taken as specimens of many others, which would probably reward a more careful search. Thus in the poem on the thunder which scared away Morfudd from her trysting-place we have guns mentioned:—

“I went wild and my hair all awry  
At the roaring of the gun of the air.”

“Gwyllt yr awn a'm gwallt ar ŵyr  
Gan ruid *gun* yr awyr.”

Guns are said to have been first used by Edward III, at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, and Chaucer uses *gonne* in the *House of Fame*:—

“Ywent this foule trumpes soun  
As swift as pellit out of gonne  
When fire is in the poudir ronne,”

and the *Legend of Good Women* (Cleopatra):—

“With grialy sounne out goith the grete gonne.”

So, too, Barbour (whose date is 1375) talks of *crakkis of wer* for cannon in Book XIX, 399, and *gynis for crakkis*, i.e.—engines for noises, in Book XVII, 250.

Ab Gwilym's allusion is therefore an early contemporary one, and is interesting for literary history.

Again, Ab Gwilym several times mentions *siopau Sieb* as his very ideal of splendour and magnificence; the phrase shews how the fame of the glories of Cheapside had spread even in those days to Wales, and it is paralleled by such lines as those in Chaucer, where he describes the landlord of the Tabard as “a fairer burgeis is there non in Chepe”, or, when he describes the merry cook:—

“He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe,  
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe,  
Out of the shoppe thither wold he lepe,

And til that he had all the sight ysein  
And danced wel, he would not come agein."

In Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale* we read of the widow's cock:—

"Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logg  
Than is a klok or any abbey orlogg."

The first striking clock is said to have been made by De Wick for Charles V, of France, about 1364; and it is an interesting illustration of contemporary history to notice two references to this newly discovered invention in Ab Gwilym. Thus in the poem (No. CLIX), to the owl, he calls it:—

"*Cloc ellyll, ceiliog gwylliaid*,"

"The goblin's clock, the witches' cock", if *cloc* does not here mean "bell"; and in CCXVI we have a poem to the *Awrlais* in the monastery, which woke the poet when he was dreaming of his mistress:—

"Shame on that clock on the side of the embankment,  
With its black face, which woke me.  
Worthless be its head and its tongue,  
And its two ropes and its wheel;  
Its weights, its dull balls,  
Its enclosures, and its hammer,  
Its ducks ever thinking that it is day,  
And its restless mills.  
Uncivil clock, its noise is crazy,—  
Drunken cobbler, cursed be its face!  
With its false entrails full of lies  
And its dog's joints knocking against a bowl!  
A double curse be on its clatter  
For bringing me here from heaven."

Again, in the prologue to Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, the drunken miller is described:—

"He n' old avalen neither hood ne hat  
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,  
But in Pilate's vois he gan to crie;"

i.e.—in such a rough voice as Pilate was represented with in the mediæval mysteries. I think I have found an exactly

parallel phrase in Ab Gwilym, for, in one of his many poems of invective against the owl (No. CLIX), he describes her:—

“ She was like an ape's neck for causing terror,  
A thin hoarse little woman for calling,  
The screaming of the heron of the Aran,  
Like the man with the bag every word she sings.”

*(Gwr y god bob gair a gân.)*

I can only suppose that this refers to the Judas Iscariot in the same plays. I remember to have heard that the bag was the great mark of the traitor among the twelve disciples in the representation of the Ammergau play, and that the character was a very unpopular one, and it was very difficult to find anyone who would undertake it.

Another point of a different nature in which Ab Gwilym illustrates Chaucer is the strong animosity which both feel to the monks and begging friars. Chaucer is always supposed to have been favourable, like his great patron the Duke of Lancaster, to the movement for reform begun by Wickliffe; and his poems abound with satirical allusions to the ecclesiastical abuses current in his time. Ab Gwilym is a staunch believer in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but he is a bitter enemy of the priests and monks. Several of his Odes are composed of dialogues between himself and some gray brother (*brawd llwyd*), and the dialogue generally ends in some fierce invectives against the whole order. These are interesting, because they shew how hostility to the arrogance and corruption of the ecclesiastical authorities was spreading through Wales as well as England, 150 years before the Reformation movement began in earnest. At the same time Ab Gwilym is a devout Catholic in his way; and he is fond of introducing allusions to the gorgeous ritual of the mediæval Church. Thus in one of his poems to the moon (No. LI), he addresses it thus:—

“ From me nor treachery nor time  
 Nor autumn's blast at random driven,  
 Can snatch thy guardian light sublime ;  
 Blessed wafer, lifted up in heaven.”

*(Afrlladen o nen y nef.)*

There are several beautiful passages where he compares the birds in the wood, singing in all the ecstasy of the early summer, to the quire of some great cathedral, and the thrush and the nightingale are the ministering priests:—

“ I heard the thrush read to the parish boldly  
 The gospel without stammering ;  
 He raised for us on the hills there  
 The wafer made of a fair leaf ;  
 And the beautiful nightingale, slender and tall,  
 From the corner of the glen near him,  
 Minstrel of the dingle, sang to a hundred,  
 And the bells of the mass continually did ring.”

If I were asked to describe in a few words Ab Gwilym's position among the renowned poets of the world, I should characterise him as especially the poet of the fancy. He occasionally has bursts of imagination, and occasionally he has tender touches of pathos and sentiment ; but if my view of his genius at all approaches to the reality, we ought not to expect much imagination or pathos in such an artificial world of poetry as that in which he lived. Ab Gwilym was not a Burns, and we must not look in him for those intense utterances of passion which we find in Burns. Aristophanes tells us that old Æschylus' lines were so weighted with meaning, that a hundred Egyptian slaves could not lift them ; but we should look in vain in Ab Gwilym for such concentrated outbursts as these.

Ab Gwilym's world is a bright world of fancy ; and we must not bring into it the stern laws and feelings of daily life. We read his odes hopelessly wrong, if we try to date them and to localise them, instead of leaving them in their original vagueness,—idylls which happened in the Greek

Calends, and some unmapped region of Arcadia. No poet, who really felt as Burns felt, could send his message by a trout, an eagle, or a swan ; this imagery belongs essentially to fiction, and those have wholly mistaken his meaning who would reduce it to fact. In fact, we have here one of Ab Gwilym's peculiar triumphs as a poet of the fancy, that he struck out an entirely new kind of poetry. The idea of sending animals and birds and fishes on a love-errand has been common enough in Welsh poetry since his time ; it has been, in fact, the story of Columbus and the egg over again ; but who thought of the idea before him ? Persian poets continually send a message by the *breeze* ; but they have never gone beyond this very obvious impressment of natural agents. One of the most celebrated Sanskrit poems is the Meghadūta, and its very celebrity shows how new and unexpected was the appeal which it made to the sympathies of the Indian public. Kālidāsa there describes a demigod who has been banished from his home in the Himalaya, for a year, to a mountain in the south of India. While wandering in his place of exile, he observes the great clouds rising from the Indian Ocean, which, at the beginning of the rainy season, are borne along by the steady current of the southern monsoon, and traverse the whole extent of the Indian Peninsula from south to north, and finally pour their watery treasures on the slopes of the Himalayas. He invokes this huge mass of vapour, and, in a highly poetical address, describes the path which it is destined to travel, as it passes over the various classical spots of Hindu antiquity ; and he finally transmits by the cloud a tender message of affection to his wife, whom he has left in the deep recesses of the mountains of the north. But these addresses to natural agents are only rare and occasional in other literatures. Ab Gwilym was the first poet who raised these isolated attempts into a new kind of poetry.



But it is essential to these addresses that they should speak the language of the fancy, not the imagination. If we weight our inanimate or irrational messenger too severely, he will faint

“ With the burden of an honour  
Unto which he was not born.”

It is just the same here as in fable. Fable has been a delightful extension of the world of human experience; and daily life seems to gain new wisdom and intuition when it reads human virtues and vices in the grotesque disguises of the animals in their native woods and morasses. But the deception loses its charm if the fable rises to too high a level, if we make our animals aspire to solve other problems than those of selfishness and animal ingenuity; because these latter alone belong to the true plane of animal cunning, and we are turning our animals into men in disguise if we put those higher thoughts into their mouths.

In the same way it is fatal to the poetry of the fancy, if it ever makes us utter Milton's words in Lycidas:—

“ That strain I heard was of a *higher* mood.”

It is essential to the poetry of the fancy that it should keep to its own level; and Ab Gwilym rarely allows the poetic *Awen* to carry him beyond the limits of the fanciful world of idyllic poetry in which he felt that his genius found its true home.

To illustrate my meaning, I will dwell somewhat at length on two of his poems, Nos. xxxii and xxxiii, in which the poet represents himself as actually slain by the cruelty of his mistress. In the former he describes himself as buried in the woods, and I am glad that I can quote from such an excellent translation as that by Mr. Johns:—

“ To-morrow shall I in my grave be laid,  
Amid the leaves and floating forest shade

In yon ash grove—my verdant birchen trees  
 Shall be the mourners of my obsequies!  
 My spotless shroud shall be of summer flowers,  
 My coffin hewn from out the woodland bowers;  
 The flowers of wood and wild shall be my pall,  
 My bier eight forest branches green and tall;  
 And thou shalt see the white gulls of the main  
 In thousands gather there to bear my train;  
 And e'en the very wood-mice shall be seen  
 To haste and join the sad funereal scene!  
 The thicket of the rocks my church shall be,  
 Two nightingales (enchantress, chosen by thee),  
 The sacred idols of the sanctuary!"

This is all pure idyllic fancy; it is bathed in the warm  
 sunshine of poetry, but it is not deep passion; there is  
 here

"No voice of weeping heard and loud lament."

One can hardly read this beautiful effusion of fancy with-  
 out being reminded of those lines of Webster, the "Land-  
 dirge", of which Charles Lamb says:—"I never saw anything  
 like this funeral dirge, except the ditty which reminds Fer-  
 dinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of  
 the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy."

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,  
 Since over shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
 Call unto his funeral dole,  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole;  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm."

The other is the poem where he supposes that Ifor Hael's  
 daughter, in tardy repentance for having caused his death by  
 her obduracy, will set off on a pilgrimage from her monastery  
 in Anglesea to St. David's. This poem has never been really  
 translated into English before (as Iolo Morganwg's so-called  
 translation is an outrageous paraphrase), and I venture to  
 give a faithful version of this beautiful poem. The origi-

nal exactly, to my mind, represents Ab Gwilym's genius,—the ever-varying fancy, the light touch, the half pathetic turn; but even here we can detect the absence of that deeper passion which would have abruptly stopped his light coruscations of fancy, and would have rather made him veil his face in silent anguish with Agamemnon in the old picture of Timanthes:—

AB GWILYM, XXXIII.

*The Lady's Pilgrimage to St. David's.*

“The nun has started on her way,  
 The silent maid, her vows to pay  
 Before St. David in his shrine,  
 His mother, and the host divine;  
 Fain would her heart conceal her woes,  
 Bright dawn of comfort where she goes.  
 She starts from Môn, in hope to win  
 A tardy pardon for her sin,  
 For cruel words of cold diadain,  
 And a true heart unjustly slain.  
 All penitent and woe-begone,  
 She journeys downcast and alone,  
 Pale are her cheeks and sad her brow,—  
 Her poet's songs are silent now!  
 May Menai spread a fostering care,  
 Its dangerous tide run low for her;  
 May famed Traeth Mawr spell-bound retreat  
 And ebb away before her feet;  
 May Bychan Draeth be wellnigh dry,  
 And Ertro flow unruffled by.  
 Glad would I pay the Barmouth fee,  
 That she might safely ferried be;  
 Dysyny, with thy stream like wine,  
 Leave a small strip of wavelets nine;  
 But Dyfi's shivering waves are deep,—  
 Say, will the maid her purpose keep?  
 Rheidiol, for honour's sake give heed,  
 And let thy stream flow soft as mead;  
 Nor, Ystwyth, try to stop her way,—  
 Swell thy deep waters as they may.

Aeron, thy flood's impetuous mass  
 Rolls boiling on,—but let her pass.  
 And Teifi, stream surpassed by none,  
 Gossamer-gleaming in the sun,  
 Grant her safe escort, succour send,  
 That she may reach her journey's end.  
 Mother, if in St. David's pile  
 Thou hast thy far-famed domicile,  
 In purple clothed of costliest dye,—  
 List to my interceding cry.  
 She killed me, as too well I know,—  
 But then the crime was long ago;  
 'Tis now too late to avenge my fall;  
 And oh! her journey cancels all!  
 Mary, my gentle sea-gull spare,  
 Though she was merciless as fair;  
 Ere her excuses half are said,  
 I shall have pardoned the bright head!"

A peculiar feature of Ab Gwilym's genius is the enthusiastic outpouring of his emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, of praise or blame, love or enmity, whenever he is once fairly roused by his subject. There is something, at times, almost Shakespearian in his rapid flow of imagery, pouring out as from an inexhaustible river-god's urn. Sometimes we have in one ode a series of beautiful images, following one another in rapid succession, like the colours in a kaleidoscope; another ode will give us an equally vivid series of grotesque images like the incoherent fancies of a feverish dream. He rarely dwells long on any suggested thought; his muse has a light touch that just throws a bright passing illumination on the object, and then flits off to another part of the landscape like a ray of April sunshine. One of these very remarkable odes is that to the snow, No. ccv.

The poet begins by lamenting that he cannot stir from his home, nor keep his appointment with his mistress in consequence of the snow:—

"There is no world nor ford nor hill-slope,  
 No open space nor ground to-day."

He soon bursts out into a volley of abuse against the snow, and I quote a few of the more striking lines:—

“There is not a spot under the wood without its white dress,  
Nor a bush without its sheet!  
A bright veil over the grove of trees full of sap,  
A burden of chalk overlying the wood.  
A very thick shower of foam,  
Lumps bigger than a man’s fist;  
’Through Gwynedd do they pass,  
White are they, very bees of paradise!  
Where does heaven throw together such a plague?  
Where is there such an appearance? It must be the feathers of  
the geese of the saints!  
’Tis a dress of silver made by the ice for a time,—  
’Tis all quicksilver, the coldest in the world.  
A dress of cold, disappointing is its stay.—  
A deception on hill, hollow, and fosse!  
A coat of thick steel,—an earth-breaking weight,—  
A pavement larger than the grave of the sea.”

*(Palment mwy na mynwent mor.)*

It is dangerous for a foreigner to criticise particular lines in a poet of a strange language; but I cannot help remarking here that this last line strikes me as almost sublime. It brings out so vividly the immense tract of white barren snow and ice covering the whole surface of the land, large enough to be the gravestone of the sea. It reminds me of Keats’ lines, though, of course, they contain a very different image to describe the same phenomenon, where he addresses the bright star in the wintry sky as

“Gazing on the soft white new-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.”

Another of these odes, in which the grand and the grotesque are so curiously mingled, is Ode XLIV, which describes how Morfudd and the poet meet in the wood, but are frightened by a thunderstorm. In the opening of the poem he is serious, and I give a few of the lines where he describes the thunder by a succession of similes, as some of these are remarkable:—

" 'Tis a crash that all the world hears incessantly,  
 A hoarse bull shattering the rocks ;  
 Thunder which brings trouble to us,  
 Like the noise of arms in the sky beyond our bounds !<sup>1</sup>  
 I heard aloft (I retreated for fear)—  
 The giant voice of the trumpet of the beating rain,  
 A thousand giants raving wildly  
 From the chains of the constellations."<sup>2</sup>

These last two lines remind one of the grand verse in Job:  
 "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" which is generally  
 interpreted to mean "Canst thou loose the bands of the  
*giant?*", *Kesl* or Orion being conceived as an impious giant  
 bound upon the sky. I have been often puzzled as to how  
 Ab Gwilym could have got this image. It could not have  
 been suggested by the passage in Job, for the Vulgate has  
 only *gyrum Arcturi poteris dissipare?* It must have been,  
 therefore, a casual coincidence. The rest of the poem falls  
 below the high level on which it began, and one is vexed to  
 descend to such lines as—"A red-haired witch shrieking  
 while shut up"; "An ugly hag clashing her pans"; or "The  
 breaking of old brewing-tubs".

A more pleasant example of these descriptive odes is that  
 delightful one to the broom (No. XLVII), which I shall quote  
 in Mr. Johns' translation. It is entitled "Y banadl-lwyn".  
 He first describes the grove of broom in its winter dress, and  
 then he foretells its glories in the next spring:—

"When May steps lightly on the trees  
 To paint her verdant liveries,  
 Gold on each thread-like sprig will glow  
 To honour her who reigns below !  
 Green is that arbour to behold,  
 And on its withes thick showers of gold.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Virgil, *Georg.*, i:—"Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo audiit."

<sup>2</sup> Mil fawr yn ymlferydd  
 O gadwynau sygnau sydd.

Oh, flowers of noblest splendour,—these  
 Are summer's frost-work on the trees !  
 A field the lovers now possess  
 With saffron o'er its verdure rolled,  
 A house of passing loveliness,  
 A fabric of Arabia's gold,  
 Bright golden tissue, glorious tent,  
 Of Him who rules the firmament,  
 With roof of various colours blent !  
 An angel, mid the woods of May,  
 Embroidered it with radiance gay,—  
 That gossamer with gold bedight,  
 'Those fires of God—those gems of light !  
 Amid the wood their jewels rise,  
 Like gleams of star-light o'er the skies,  
 Like golden bullion, glorious prize !  
 How sweet the flowers that deck that floor,  
 In one unbroken glory blended,—  
 'Those glittering branches hovering o'er,  
 Veil by an angel's hand extended."

I will now give a short account of some of the more striking poems in Ab Gwilym, as this will give the best idea of the peculiar form of his poetry. It is impossible to divide his odes into classes ; they have at once too much likeness and too much difference to submit easily to any such classification. In one sense, they are nearly all specimens of the Provençal *chanso*, and a strong general similarity runs through them all ; in another sense, each has its own individual character, as Ab Gwilym has far too much overflowing originality to need often to repeat himself.

In XXXIX and LIV we have two poems on a mist which hindered him from keeping his appointment with Morfudd ; they more closely resemble each other than his poems generally do. I give a prose rendering of part of the first, as it is a good example of Ab Gwilym's volley of indignant epithets, when *facit indignatio versum* :—

"As I was going betimes to wait for her,  
 There sprang up a mist, a birth of the night ;

Cloud-mantles darkened the way  
 As if I had been in a cave.  
 All trace of the sky was covered,  
 A close mist arose reaching to the sky's vault.  
 Ere I had walked a step in my wandering,  
 Not a spot of the country could be seen more,—  
 No birch on the cliff, no border,  
 No hills, mountain, nor sea!  
 Fie on thee, great tawny mist,  
 Dark-brown cassock of the air,  
 Smoke of the ignis-fatuus of the pit,  
 A pretty habit thrown over this world!  
 Like an exhalation of the floor of hell, that far-off furnace.  
 Smoke of the world growing from afar;  
 High-topped spider's web,  
 Like a flood filling every place.  
 Thou art thick and greedy, father of rain,  
 Thou art its home, aye, and a mother to it;  
 Heavy blanket of bad weather,  
 Black web from afar, wrapping the world.  
 Unloved, ungenial crop,  
 Sea-calf hurdle between me and the sun;  
 Day becomes night, thou hurdle of drops,  
 Day in night, art thou not graceless?  
 Thick with snow aloft, covering the hill,  
 Grandfather of hoar frost, father of thieves!  
 Litter of January's abundant snow,  
 A conflagration of the wide air,—  
 Creeping along, scattering hoar frost,  
 Along the hills on the dry brushwood of the heath."

Another very characteristic poem is No. LXXXIV, called *Mawl i'r Eos*, but rather "The Nightingale and the Crow". The poet describes himself as wandering in Eytun Wood, and he comes upon a nightingale "on her soaring journey under a mantle of leaves":—

"Delicately she sings her first grave note,  
 The 'mean' and 'treble' in her toil;  
 The happy melody of a refined glad maiden,  
 Climbing through the branches, the bright cementing of love.  
 Valuable is her mention in Ovid,  
 Poetess, weaver in the trees,—



She is glad by day and by night,—  
A voice with no stammering, good, bright, and fair."

As he hears her sing in her glade, it reminds him of a mass-service, a not unfrequent topic of comparison with him:—

"The mass under the fair leaves  
Performed by the open air handmaid of love.

"When behold, the cheerless raven on the tree-top,—  
Loud, rapacious, with its armful of flesh,  
Leading an assault, while spreading out her tail,  
Against the palace of the dear, bright russet bird.

"Came the raven from some excursion aloft,  
An unprepared song compared with the other,—  
Resolute with three notes, no happy business,—  
'Rain! rain!' quoth the wretch from the bush!  
(*"Gwlaw, Gwlaw", medd y baw o'r berth.*)

"She checked our supreme happiness,  
With her trailing feathers and her ready cries,  
Yea, she made the family party of the leaves,  
With the glorious nightingale on the sprays,  
Sadden yonder and grow silent,<sup>1</sup>  
With the brazen impudence of that black Jewess."

The poet, enraged at the raven's interruption, pours forth a volley of abuse against it, and ends by bidding it fly away to feast on the carcase of an ox lying on a distant field:—

"The bird believed my words to be true,  
And I enjoyed from the glossy grey wing  
(Happy occupation!) voices which were better!"

In another Ode (No. CLXXXII), we have an adventure with a fox. The poet was resting under the trees, when he observed a fox at some distance:—

"It made a set at me, to my shame,  
I saw him when I looked yonder,

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Tennyson's *Pelleas and Ettarre*,

"And all talk died, as in a grove all song  
Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey."

In shape like a monkey, I did not like his place,  
 A red fox—the dog's form is no friend of his,—  
 Sitting like a town-hog  
 Near its hole, on its haunch."

The poet aims his bow of yew at the intruder :—

"I drew my shot with cruel aim  
 Past the side of my face—wholly past—  
 Alas! suddenly flew my bow  
 Into three pieces—a cruel misfortune!"

Of course this mishap provokes him, and he proceeds to wreak his vengeance by abusing the innocent cause! In the midst of the torrent of abuse, the fox hears the sound of the hunters, and leaps down the rock and flies away in the far distance to escape his pursuers.

Another singular poem is one to which I have already alluded—the dialogue between the poet and his shadow. The poet represents himself as wandering in the glade and sheltering under a birch tree, when he sees, in the late afternoon, his own shadow stretched out in gigantic proportions.

The bard crosses himself at the sight of the spectre, and asks who it is. It answers :—

"Myfi—gad dy ymofyn,  
 Dy gysgod—hynod yw hyn!"

"Thus all nakedly to glide,  
 Gentle poet, by thy side,  
 Is my task, my heart's desire;  
 I have feet that never tire,  
 And am bound by secret spell  
 All thy wanderings to tell,  
 To espy each wile and art,  
 Fairest jewel of my heart!"

Ab Gwilym at once begins his usual storm of epithets. The exhaustless wealth of his vocabulary of scorn reminds one of Shakespeare's endless torrent of vituperation in the mouth of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, or Timon in *Timon of Athens*. I have only time for a few lines as a specimen :—

" Whence, whence art thou, giant's child ?  
 Shape of darkness, huge and wild ;  
 Bald of brow as aged bear,  
 Bloated uncouth form of air ;  
 More like images that scud  
 Through our dreams than flesh and blood ;  
 Shaped like stork on frozen pool,  
 Thin as palmer (wandering fool !)  
 Long-shanked as a crane that feeds  
 Greedily among the reeds ;  
 Like a black and shaven monk  
 Is thy dark and spectral trunk,  
 Or a corpse in winding-sheet."

And so it goes on for more than a page, till at last the provoked shadow retorts by threatening its substance with a very *substantial* vengeance:—

" By my faith, if I were to tell  
 To some who know (something) this that I know,  
 'Tis a sure fate, ere the excitement had ceased  
 In Christendom, thou wouldst be hanging !"

I cannot help feeling that here Ab Gwilym missed his opportunity. The idea in itself is a most original one, and we can easily picture what a grand poem Keats or Wordsworth would have made of it. The idea of the gigantic and seemingly supernatural shape dogging the poet,—his personified conscience, as it were, accusing him of his sins,—might have furnished the material for a splendid outburst of imaginative poetry ; but it should not have been treated in a ludicrous spirit. It is at such times as these that we feel the truth of Goronwy Owain's criticism in one of his letters:—"Ab Gwilym was perhaps the best Welshman that ever lived for ludicrous poetry ; but, though I admire and even dote upon the sweetness of his poetry, I have often wished he had raised his thoughts to something more grave and sublime."

The only poet, as far as I remember, who ever had the same conception come into his mind, is the great Spanish dramatist, Calderon ; but he has treated it in a very different way. The passage occurs in the *Purgatory of St. Patrick*.

Ludovico Ennio has been for some time watching to kill an enemy; a cloaked figure continually crosses his path, and calls him by name, but, on his following, constantly disappears. At last, Ennio resolves that this strange intruder shall himself fall a victim; when he next appears wrapped in a cloak as usual, and addresses him by name, Ennio strikes at him with his sword, but wounds only the air. The figure retreats; he pursues. At last they re-enter in a lonely spot, and Ennio thus addresses him:—

“Cavalier, the street already  
We have left; if aught prevented  
There our combat, here we stand,  
Man to man, with none beside us.

“Since against thy frame my weapon  
Strikes in vain, I dare to ask thee  
Who art thou, strange being? Speak!  
Art thou mortal, spectre, devil?  
Still no answer! thus I dare, then,  
Cast aside that cloak of thine,  
And discover—

*[He pulls open the cloak and discovers a skeleton.]*

“God protect me!  
What is this? oh, fearful image!  
Horrid vision! mortal terror!  
What art thou, gaunt corpse, that, crumbled  
Into dust and ashes, still  
Livest?”

*Voice from the Skeleton.* “Know'st thou not thyself?  
See in me thine own resemblance—  
I am Ludovico Ennio!”

*[Disappears.]*

*Ludovico.* “Aid me, heaven! what do I hear?  
Aid me, heaven! what do I see?”<sup>1</sup>

Compared with this scene of Calderon, Ab Gwilym's light and wayward playfulness

“Is as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine.”

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<sup>1</sup> I borrow this translation from an old article in the *Monthly Chronicle*.

I have been rather severe on Ab Gwilym for his unworthy treatment of the splendid subject of the dialogue with the shadow; it is only fair that I should conclude with an ode where he has worthily treated a good subject,—I mean his beautiful and thoroughly characteristic ode to the woodcock (No. LXXII). It has never been translated into English before, and I therefore venture to give a version of my own:—

“ Good morrow, bird of gentle throat,  
Though thine's at times an angry note,  
Bold plunger in the river's wave,  
Or shall I call thee falsely brave?  
Light slender woodcock, tell me now,  
Whitherward bound thus fliest thou?”

“ The cold is keen, the frost binds fast,  
I, by my faith, am off at last;  
Far from my summer haunts I flee;  
'Tis the wild snow that hurries me;  
Cold winter scares me with its gloom,  
Its snowdrifts drive me from my home.”

“ Say not a word, but bend thy flight  
Where yonder lives my lady bright;  
The fiercest winds shall pass thee by,  
Safe in that sheltered sanctuary,  
Where gleam the waves beneath the hill,  
And the warm sunshine lingers still.

“ Bird of long beak, yet even there  
Are deadly perils to beware;  
Thy life is lost, if near thee go  
The fowler with his bolt and bow;  
Heed not his call, nor close thine eye,  
But from his wiles thy fastest fly;  
Let every bough thy shelter be  
From bush to bush and tree to tree.  
And if by chance some snare, concealed  
Beneath the trees that skirt the field,  
Should catch thee in its prison light,  
Be not too flurried in thy flight,  
But with thy strong beak boldly draw  
The horsehairs out that bind thy claw.

" 'Tis the old bird of mournful mood,  
 Who roams the glens in solitude ;  
 Rather do thou, bright wing, to-day  
 To Rhinwallt's bower pursue thy way ;  
 Bear to the fair-haired lady there  
 My secret anguish and despair.  
 And by St. Cybi tell me sooth,  
 If she still keeps her plighted truth.  
 Stay near and watch beside her gate,  
 And on her every movement wait ;  
 And to assist thee, songster mine,  
 I will reveal to thee a sign ;  
 She is a lady white as snow,  
 But just a wife, the more the woe !

" I love her every feature still,  
 Her image on the old green hill,  
 As much as in that vanished time,  
 Yea, more than in her maiden prime ;  
 O, make her love her bard no less,  
 Poor victim of her faithlessness.

" I waited in the frost ; more wise,  
 Another carried off the prize ;  
 Cold o'er me blew the freezing wind,  
 As I stayed waiting, left behind.  
 That proverb now too well I know,  
 Some wrecked hope's utterance long ago ;  
 ' I marked a forest tree my own,  
 Another's axe has cut it down ! ' "

There is a charming series of similar poems addressed to different animals whom he thus sends as his *llattai* to the poetical mistress who, in Provençal fashion, rules his song, if not his heart. Birds, beasts, fishes, all interest him ; we have poems to the lark, the seagull, the salmon, the swallow, the eagle, the trout, the swan, and the wind ; and every poem has its own peculiar touch. Thus, in that to the seagull we have a remarkable couplet, where he says :—

" Lightly thou fliest over the wave of the deep, .  
 Like a piece of the sun,—a gauntlet of the sea ! "

In that to the wind, we have the line,—

"The world's bold tyrant, without foot, without wing ;"  
and again, in that to the swan,—

"A gallant work is thy horsemanship of the wave,  
To lie in wait for the fish from the deep,  
Thy angling-rod, beautiful creature,  
Is in sooth thine own long fair neck !"

But the time warns me that I must draw these imperfect remarks to a close. It is impossible, in a single lecture, to do more than point out some of the more prominent characteristics of this remarkable author; and I have especially tried to look at him, not merely as a great Welsh poet, but as a member of the wider community of European poets, influenced, like his contemporaries, by the great currents of thought and feeling which stirred his age.

I cannot, however, close without one remark especially addressed to the scholars of Wales. It is surely incumbent on them to prepare a critical edition of Ab Gwilym's works. The two editions which we have, are not edited with any critical care; and a scholarly edition of the text, with the various readings of the oldest MSS., would be indeed prized by all who are interested in mediæval Welsh literature. Ab Gwilym abounds with hard passages and obscure allusions; but the best of all commentaries is a carefully edited text; for every student knows, to his cost, what it is to spend his strength uselessly in attempting to solve some enigma which at last turns out to be no dark saying of the poet, but some dull blunder of a scribe!

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## ON SOME CUSTOMS STILL REMAINING IN WALES.

BY THE REV. ELIAS OWEN, M.A., of Ruthin.

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CUSTOMS that date from Homeric days still remain in Wales. I well remember when my own dear mother was lying in her coffin, and I was gazing for the last time upon all that was mortal of her that was so dear to us all, that I was desired by one of the women bystanders to touch her forehead and to give her a last kiss, which I did. I was afterwards told by these women, that by so doing I should not be troubled by the spirit of her, whose spirit, I may say, was ever with her children when she was alive. I was not then aware that touching the forehead of the dead had its origin in ages long, long ago. It was some time afterwards that I found an allusion to a similar custom in the *Iliad*. Thus, in Book xxiv, line 712, 'Απτόμεναι κεφαλῆς of the departed was a custom even in those early times, and it remains in Wales to our days.

Another custom that prevails in Montgomeryshire in reference to the dead and is observed there, but I have never heard of it in other parts of Wales, is the placing of salt on the body when it is in the coffin. I forget the meaning of this, or rather the reason for so doing.

The night before a funeral, in most parts of Wales, a religious service is held in the house of the deceased, which at present is conducted as follows: a hymn is sung, a portion of scripture read, and then a prayer is offered up which is followed by a hymn, and alternate prayer and hymn follow for about an hour. This is how the *wake*, or *wylnos*, as the



service is called, is conducted by the Nonconformists; but when the deceased belonged to the Church, and the service is conducted by the Vicar or other clergy of the parish, it is usual for the officiating clergyman to give out the hymns and expound a portion of scripture, as well as to offer up the prayers both while opening and at the end of the service. All the friends of the departed, and neighbours generally, attend this meeting, and the relations never fail being present on this solemn occasion. After the religious service is over, the parish clerk, should he happen to be present, or someone else, announces the hour of the departure of the funeral on the following day. I need hardly say that tears flow freely at this meeting upon every allusion, should any be made, to the deceased, or even the singing of the plaintive hymn is enough to open the flood-gates of pent-up sorrow. Before separating, the friends of the departed take a last look at the dead, and go quickly home. Thus is the *wylnos* now held. But it was differently conducted a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago. An old friend of mine, John Evans, Llanrwst, as he was called, told me some fifteen or twenty years ago, that it was customary to invite some well-known singer to the *wylnos*, and it was expected that he would come prepared with an elegy, of his own composing, upon the deceased. This information, John Evans, who was about sixty years old when he told me of it, had had from an old man named Edward Prichard; and Edward Prichard told John Evans that he remembered an old man in Llandegai parish, who was in the habit of frequenting *wylnosau*, as a hired, or at least specially invited, singer; and he was expected by his song to comfort the relatives upon the sad occasion. The song usually described the departed's personal appearance and his many worthy qualities. It was, in fact, a lamentation over the dead—an elegy. This is also a very ancient custom. We find such a custom prevailed in the

earliest times, and bards and poets have vied with each other in singing of the great departed. But in Wales, so late as the last century, everyone had some one to speak a kind word of him or her who was no more. The poetry possibly was not very striking, but, such as it was, it was often enshrined in the memory. John Evans, whom I have already mentioned, repeated a few lines to me which had been uttered by the hired singers. In these lines reference is made to "the curly hair, and the yellow, grizzled beard" of the dead. In later times, I have heard of some lines sung at a *wylnos*, which I give, as an example of these productions of local poets. I have been assured that the words were actually sung at a place in Anglesey, where mats were, if they are not now, made. The lines run thus:—

"Baban bach sy' wedi marw,  
A'i dad ai fam yn crio 'n arw,  
Gobeithio bod o'n well ei gartre  
Na bod yn N..... yn gwneud mattie."

These lines express a hope that the baby, after whom the father and mother were crying, was better off where he was than being in N.....ch making mats.

There are various kinds of funeral offerings in Wales. I will mention some that have come under my own notice. There is, first of all, the offering made to the nearest relative of the departed. The neighbours, friends, and relations, send what is necessary for the meal which is given before the funeral procession starts. The presents are sent the day before the funeral. Then, on the day of the funeral, all those present place a coin on the coffin as it stands on the bier. This money goes to the widow. I have seen the offerings given to the relict as she sits by the fire-side, with her head covered with a shawl. This is done when offerings are not made over the dead. This way of showing respect for departed friends has its origin in ancient days. From Thucy-

It appears that a similar custom prevailed in his days in Greece. When describing the preparation for the funeral of those who had first fallen in the war, he writes (Book II, chap. 34), *καὶ ἐπιφέρει τῷ αὐτοῦ ἕκαστος, ἣν τι βούληται*. Hence it seems that in Greece there was a custom of presenting something to relations on the occasion of a funeral, that each one gave what he pleased.

There are, besides the offering now referred to, two others: the one made to the clergyman, the other to the parish clerk. These offerings occasionally are very large. I have heard of cases in which they have amounted to several pounds, even so much as £15. But this is a very exceptionally large offering, and is given upon the occasion of a well-known, greatly respected gentleman, whose funeral is attended by a large number of rich friends. Usually, the amount offered depends upon the social position of the departed. It is, consequently, sometimes very small, not reaching more than a few shillings, or even less. The offering to the clergyman is made in the church. The first to offer are those that are by blood or marriage connected with the deceased. These walk up to the communion table, and place their offerings thereon, and when they have reached their seat, then those present at the funeral go up in a stream; maintaining, however, a kind of order, the returning body walk on one side the aisle, whilst those who go up walk along the other side. In this way, confusion is avoided. In some churches there is a small flap-table attached to the rails that surround the communion, on which the offerings are placed. The offering to the parish clerk is made in the porch as the funeral leaves the church. Generally, a penny is placed on the plate which he holds, and for which he thanks the giver. At the grave he receives the offering of the relations, who retain their money until there. In some parishes, the parish clerk receives the offerings over the grave, on a spade. I knew an

old clerk who, when the offerings were small, would exclaim, "Ah! love is cooling, love is cooling!" I have no doubt he received many a sixpenny bit, lest he should say "Love is cooling".

There was a curious custom, which has disappeared in the life-time of the middle-aged, at marriages. It may be called, "Running for the wedding-cake". This custom was common in Carnarvonshire. Marriages used formerly to be attended by a large number of young persons: twenty couples, or more, used to march to church, and the churches were generally well filled with well-wishers, or sight-seers. A good number of young men were also present, but they presented themselves for the purpose of competing in a race for the wedding-cake. When the clergyman pronounced the young couple man and wife, these young men rushed out of the church to the house of the bride, and the one who first arrived there received the wedding-cake, which became his own. Sometimes this race was a long one, and many started as competitors. My old friend, Mr. Richard Parry, Plasuchaf, Llanllechid, told me that he once ran four miles against thirty young men, and won the cake. My friend told me that he was dressed on the occasion in breeches and brown stockings, and that it was at that wedding that he met his wife, and, added he, "We all got our wives upon such occasions".

The marriage party in those days sang hymns in church, and a marriage was a festal day. It was quite a holiday for young men and young lasses, and lustily did they enjoy its festivities.

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## LETTERS

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD  
RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.*(Continued from page 81.)*

TO EDWARD RICHARD.

"Penbryn, December 21st, 1760.

"DEAR SIR,—I have yours which came with the boys, who, ever since they came home, have been hard at work in copying, etc. ; so that, if I am able to bridle them in till their return, they will improve considerably in writing and common sense. They seem to take a pride in outdoing lads of their standing. When I wrote to you last, it was like a lucid interval. I have been since very bad, the fever lurking in my blood, and my head quite muddled. But a letter from Mr. Pegge last post has given me some life. He has answered the Teutonic letter as well as I expected, and seems to be a fair candid man, and a sensible man, except in pronouncing me a scholar, who am no more than a glow-worm, and you know it, who are better acquainted with me. I here return your catalogue, and shall send you something by way of filling up, or, as the masons say, *Cerrig llanw*. I also here return you Mr. Pegge's *Octavus Casus* and Dr. Philipps' letters. I am quite crazy in body, and fit for nothing, having not yet been out of the house since the 14th of November. I must take physic, etc., and bring myself low, in order to rise.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

“ Penbryn, Jan. 24th, 1761, to the 31st.

“ Dear Sir,—My wife tells me she must, one of these days, send the boys’ shirts, etc. ; and I, like a faithful correspondent, looked out immediately for paper and ink to keep to my usual way of *crefu am glod, nid oes neb arall ond y chwi a rydd imi ddim*.

“ It is as good as a cordial to my drooping spirits. There is nobody but you that tells me to my face (I mean of my acquaintance) that I am somebody, and I wish your letter was legible that I might show it to my wife, that she might also think so. Your last letter was such a scrawl, that really if I had not known it was sense, I could hardly make it out. But such is the pride of all great men, that there is hardly one of them that writes a legible hand. There is your correspondent, Dr. Phillipps!! In your next letter write your best hand, and tell me plain downright that I am a very clever fellow, and a wonder of a man, that my wife may read it; for she will believe that it is really so. Lewis XIV used to say, that no man was thought an hero by the servants of his bed-chamber; for when a person is seen stark naked, he looks but like another man. And if you were to see me naked, you would not take me to be either Witherington or Dafydd ab Gwilym. Well, once more I beg of you for a translation in Latin verse of the *ymdrech rhwng Llywelyn a’r peswch*.

“ I know, and am sure you can do it, so as to give life to the original. My children, when you and I are dead and gone, will divert themselves by the fire-side, of a long winter’s night, with the production of their father and master. And why should you be against such innocent amusements? P’le mae ’r Caniad a addawsoch chwi?

“ This poetical immortality is not to be despised; it raises an ambition to do greater things. Wele hai mae ’n rhaid imi bellach roi eli ichwi wrth eich llaw ddrwg.

"My old friend, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, the poet, used to say, that sound wit and sense need no embellishments, and that nonsense, though wrote by a writing-master, would be nonsense still. This is a truth that wanted no proof; my own assertion would have been sufficient; but I heard this of a certain preacher, who used to prove out of the scripture that we must all die. So far I have filled up this paper without anybody's assistance; but here I must call to my aid all the old women in the neighbourhood, and have not a word more of my own to say, but that I am in great truth,

"Your most humble servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"P.S.—When the old women come you shall know what they say."

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"Penbryn, February 11th, 1461.

"Dear Sir,—I had yours of Monday morning, query, what month or year. Yes, yes; and I have also received Canu 'r bont.

"I had a poet at my elbow when I opened it, who, after I had read it, gave his opinion, that it was either one of Hugh Morris's songs, or one that imitated his manner very strictly. I wish you joy of Hugh Morris's *Awen*, and may it break out in flashes like phosphorus, till you quench it with ale as he did. I am obliged to you for the Doctor's packet of letters; were not you bewitched, when you sent him all my foolish letters, which I had wrote to you as a successor of Hugh Morris, the bard, and which were not fit to be seen by learned doctors? However, I am exceedingly obliged to the Doctor for his concern for a poor mortal on the point of death. He shewed a great deal of good nature and humanity, an uncommon thing in the country of Ceredig ap Cunedda Wledig. I have wrote at last to Mr. Pegge; and have shewed my wife your letter with your best hand, where you call me a

clever fellow, but, to my great confusion, what do you think she said? 'This is only a contrivance between you; I am sure you are not clever, and this correspondent of yours is not Mr. Richard, for he never wrote so good a hand, for I can read this, and no woman can read his, for his is full of Latin and crooked letters.' It was in vain to contradict her, and there the matter is like to stand. Hark ye, you need not be made of iron, like the King of Prussia, to enable you to translate his Conflict with the Hector of France.

"Do, pray you, that I may have a little praise under the shadow of your wing, for I am sure my Welsh verses will live if you make a Latin version of them. No, no; I am not on the top of the hill above you; I am in the valley below on the other side. I do not know where Mr. Pegge is, perhaps on the top of the Peak of Derby. We shall see bye-and-bye. You see, I am not ashamed to shew you my weak productions (and to crave assistance), though you are possessed of the spirit of Hugh Morris. But it is that makes you so stiff. Imagine yourself Richards of Llanvyllin for once. Dr. Trapp says he was the best Latin poet since Horace's time. Who more likely to be possessed of his *Awen*—by transmigration than his name-sake? And where is the poor fatherless muse to be entertained, unless you give her a lodging? The old man is gone, and has left her to your care. I wish you would leave her to my son, when you have done with her. Pooh, pooh! all my matter is gone; I have not so much stuff in me as will finish this paper with any grace.

"I have been moidered here with poets, musicians, and antiquaries for some days past, who have drained my understanding, if I had any, and woe is me that I have ever studied these things. Farewell till I recruit again, and believe me to be yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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" Penbryn, March 11th, 1761.

" Dear Sir,—Chwedl y Bardd Cwse : ' Ar fore teg o Fawrth rhywiog, a'r ddaear yn las feichiog mi gymmerais ben yn fy llaw i ysgrifennu at un or dynion tewaf yn Ghymru, os gwir a ddywaid y bobl. Ie, oedd gwreigdda deimladwy gyda mi ddoe yn ciniawa ac yn trugarhau wrthoch ac yn cwyno drostoch.'

" It is an unwholesome fat, meddai un. He is bloated, meddai 'r llall ; fe fydd marw o eisiau gwynt, meddai 'r llall ; gresyn oedd, meddai gwraig o Aberystwyth na buasai yn dyfod attom ni i farw. Gwae fi na fuasai yn dyfod attoch chwi i fyw, meddwn innau.

" However it is, I wish you would be so good as to step over here to undeceive a body, and shew that you are not such a monster with a Saracen's head, like Sir Roger de Coverley. Mae agendor fawr rhyngof i a chwi, fal na allaf i ddyfod hyd yna, byddai 'n hawdd i chwi ddyfod yma gyda 'r goriwared.

" I have nothing new or strange to tell you, but that I have a new correspondent in Oxford, who, I expect, will make a good Welch poet, being a man of fortune and a scholar, with a strong inclination to understand our ancients. This very day I was told you had a scholar from Llan Gollen, who was born a poet, and can hardly speak in prose ; pray, send me some account of him. This account came from Aberystwyth. You will be as noted bye and bye for breeding of poets as Gruffudd Hiraethog was in Queen Elizabeth's time, or as Mr. Williams of Pont-y-seiri is for breeding of sheep and wild horses. I have also some thoughts of taking the spawn of a poet into my service to keep the old British custom. These wild thoughts have led me I do not know where, and I had almost forgot the chief errand of this letter, which is to borrow the boys for the holidays, and I do hereby

covenant, promise, grant, and agree, that they shall return when their mother thinks it convenient. The fireside takes me up intirely. I am neither fit for grafting, planting, nor the desk. I am under the discipline of the fygydfa, night and day; in some parts of North Wales it is called, Y Minnau rhag gormod o hono.

"I have had a letter from Mr. John Jones of Hertfordshire, a sensible, ingenious man. A correspondent of mine is about publishing the natural history of the birds of Britain, and wants the Welch names of birds. If you will take the trouble of writing down the Welsh names of birds in your neighbourhood, I shall be obliged to you; I may possibly meet with an uncommon name among them.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, 26th March, 1761.

I should reckon it a sin against the rules of correspondence to suffer these lads to return without their credentials along with them, and their mother tells me they must go in a few days; therefore I must set my letter in the stocks, so that it may be ready to be launched when they go. I have hardly time to talk with them this bout, so that I do not know whether they have improved anything since Christmas or not. I warrant you expect some fire or spirit in this letter, because it comes from a warm Dyffryn, and because you mistake our smoak and fog here for fire. But, alas! I know, to my sorrow, that fogs and mists are not warm, and when you consider that I am here encompassed with six of my own children, and having another in the loom just coming out, you cannot well expect either warmth of body or mind, for both are drained of their spirit. Do not you really long to be in my condition, capable of leaving this kind of immortality behind you? Well, I will tantalize you no more

(Talu tân),—but wish you a wife and six or seven children, though perhaps you choose the business of making poets, rather than making children. Your pupils made me very merry the other day; you know as well as I do, that they cannot express themselves in any language. I asked them about your poetical pupil, whether he made any verses, and whether they could recollect any of them? ‘Na fedrwn i (said they) ond fe fydd meist'r ag yntau yn gwneuthur Prydyddin (meaning Prydyddiaeth) bob nos wrth y tân’.

“I asked if there were any women with them, ‘na fydd yno neb ond Modryb Gwen a'r forwyn’; well, this is excellent, ‘gwneuthur prydyddion heb help merched’. Now I am upon the subject of gwneuthur prydyddion, pray has your pupil the qualifications of a modern Welch poet, fel i gwypir a ellir prydydd o hono, chwedl Statut Gruffudd ap Cynan?

“Is he in raptures with a cup of good ale? Does he prefer his own works to any of the ancients or moderns? Doth he despise all other languages and learning? Doth he affect low company and greedily swallow the praises of tinkers and cobblers? Would he get out of bed to sing with the harp, as Gronwy used to do when with me? Is he naturally inclined to buffoonery, dirty language, and indecent expressions? These are the standing characteristics of a modern Welch poet, and are a kind of excrescences which must be lopped off in the mouthing of him. And then, perhaps, you may lead him on in the plan of Virgil, the great and modest. What have I been doing all this while? Teaching a master rider to ride the great horse. Dysgu i mam ferwi llymru. Wele hai! mi dawa finnau am heno, mae fy llygaid i yn ddarn-guad, a'm pen i yn yscafn wrth besychu, felly nos da 'wch.

“Eich gwasanaethwr,

“LEWIS MORRIS.

“Tuesday, 31st March.—Last night I had a line from Evan

Williams of Gargoed, signifying that his son John is to be buried to-morrow. As very likely you will be going to the funeral, and as I should like my boys also to go, I would be glad if you would restrain them from going to the house, for such a violent fever may likely be epidemical, which tender youth are very apt to catch. However, their mother is very anxious on that head, whatever may be my opinion; I long to see your poet in embryo, it is an uncommon bird."

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" Penbryn, April 17th, 1761.

" Dear Sir,—I received yours yesterday by way of Aberystwyth, though signed on Monday, the misfortune of cross posts. I am obliged to you for the Englynion by Simon Jones, which gives me a better notion of the person's parts and abilities than if whole volumes had been wrote by others to describe him. You do right to check his Welsh *Awen*. It should be tied down till he is a tolerable proficient in the Latin, for without Latin he cannot understand the great master of our language and poetry, John David Rhŷs—without he had the opportunity of reading abundance of our ancient poets in MSS., which would do as well. But he will never make any proficiency in our language or in our poetry without the help of John David Rhŷs, or those old MSS. from whence the old Doctor picked his flowers. I find the young man hath fire and good stuff in him, but, like a rough diamond, there are but few that can distinguish between him and *Carreg lwyd y rhych*, for want of being polished. A jeweller in London had a stone in his show-box which he took to be a pebble; an ingenious Jew came by and asked him what he would take for that rough diamond. 'I will not dispose of it at present,' said the jeweller, and upon trying it on the wheel it turned out to be a diamond of immense

value. Even so your pupil will, when he is polished. He must not meddle with Welsh poetry till he is master of orthography, otherwise he will build upon sand. To convince him of this, I will insert here a few errors in orthography in his Englynion and title. Oudd should be wrote Oedd; ddaith read ddaeth; Chefrol read Chwefror; Canlin read Canlyn; Clowes read Clywais; Ieithodd, cenhedlodd, read Ieithoedd; a madrodd read ag ymadrodd, and that spoils the poetry; Clws read tlws, which spoils the jingle; Saesnaig, etc., read Saesneg, etc.; Bygeiliaid read Bugeiliaid; blain read blaen; Cynhwyllin read Cynhwyllyn; ddiwisgill read ddewiscall; Cyfnewydiog read Cyfnewidiog; escis read escus; Signo read Sugno; deliau read diliau; i gyredd read gyrraedd; Ame read Ammau; Caere read Caerau; drwi read drwy; llyfre read llyfrau; nau read na'u.

"As for errors in synwyr and cyghanedd, I shall not touch upon them at present; it is sufficient to show that the foundation should be at least good upon which all the structure depends. With much to-do we drove off the ague from Jack, but it will return again if he catches cold. The quotidian which he had was of the worst kind, and hardest to fight with. I intend to-morrow for Cardigan, and hope they will send the boy with this to you on Sunday. Mr. Pegge is a fair and an honest correspondent; I cannot as yet spare his letters. I must have Lewis home to copy them, for fear of accidents, for they are valuable. We are gone no farther than Copenhagen, for some authors lately published there; dyna ddynion yn chwilotta! ni adawant gornel o'r byd heb ei hedrych.

"My service to the Eginyn Bardd, and you may tell him for his encouragement that he will make an excellent Welch poet by and bye, if he lays it entirely by for the present, and lets it take a nap. He need not fear its growing

rusty; it will rise with fresh vigour, when it has dreamed a little about the ancients. I heartily wish you well,

“And am, sincerely yours,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, April 25th, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—Though I cough without ceasing, and can hardly hold my pen, and have not one perfect idea of anything in my head, owing to this excessive flux on my lungs, I cannot help striving to write to you, in hopes to squeeze from you an answer, which will give me some relief, which is a kind of food to a relaxed spirit. Besides, I am like a cask filled with new liquor, ready to burst for want of vent. Who is fittest to hear my complaints and to administer relief but the guardian of my family, or the tutelar God of my chimney. I told you in my last, which I sent by Jack, that I intended to go to Cardigan. I did so, in order to appear for my friend, and with a view of meeting with a person perchance of my own taste. Adar o’r unlliw a ymgasclant i’r unlle.

“I knew that about half the gentry in these parts of Wales were to assemble there at the election, and I had a good chance of picking up either a mathematician, a naturalist, or an antiquary. These arts are in England reckoned the necessary qualifications of a gentleman. But, O my countrymen, how are we fallen! You are a curious man, and want to know the event of my researches. I will tell you. After the strictest enquiry, and now and then dropping my bait, I met with nothing in the world but Bambalio, Clango, Stridor, tarantara, murmur, not so much as a piece of a Welch poet to be seen or heard of, no manner of relief to a weather-beaten muse, except I had been a duck, everybody’s view seems to have been the wetting his bill. Much offended with

the men and place, I returned homewards, and took leisure enough to observe the country, a shocking prospect of poverty and idleness, neglect and ignorance. What have I now to say, but God deliver us from all this veil of darkness.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"The letter-carrier sets out, or else I would have told you what I met with, as well as what I did not meet with. I hear nothing of our friend Evans's success or otherwise; let me know if you have any account of him."

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"Penbryn y Barcut, May 1st, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—You are always in my debt a letter or two, though you have an army of writers at your back to assist you. Cannot you tell or command one of the meanest of them to answer my trifling letters, since you cannot spare time yourself? If it had not been for the coldness of the weather you should have been pestered with more of them. But I am so chilly that I cannot sit above three or four minutes together, so you may thank the weather for that. Why did not you let me know whether it was proper to send a horse for the bard? Perhaps you expected a Cywydd, as that from William Cynwal to Sion Tudur i geisio benthyg Rhys Gryther. But my vein for Cywydds is all spent, digon a waith imi yw gwneuthur pennill trwscl gwirion.

"Naturalists, when they meet in their travels with a scarce or curious plant, especially a nondescript, immediately send to all their correspondents an account of it; in like manner I cannot help letting you know that in my road to Cardigan I met at Llannarth a thing in the shape of a man, designed for a poet, and containing very good stuff, if he had fallen into good hands to be remodelled. He hath travelled, he hath seen St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and hath sung to

the King, God stand with his Grace (Duw safo gyda 'i Ras), though he never saw him. He hath read our polemical writers, he hath Stackhouse and Tillotson at his fingers' ends, and he showed me a printed paper, called by some a ballad, wherein he answers the queries of a certain Welch clergyman about predestination and free will. The poetry is tolerable, and the matter excellent. When I showed him some incorrectness in the style, and some faults in orthography, he immediately swallowed it by wholesale, O nid rhaid i chwi ddywedyd gair ychwaneg; mi a'i gwelaf fy hun.

"He would stand a quarter of an hour in one posture, like the statue of the gladiator at Mr. Sylvanus Bevan's, and make an excellent figure, though by trade but a little slender shoemaker; he is not above fifty years of age, and his intellect's very strong, therefore may be licked up into the form of a poet with little trouble; he is known by the name of Evan Thomas, y Crydd a Phrydydd. So much for this piece of curiosity. How long am I to keep the boys at Whitsuntide? I have heard nothing yet from our old friend Evans; dyma hwb etto, gwedi bod yn peswch ag yn heppian uwch ben fy mhappur.

"Sleep is not only a resemblance of death, but is real death, and hath its resurrection, like the other. Who knows how often we are to transmigrate after this manner? We are no eternal beings, and I suppose immortal no farther than we are upheld by our Maker. But we shall know more of these things when we are stripped of this body of flesh. Now I think of it, I send you enclosed Evan Thomas's ballad; pray return it me when you have perused it. My garden calls me out; it wants seeds of flowering plants, etc. So farewell at present.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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" Penbryn, May 20th, 1761.

" Dear Sir,—I sit down with my pen and ink in hand, not because I have anything to write to you, but because these young chaps are like to set out to-morrow for Ystrad Meurig, where they long to be, since they are not allowed to play ball here, and because they are obliged to run on errands, and are often told they are fit for nothing but to make shepherds and miners. Pray, have you heard anything of our friend E. Evans? I wonder Llan Badarn is not supplied with a vicar before this. From this paper I was called to dinner, where I acted the glutton on a rock-fawn (*alias* pastai myn gafr), a dish which few of the greatest men of England ever see on their tables, and, in my opinion, excelling all their dainties. This continent is the great chain that holds the world together. Llyn Teivy trout, and some sauce out of Horace, is, with you, the most savoury dish in the world. Our constitutions are fitted for the food the country affords. The Hudson Bay Indian, with the same goust, drew the bladder through his teeth, which had held his train oil, as a Londoner would devour an Ortolan. I have no news to give you. I am sure I am not to live long, for even scribbling is become a pain to me; several times have I been obliged to get from my desk since I began this scrawl. Old age and infirmities of several kinds have laid a siege to me, and it is probable that even the capital must surrender soon; then, farewell. I wish you all the happiness that the climate affords, and I wish for a little warm weather to make my cough easier. Here is an old Pennill full of nature; pray, turn it into the same verse in Latin:—

'Blodau 'r flwyddyn yw f' anwlyd,  
Ebrill, Mai, Mehefin hefyd;  
Llewyrch haul yn t' wynnu ar gyscod,  
A gwenithen y genethod.'

"This is but a small boon I ask; and yet I see you shrug your shoulders, and endeavour to find an excuse for your laziness. Good night to you; God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"I was favoured lately with the company of a mountain poet, who prided himself on being a wanderer like the ancients. He is known by the name of Hugh Jones of Llangwm; he is truly an original of the first order, and worth seeing, hath a natural aversion to Saxons and Normans, and to all languages but his own. 21st. My journal (diurnal) continues; a windy day, inclining to be stormy. The mother will not suffer the sons of her youth to go to-day, lest they should be lost in Rheidiol, on which a bridge is wanted more than at Rhyd Vendigaid. Besides that, she wants them to go and fetch home some geese and goslings, which are better eating than Ovid's *Epistles*, and such dry food. 22nd. A very stormy day, as variable as wind can make it,—as changeable as a woman, except in this case there is more bad than good. I have this day got from Ireland a curious treatise on the *Ancient State of Ireland*. The author nameless; nor can I guess who it might be. He strikes out several new lights on the history of the British Isles. Why have not we a dissertation of that kind? We have ten times more matter than the Irish have; but we are all lazy like you, that pretends to be dead.

"Yours once more.

"Dublin: Printed by James Hoey for the Editor, Mr. Michael Reilly. 1753.

"23rd. This, I hope, is the last codicil to this letter; for, notwithstanding all our resolution, it was carried by a great majority of the house, that the expedition should be put off

till to-morrow, when, by general consent, the Castle of Ystra Meurig should be beseiged in form, and battering engines as provided accordingly.

“Yours again and again.”

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“Penbryn, June the 5th, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—I thank you for yours, which, like all your letters, is full of life, wit, and spirits, and you shew more in denying that you have any, than others when they stretch their utmost to shew you it. Let a fine girl affect to wear a dish-clout for a handkerchief,—she will still be a fine girl but let me and others of the low species of mortals plume ourselves as much as we can, we are still but common stuff without life, without energy, without edge. Well, since I know you expect some matter in this letter to keep up your correspondence, and for you to work upon, I herewith send you a packet of as much sense, wit, and humour, as I have been able to find in North Wales. It is a Ca . . . up . . . on a dark grey horse, by the name and title of Evan Evans o Ieuan Fardd ag Offeiriad. Make much of him, and take as much out of him as is necessary for you, to save me the trouble hereafter to pretend to write anything like wit or sense to you. Cannot you take a bellyfull that will last you a twelve month? perhaps I may not live longer than that. Then, between you be it. I have not a syllable more to say. All my store is drained; but, however,

“I remain, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, June 13th, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—I have been struck with the palsy some time ago, and am in a very bad way. The fever hath left me but, as I gather strength, the bad symptoms increase. It is a doubt with me, whether ever I shall recover. God’s will

be done; He hath given, and he takes away, and doth as He pleases with His own creatures. I wish you health and happiness.

“Yours,

“LEWIS MORRIS.

“If I grow worse, I shall send for the boys.”

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“Penbryn, August 3rd, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—The great shock that I had lately from a fit of the palsy, hath brought me so low that I recover but very slowly, and another stroke like this would finish me. God knows how soon that may happen, as I am on the decline as well in years as constitution. The situation of my poor children has given me a good deal of uneasiness, and under these circumstances the method I have taken in the education of my boys that are with you, will by no means do hereafter; for I can never foresee that classical learning will bring them in this country any livelihood under their mother’s management after my decease. But some insight into accounts and the arts requisite in the busy scenes of life, may make them, with the assistance of their friends, fit to be clerks in offices, or something that may get them a bit of bread under the tyrants of this world. I am, therefore, determined to send them immediately to some school to attempt to learn writing and accounts, and, if I recover this stroke, I intend to bring them afterwards to you, to ground them in the Latin tongue, which may be of use to them. But all our schemes are wild, and have no solid foundation, for God disposes of works as he pleases, after a most surprising manner. I send by the bearer £12, to pay for the boys; their year is up, I think, about this time, or will be soon; and if there be anything remaining for books, let me know, and I will send it you. Let them come home with the bearer, that I may fit them out for their intended journey, which must be where the

mother chooses. The frequent returns of some of the symptoms which the palsy hath left behind it, makes me expect relapse, so that I am, in the language of this world, within clearer view of Eternity and those glorious, glorious regions of immortality, than those whose eyes are dazzled with the lustre of temporal things; and it is impossible for me to express to you the satisfaction I had in a late glimpse of which I am certain was far from enthusiasm. God be with you and yours.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, Nov. 7th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—The accounts you have, that the folks Penbryn are in health and high spirits, are far from true. Here is neither health nor spirits, nor any thoughts or hope of ever tasting of either of them. My constitution is not only broken, but ruined. A ride I took lately in order to defer my property against the attacks of a tyrant, hath, instead of helping my health, shattered it. I cannot sit to my pen quarter of an hour together, nor can I fix my eyes on a book for half that time, but am taken with a vertigo; so that the dread of an apoplectic fit gives me some uneasiness, and would drive me distracted, if I was not thoroughly convinced of the goodness of my great Preserver and Maker, who best knows when to dispose of me. The whole world seems to me a well-regulated family, governed by its great Father, and though we are not sharp-sighted enough to see the use of what we call evils, yet they have certainly their proper place in the management of the whole, and the day will come that we shall see that plainly, which we see now but faintly. Some beings are placed low in the scale of felicity, for whose reason we do not know; and some are seemingly near the top of the ladder. Are those below placed there, that the

may have the more pleasure to climb up? These things are too deep for my weak understanding. You inquire after the progress your quondam scholars make. Very little, I am afraid, in the languages; but they have improved greatly in their writing. No; not so able an instructor in languages as yourself, nor to be compared; but if I have an inclination to make my children chimney-sweepers, they have no chance to learn that art in your school, and they must learn it when they are young. I am glad you have read Camden's *Britannia*, which will enable you upon a second reading to open his wounds to the quick, and they should be seared with hot irons. This is the great oracle of the English, and is swallowed without chewing, because the pill is gilt. Take off the gilding and you will find sad stuff under it. The design was great, the structure magnificent, but the performance or execution poor and shabby, notwithstanding that it was covered with great learning and industry. But the case is, the foundation was bad, and truth has suffered to serve a national pride. The memory of the ancient inhabitants is endeavoured to be darkened, and their names obscured, and every shadow of occasion is taken to revile them and their writers and noble actions in war, while the conquerors and rulers are cried up when there is scarce a colour for it. It will be better if you can come at Gibson's translation of Camden's Edition in 1607 (I think), for there he has flourished much more than in the first edition, 1586, which you have. I long to hear from my friend Evan Evans, how he goes on with Nennius, and how he stands with the Barrington family. I hope they will give him a lift at last to some purpose. There is a new edition of Nennius made at Copenhagen. I want to send him an account of it. But I am not sure my direction to him is right. My memory is prodigiously impaired since my being attacked with the palsy, and since my cough and asthma have gathered strength. The messenger

goes, and I must close my letter, and defer what I intended to say to another opportunity, and can only tell you that

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, March 27th, 1762.

“Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 16th, which came to my hands just now, gives me a great deal of pleasure, when I reflect that one worthy man of uncommon sense and understanding covets my correspondence. Surely, says I, there is something in me which others see, and I do not. Upon my word, I cannot find what it is that is worth notice. I look back and see nothing in all my actions but vanity of vanities, not a solid act or deed among them. Trifles, flights, and wild vagaries, owing to a superabundance of spirits that kept no bounds. In the body’s evening, the soul perceives the dawning of common sense, and as one weakens the other grows stronger. I have done thus far half asleep, and just escaped a fall. Why do not you say something about my song and hymn (quoth he)? I will give you my opinion frankly, but do not shew it to anybody, or else we shall fall out, for there are people wicked enough to persuade you that my remarks are owing to ill-nature, because you write better than me; keep it to yourself, and we shall agree well enough. Both your *Songs on the Bridge* are excellent South Wales songs, exceeding everything I ever saw done in that country, had they but one ingredient, which is purity of diction. The misfortune is, and a great loss to the world, that you understand the ancient Greeks and Romans better than the ancient Celts and Britons. The *Songs of the Bridge* would have outdone the best things of Hugh Morris, if you had been correct in the language; but still, I say, for South Wales songs, they bear the laurel. I am not so nice as to measure all poetry

by North Wales rules and grammatical exactness. I know that these countries, which were formerly different Principalities, had also different dialects, industriously kept up, to know the natives by. If South Wales men had wrote grammar, we should have proper plural terminations instead of, an, etc., etc., and abundances of licences of the like kind. But now, in strict writing, it is otherwise, because in South Wales they busied themselves in fighting more than writing. Besides, the British of South Wales is notoriously mixed with English, and, as the children learn it of their mothers, they transmit it to their children. Who can help all this? This has given their poets a language distinct from North Wales and Powysland, which in Prydydd y Bont hath outshined everything. A surly critic would ask how *dyn athrist* could be *dyn didrist*. I confess it staggered me a little at first, until Tom Pryse, who was better versed in the South Wales dialect than I was, told me that *tristo* was to trust, as *belongo* to belong, etc., etc. It is true that in this dialect the poet has a greater scope for rhymes than Hugh Morris took; but the pictures here are stronger and far better drawn than any of Hugh Morris's; but so much as the South Wales poet was better acquainted with the learning of the Greeks and Romans, who certainly were the greatest masters that way. I took off my pen and found myself, unawares, launched into the sea of criticism, and now let me go out of it as well as I can. I need not tell you that song writing is a modern thing, in imitation of the English and French, and Hugh Morris is the only writer of ours that ever shone in it. He has taken some liberties with the language which the writers of the 24 *Mesurau*, did not dare to broach, for fear of an excommunication, and, as he is the standard of song writing, being born before us, so, like Homer, he will keep his ground with all those little blemishes. But, certainly a man may possibly write even a good song in good language; and you would have



done it had you studied your mother's tongue more, by reading the ancients that excelled in that knowledge. Some of the blemishes in your song are these: Tanbed, for tanbaid; lli, for llif; adre, for adref; pentref, made to rhyme to crysau; cafan and dafan, for cafn and dafn; causay Angl, causey; gefel, for gefail—the plural is gefeiliau; eiff, for â; hynny, made to rhyme with Teifi; trwscwl, for trwscl; dafan, for dafn; co, for cof; carnedd and mwynedd, for carnaidd and mwynaidd; cregin, for cregyn; diwedd ar y gân gyntaf; yr ail gân; clywed, made to rhyme with ochenaid; crynnu and Teifi, made to rhyme; bennydd and cywilydd, made to rhyme with deurudd and cystudd, in strictness should not be, though Hugh Morris shews the way; pentref and eistedd, rhyme with hossanau; pantane, for pentanau; dolau and cartref, eithin and eirin, with aderyn and brigyn—an excellent pennill for all that; cegin and cardottyn; bonheddig and tebyg; cafan, for cafn; pared and llymmaid; gweiniaid and arbed; trwyddi and i foru—excepting these little blemishes in dialect, I give it as my opinion, that I know no songs equal to these two. The boys are well, and I send for them to-morrow or next day. I am obliged to you for your kind enquiry after them; the post (an old woman) is very surly and will not stay; so farewell.

“Yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, May 29th, 1762.

“Dear Sir,—Yours of the 12th hath given me infinite pleasure, for I always thought you above writing criticisms, and that you looked on our authors as not worth looking into, when, in the meantime, you are better acquainted with the prince of song-writers (Hugh Morris), than ever I was in my life, and can see his imperfections as well as his excellencies, which few men can do. You have taken more pains with him than ever I did, though you are pleased to attribute

much to me; and no wonder you shine so much in *Caniadau'r Bont*, when you had such a pattern in your eye. I am still of opinion, as far as I can trust my memory, that Hugh Morris is the first song-writer in our language that copied Nature, or that wrote anything tolerable. Sion Tudur, William Cynwal, William Llŷn, and the rest of the writers of Queen Elizabeth's age, were, in a manner, strangers to it. And I do not remember to have seen anything in the shape of a song till the merry reign of Charles 2nd, about which time song-writing began to sprout, in imitation of the English and French, and all good, substantial Cywydds and Awdlau (Odes) about that time hid their heads. It is true Hugh Morris wrote a little in the time of Charles 1st and Oliver, but it was very loose and incorrect, and I suppose you have hit upon some of his youthful pieces in the picture you drew of him. There is also an allowance to be made to merry, jocose, light subjects, in which a prudent mixture of languages looks pretty enough. I admit song-writing to be of very ancient date in all languages, and I do not except the ancient Celtæ, whose bards did certainly make use of it. But the Britons fell into a kind of heroic poetry when we came to be Roman provincials, which was new modelled by Gruffudd ap Cynan, and, as it were, religiously followed till the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it began to dwindle, and song-writing occupied its place soon after, much in the taste we have it now, though not in that perfection. This is the light I see things in; perhaps you see them through better glasses, and I am sure you have better eyes. Now, since I see you allow of great liberties in song-writing, nay, even claim them as your own undoubted right, not only as an ancient nation, but as descendants from Troy, I will venture to lay one of these funny songs before you for your approbation, and in expectation, I warrant you, of a little perfume. The subject is a particular friend of mine, a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxon., who,

according to the laws of the College, durst not marry without losing the benefit of his Fellowship, and also losing the chance of having a fat College living, which he has waited for these 30 years. At last, about two years ago, a rich benefice fell to him at Nutfield, in Surrey, and he soon took to him a wife in that neighbourhood, which action of his, in his old age produced the inclosed song. The loss of him in Anglesea is a very heavy one, for he was a real good man, gave freely to the poor, and shined in good works. I never ventured upon Hugh Morris's long, heavy measures; they are too laborious for me. A little Triban, or short-winded double couplet, is the utmost of my ambition in song-writing. I hate slavery and imitation. The D——l owed me a grudge, as well as Parson Ellis, and he, or somebody, inveigled me to suffer Hugh Jones of Llangwm to publish my foolish productions in verse, which he is now doing in London by subscription for his own benefit, together with the works of Gronow Owen and Hugh Hughes. When that wise affair comes public, O! how I shall be torn to pieces by critics! then will be the time for such a strenuous assertor of *Licentia Poetica* (poetical licence) as you are, for I am sure I shall want a defender. Was I not a weak fellow for running the gauntlet for the diversion of the public, when I might have died in peace with some little character in poetry, had I kept the fool within? O! fie upon it! how happened this weakness! Dear Sir, if you knew how troublesome it is to me for to write, you would excuse me, and not expect a long letter, and there are few men in the world (I do assure you) that I would take pains to write so much for their diversion, for what is all this but to raise your spirits, and to make you laugh heartily, to see a man without the gifts of nature or art in any perfection, endeavour to please one of the most accomplished scholars in his country; but, for all this, believe me to be, your obliged friend and servant,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

## THE EISTEDDFODAU OF 1878.

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EISTEDDFODAU are multiplying and becoming ubiquitous. Two have been held during the present year, and with fair success: one at Porthaethwy (Menai Bridge) in August, and one on English ground at Birkenhead in the month of September. We would we could record improvement in the conduct of the business of the several days; but that consummation, though devoutly wished for, has yet to come. The adjudications were, perhaps, more condensed, and consequently less wearisome than heretofore. But the great evil of too many prizes of a trifling value, not only exhausted the patience of the audience, but aided to increase the already too abundant worthless compositions which the Eisteddfod fosters.

There was a decided improvement in the choral singing at both places. The competitions for the great prize at Birkenhead were marvellous feats—almost perfect. If literature has not advanced, music and song have made rapid strides towards the highest excellence. We except, of course, from this roll the higher literary prizes, such as that of the Chair Prize at Birkenhead, which produced a poem worthy of the occasion.

To chronicle the whole work of the Eisteddfod would be little more than the reiteration of what has been said of previous gatherings. It is amazing how determinedly the bards keep to the old ways. As we look back on the several Eisteddfodau held at Pwllheli, Wrexham, Carnarfon, Menai Bridge, and Birkenhead, they seem, as in a dissolving view, to blend or rather melt into one another, so that no distinct

impression of any one is left on the retina of the mind. This sameness of character and of action offers no high promise of continuing success. In fact, it points out a want, the supply of which can alone make the Eisteddfod prosperous and enduring—an elected governing body to control its operations. This was admirably pointed out in an earlier number of *Y Cymmrodor* by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Until it is done, the Eisteddfod will be held here and there at random, obsolete performances will be continued *usque ad nauseam*, and the most devoted patriot and lover of the institution grow weary of its horse-in-the-mill iterations.

The Chairs at both places were efficiently filled—at Menai Bridge by Richard Davies, Esq., M.P.; Morgan Lloyd, Esq., M.P.; Lewis Morris, Esq. (the author of the *Epic of Hades*), and the Lord Bishop of Bangor. The several addresses by the Presidents were worthy of themselves, and of the Eisteddfod.

We have no room for them in *Y Cymmrodor*. But there are circumstances connected with the appearance of Mr. Lewis Morris that must not be passed by.

The great-grandson of Llewelyn Ddu o Fon, whose bardic compositions have become almost household words on the lips of the Welsh people, and whose antiquarian and philological researches were positively marvellous in a century when neither of these sciences had as yet emerged out of its early and rudimentary state, Mr. Morris's presence at the Eisteddfod bespoke for it a new life. We could almost fancy that the shade of his honoured ancestor hovered over the chair on which his descendant sat, to cheer and to welcome him. But this is not all; Mr. Morris has already raised himself to fame by his own brilliant exercises in the arena of song. As the Poet Laureate, in increasing splendour and glory, descends toward the horizon, Mr. Morris's achievements point him out as the light which rises in the eastern sky to illumine

and cheer us in the coming time. For the honour of Wales we pray that it may be so.

Mr. Morris was enthusiastically cheered on rising to address the audience. Having thanked them for the kind manner in which he had been received, he said there were a great many reasons why he should not come to the present Eisteddfod. He was conscious that he had never attended an Eisteddfod before, and this, together with the fact that he was but partially acquainted with the Welsh language, were some reasons why he should not attend. On the other hand, there seemed to him very good reasons why he should put aside all such objections, and come amongst them that day. One reason was, that great honour had been done him by requesting him to take the chair; though this might not have been a sufficient one to win him from habits of seclusion. He came there, feeling that honour was done to his great ancestor, Llewelyn Ddu o Von, and his great friend the illustrious poet, Goronwy Owain. If this be the true view of the reason why he came there, perhaps it might not be out of place for him to give a short sketch of the Morrisises of Von. They were, in the beginning, in comparatively humble circumstances, and had but few educational advantages offered them; but yet they all attained very considerable eminence. William Morris, who was Comptroller of customs at Holyhead, was a very true friend of all Welsh poets, and had a very large collection of Welsh manuscripts; and any appeals made to him for literary support, were, he believed, never refused. Richard Morris, his brother, was a more distinguished man. It was he who revised the Welsh Bible and Prayer Book. As regards the Welsh version of the Bible, he was well aware that it formed the main literature of their country; and apart from its sacred character, he thought there was no Welsh book more admirable as a literary work than the Welsh Bible. He was also the founder and president of the

Cymmnrodorion Society in London, of which he (the president) saw before him a most active member in the person of the Rev. Robert Jones of Rotherhithe, a Society, which he was glad to learn, had recently revived. In coming to Lewis Morris he thought he might say, without exaggeration, that he was one of the most thoroughly accomplished men that Wales had ever seen. They, no doubt, had heard how varied his attainments were. They also knew that, as a hydrographer, he was very eminent indeed, and it was only yesterday that he (the speaker) was informed that the charts made by Lewis Morris for the Admiralty were now in use on these shores. As a mineralogist, he was one of the most eminent men of the day, and succeeded in accumulating a very great fortune for others, although he (the President) was sorry to say that he accumulated no fortune for himself and descendants. It was Lewis Morris who discovered, and worked under the Crown, the great lead mines of Cardiganshire. Another fact, perhaps not generally known, was this,—he should not have known it himself had he not read an essay on his life, which obtained a prize in the Eisteddfod of 1874,—that Lewis Morris was the first to set up a press for printing Welsh books; and although, perhaps, such an undertaking did not pay in those days, it was a very noble effort on his part in the cause of Welsh literature. There was another very interesting fact connected with this matter. The Rev. John Wesley—a name dear to many there, and who, he had no hesitation in saying, was a saint, if there ever was one—was once passing through Holyhead, but was there detained by contrary winds, and could not get to Ireland. That reverend gentleman, therefore, utilised his time by writing two tracts, for the purpose of benefiting the Welsh people, and these were probably printed at Lewis Morris's place at Holyhead. Again, in the principles of natural science, Lewis Morris was one of the best teachers of the day, and not only that, he

was also a very eminent philologist, and corresponded with many of the leading philologists in Europe. But, of course, all these things did not give him the claim for that honour which he possessed. He was a bard, and a popular bard—who might be called the “Burns of Wales”—and his songs were all remembered up to the present day. He (the speaker) did not know of anyone who did not remember the song, *Morwynion Glân Meirionydd*. Having read the first stanza, the President went on to say that it bore all the characteristics of a good popular song, and as such it was well known and sung everywhere where Welshmen congregated. But even this, he thought, did not give to him the great and one claim to honour which endeared him to his countrymen. It was because he and his brothers were, through their lives, patrons and helpers to the unhappy Goronwy Owain, who was, beyond doubt, the greatest poet of Wales. He (the President) was familiar with the fact that Lewis Morris and his brothers had been of very great assistance to Goronwy Owain; but he never knew until he read the life of Goronwy Owain, now being issued by the Rev. Robert Jones, of the great generosity and constant care which those three brothers seemed to manifest towards him during his chequered and gloomy career. It was a remarkable fact, that Goronwy Owain appears to have corresponded but rarely with anyone except these brothers. When Goronwy wanted advice or assistance, he seems to have resorted immediately to them. What he asked of them that day was to draw the moral from the fact that those men, who have been dead this last century and a half, were still living influences in this Wales of ours. As a descendant of one of these men, he felt as if he were coming home on visiting Anglesey. He felt familiar here. His small reputation had preceded him there. What did this really mean? It meant this—that a true and strong feeling of patriotism and national unity still existed. It pleased



him to think that there still existed a nation which was full of patriotism. He ridiculed the conclusion arrived at by some classes that the Welsh nation and its language were rapidly declining. What he advised them to do was to make the best out of their language in its connection with the Eisteddfod. He thought this Eisteddfod of theirs was a most entertaining festival. There were two sides, of course, to the Eisteddfod. The one was the recreative side, and the other the educational side. The recreative side was very well carried out, and he had thoroughly enjoyed it on that and the previous day. Every nation had its own way of amusing its people. The Greeks had their Olympian games, and he was tempted to think they must have been very much like the Eisteddfod. The English also had their games. Having entertained the audience by reading an account of the manner in which a section of the population of London enjoyed themselves on Bank Holiday, the President said he was very glad that the hardworking people of London had thus enjoyed themselves by witnessing the performances of clowns, and others; but would anyone say that this was a more rational amusement than the amusement afforded in the Eisteddfod? Looking at the educational aspect of the question, he ventured to suggest the advisability, as was referred to on the previous day, of connecting it with the educational system of the country, by offering prizes in the elementary schools. This, no doubt, would produce very good results. There was one thing which he thought ought to be, and could be done. It was his great privilege to attend a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Gladstone—whom he was sure all there respected—it was his privilege, he said, to listen to a lecture by him on the history of pottery in Wales. Mr. Gladstone had described to them a particular manufacture of pottery called "Swansea Pottery", which was some years ago in great favour, but had now become quite extinct. The

most curious thing was, that the Swansea plates were bought in London for ten guineas. He asked why this art had been allowed to decay? It would be a very fair question for the promoters of their Eisteddfodau to appoint a committee, or something of the sort, to try and find out whether there were in Wales the possibilities of reviving this neglected art. He advocated the affiliation to the Eisteddfod of a Social Science Department, and expressed his belief that, if this were done, a greater future would await that institution. In concluding, he again begged to thank all for the exceedingly kind reception accorded him, and for the honour conferred upon him by inviting him to preside that day; and if they asked him to come at any future time, he would come again (loud and prolonged cheers).

It was to-day that Professor Rhys of Oxford delivered an address full of practical good sense, commingled with keen criticism on many Eisteddfodic proceedings. Severe as some of his strictures were, the audience, as well as the persons against whom his fulminations were hurled, received them with becoming approval. Mr. Rhys spoke with fervour and eloquence.

“Mr. Llywydd, Boneddigesau, a Boneddigion,—Y mae wedi bod yn beth lled gyffredin i ddyn wrth gyfodi i anerch y Cymry mewn Eisteddfod ymgymeryd â seboni ei wrandawyr a gwneuthur a allo i feddalu eu penau a'u gyru i feddwi o hunanfodddhad. Yn ol pob ymddangosiad, barn y cyfryw ydyw mai gwirioniaid ydym, ac mai gwastraff amser fyddai ymresymu â ni fel pobl yn eu hiawn bwyll; a gellid meddwl mai eu harwyddair ydyw geiriau y Saeson ar y dydd cyntaf o Ebrill: ‘Send the fool further.’ Yr wyf fi yn benderfynol o'r farn mai anmharch ar y Cymry yw hyn, ac nid wyf yn teimlo unrhyw rwymanau arnaf i osgoi llwybrau pwyll a synywr cyffredin wrth ymdrechgu eich anerch. Dygwyddodd i mi ychyd-

ig amser yn ol gyfarfod un o brif haneswyr a beirniaid y Saeson, a thrôdd yr ymddiddan ar y Cymry a'r Eisteddfod, pan ofynodd i mi paham yr oeddwn mor ffol a gwastraffu amser i fyned i Eisteddfod, a pha ddiben oedd i mi ddyfod o flaen pobl na wrandawent ar ddim ond canmoliaeth wag iddynt eu hunain. Felly cefais gyfle i'w argyhoeddi fod y bobl gyffredin yn Nghymru yn llawer mwy deallgar a hoff o lenyddiaeth na'r un dosbarth o Saeson; ac mai bai y ganbrophwydi sydd yn ein plith ydyw fod llif-ddyfroedd gweniaith a ffolineb yn ymdywallt ambell dro oddiar lwyfan yr Eisteddfod; ond, ar y llaw arall, fod pob gwrandawriad mewn Eisteddfod i bob un sydd yn amcanu gwneuthur lles i'w wrandawyr, hyd y nod pe na byddai ei eiriau yn felus a hyfryd iddynt ar y pryd ai peidio. 'A phaham,' meddwn, 'y soniwch am ffolineb Eisteddfodol: nid oes amser maith er pan ddygwyddodd i mi fod yn bresenol mewn cyfarfod a gynhelid yn mhentref prydferth Llangollen gan gymdeithas henafiaethol o Lundain oedd wedi dyfod i lawr i lewyrchu yn nhywyllwch Cymru, ac ar air a chydwybod nid wyf yn meddwl ddarfod i neb o archynfydion yr Orsedd Eisteddfodol lefaru nac ysgrifenu dim yn ystod yr ugain mlynedd diweddaf a ddaliai ei gynharu o ran ffolineb âg un o'r traethodau a wrandawyd yn astud gan y gymdeithas ddoeth a dysgedig hono. Bernwch drosoch eich hunan,' meddwn, gan fy mod yn dygwydd gwybod fod y chwinc Sais-Iuddewig sydd yn ymledaenu yn Lloegr yn poeni ei ysbryd er's blynyddau—'bernwch drosoch eich hunan: y testun ydoedd tarddiad cenedl y Cymry o offeiriaid eilunaddolgar y brenhin Omri, un o olynwyr Jereboam fab Nebat, yr hwn a wnaeth i Israel bechu.' 'Rhaid', eb efe, 'fod Cymry glanau y Dyfrdwy yn ddynion gwahanol iawn i Owain Glyndwr a'i gydoeswyr i fedru ymatal rhag llabyddio â meini y fath nythed o loerigion haner Iuddewig'.

"Ond nid dyna ddiweddl yr ymddiddan, canys aethum yn

mlaen i ddangos iddo fod yr Eisteddfod yn rhan o hanes y Cymry, ac yn dal perthynas agos âg addysg lenyddol y genedl : a dyna y pynciau y carwn siarad ychydig am danynt wrthyh ar hyn o bryd. Un o brif nodweddion yr oes neu y ganrif hon ydyw, mai ynddi y darganfyddwyd neu y gosodwyd seiliau amryw o'r gwyddonau mwyaf pwysig a blodeuog, yn enwedig y rhai cymhariaethol sydd yn ymwneyd â hanes yr hil ddynol, neu ryw ganghenau o'i hanes, megys ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol, a'r dull cymhariaethol o efrydu chwedloniaeth, deddfau, ac arferion gwahanol genhedloedd. O'r rhai hyn, y bwysicaf â'r flaenaf ar y maes ydyw ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol, ac un o brif gasgliadau ieithyddwyr yr oes ydyw y ffaith fawr a gydnabyddir gan holl ddysgedigion y byd fel y cyfryw, y gellir, y tu yma yn mhell o ran amser i ddechreuad yr hil ddynol olrhain gwahanol genhedloedd y byd i nifer bychan, mewn cymhariaeth, o darddiadau neu gyffiau. Un o'r rhai hyn yw y cyff Semitaidd, i'r hwn y perthyn yr Iuddewon a'r Arabiaid. Un arall yw y cyff Ariaidd, neu Ind-Ewropaidd, i'r hwn yr ydym ni yn perthyn : y cenedloedd sydd yn perthyn agosaf i ni ydyw y Llydawiaid, y Gwyddelod, a Gaeliaid Ucheldiroedd yr Alban—perthynasau go dlodion, fel y gwelwch ydyw y rhai hyn, ac o ganlyniadd bydd ar rai gywilydd eu harddel. Ond y mae genym ni berthynasau eraill sydd yn well arnynt yn y byd, canys brodyr i ni o'r un cyff Ind-Ewropaidd ydyw y Saeson, er nad mynych y crybwyllir hyny mewn Eisteddfod, gan mai arfer rhai ydyw cymeryd arnynt mai gelynion i ni yw y Saeson, yr hyn sydd wedi rhoddi achlysur i'n cydgenedl y tu arall i Glawdd Offa i ddychmygu mai lle ydyw yr Eisteddfod i feithrin bradwriaeth ac anfoddogrwydd. Brodyr i ni hefyd ydyw prif genhedloedd y Cyfandir, megys y Ffrancod, yr Italiaid, y Groegiaid, a'r Sclafoniaid; ac y mae i ni frodyr yn y Dwyrain, sef yr Armeniaid, y Persiaid, a'r llwythau mwyaf gwareiddiedig o'r Hindwaid.

"Ar ol i ieithyddwyr brofi mai i'r un cyff cyntefig y perthyn y'cenedloedd a enwais, a bod eu hieithoedd, er gwaethaf eu holl amrywiaeth, yn dwyn olion diymwad o'u tarddiad cyffredin, awd yn mlaen i chwilio am olion cyffelyb yn eu chwedlau, eu harferion, a'u deddfau, a buwyd mor llwyddiannus yn y cyfeiriad hwn fel y gellir erbyn hyn ddywedyd fod y fath ganghenau o wybodaeth yn bodoli a chwedloniaeth gymhariaethol a deddfyddiaeth neu arferiaeth gymhariaethol. Ceir, er engraifft, fod yr un elfenau yn treiddio drwy chwedlau a chwedloniaethau y cenedloedd Ind-Ewropaidd o ddyfroedd y Ganges hyd lynoedd yr Iwerddon. Yn yr un modd ceir fod yr un pethau yn nodweddu deddfau ac arferion cymdeithasol yr hen Gymry, y Gwyddelod, y Saeson, y Sclafoniaid, ac eraill o'r un cýff, a bod hyn i'w olrhain i'r un ffynhonell batriarchaidd yn y cynfyd pell.

"Ond heb fyned i fanylu ar y pynciau yna, deuaif i lawr at yr hen Gymry o fewn y cyfnod hanesyddol: gellir dywedyd am danynt y byddai eu llysoedd yn cyfarfod, nid yn unig i gospi troseddwyr, neu i benderfynu materion arianol, ond y byddai eu tywysogion yn arferol hefyd, o bryd i bryd, o gynal math o sesiwn, ar ol rhybudd digonol, i benderfynu pwy oedd yn addas i'w hystyried yn addysgwyr y genedl yn y gwahanol ganghenau o wybodaeth oedd mewn bri yn eu plith: yr enw wrth ba un yr adwaenom y sefydliad hwn ydyw yr Eisteddfod. Gyda golwg ar gyfansoddiad y llys trwyddedol hwn, yr oedd ei gyfansoddiad yn bur syml: y tywysog oedd â hawl ganddo i'w alw yn nghyd neu i gyhoeddi Eisteddfod, oedd y pen, ond cai ei gynorthwyo gan bersonau cymwys a phroffedig yn y gwahanol bethau yr ymorchestid ynddynt. Nid wyf fi, wrth hyny, am awgrymu y dylasai pobl y Borth yma aros a disgwyl heb Eisteddfod nes y buasai i Ardalydd Mon weled yn dda gyhoeddi un a llywyddu ynddi. Y mae yr Eisteddfod, fel pob sefydliad arall er gwell neu er gwaeth, wedi ymwerinoli yn ddifawr er yr anseroedd niwliog a eilw anfoddogion yr

oes hon yn 'good old times,' pa fodd bynag, gwelwch ei bod yn rhan o hanes y Cymry, er y canlyn o hyn nad gwiw disgwyl am fawr o wybodaeth na hysbysrwydd am ei dechreuad. Ond heblaw traddodiadau lled hen, y mae genym hanes gweddol gyflawn am yr Eisteddfod a gynhaliwyd yn Aberteifi yn y ddeuddegfed ganrif, dan nawdd yr Arglwydd Rhŷs. Hwyrach nad hysbys i bawb o honoch fod yn yr Eisteddfod hono ddwy gadair—un i'r bardd buddugol ac un i'r cerddor goreu. Pa bryd a phaham y deuwyd i'r penderfyniad y gallai y cerddor wneuthur heb gadair, nis gwn; ond digon tebyg fod rhywbeth a fynai cythraul y canu â'r mater. Hwyrach mai gyru y cerddor i syrthio allan â'r bardd a wnaeth, ac i hwnw, dan nawdd Ceridwen, ddymchwelyd ei gadair am byth.

"Er hyny, mae yn lled anhawdd gwneyd allan i drwch y blewyn pa faint o farddoniaeth a pha faint o gerddoriaeth oedd yn Eisteddfod Aberteifi, o herwydd fod y gair 'canu' yn ein gadael mewn amheuaeth. Y rheswm am hyny, yn ddiau, ydyw mai peth diweddar, mewn cymhariaeth, yn mhlith y Celtiaid ydoedd canu neu gerddoriaeth leisiol, fel peth ar wahan oddiwrth lefaru, neu ganu yn yr ystyr farddonol o'r gair: ceir awgrymiad o'r un peth yn mysg y cenhedloedd Germanaidd, gan mai yr un ydyw tarddiad y geiriau *Seisnig say a sing*. Nis gall fod amheuaeth nad offerynol ydoedd y gerddoriaeth gyntaf yn mysg y cenhedloedd o'r cyff Ind-Ewropaidd, gan y gwyddis oddiar seiliau ieithyddol fod tânau yn cael eu defnyddio gan y llwyth o'r hwn y deilliant a hyny ar adeg foreuol pan nad oedd eto na Chymro na Sais, na Groegwr na Hindw. Ond am y math o offeryn tânau a elwir genym ni yn delyn, nid oes genym lawer o'i hanes, llai mewn gwirionedd nag am y crwth. Eto y mae lle cryf i gasglu fod y delyn yn hen iawn yn mysg y cenhedloedd Celtaidd, gan y gellir cyfeirio yn ddiddadl at air o'r un tarddiad â'n gair ni, telyn, yn iaith rhai o'r cenhedloedd Sclafonaidd y clywsom

gymaint am danynt mewn cysylltiad â'r rhyfel diweddar: os felly, mae yn bur debyg fod rhyw fath o delyn yn cael ei defnyddio yn mhlith ein cyndeidiau ni amser maith cyn iddynt gyrhaedd i'r gorllewin i olwg Ynysoedd y Cenhedloedd.

"I ddychwelyd at Eisteddfod Aberteifi, yr ydys yn cael fod talentau Cymru, yn y ddeuddegfed ganrif, yn gorwedd yn debyg fel y maent yn y bedwaredd ar bymtheg; gŵr o'r Deheu a farnwyd yn fuddugol fel cerddor, a Gogleddwr a gafodd y gadair farddol. Llawn o fwisg a chanu yw bechgyn y Deheu o hyd, a hwyrach eu bod yn tueddu i redeg yn ormodol ar ol cerddoriaeth, ac i esgeuluso pethau eraill, ond nid wyf yn bwriadu ymhelaethu ar y pen yna, gan mai wrth Ogleddwyr y mae genyf yr anrhydedd o siarad ar hyn o bryd. Eu perygl hwy, y Gogleddwyr ydyw addoli yr awen yn rhy fynych, ond teimlaf fod hwn yn bwnc sydd yn gofyn medrusder mawr i'w drin. Ar y naill law, ni fynwn er dim ddywedyd gair o duedd i ddigaloni neu ddigio unrhyw lanc a fyddai yn debyg o dyfu i fyny i brofi ei hun yn olynydd teilwng i Oronwy Owain ac yn un o brif feirdd Cymru, ag y byddai yn golled i'n llenyddiaeth fod heb gynyrchion ei athrylith. Ar y llaw arall, mae yn berygl na bydd yma yn fuan nac afon na nant, na mynydd na thwnpath, wedi eu gadael i feirdd y ganrif nesaf i gymeryd eu henwau oddiwrthynt gan gymaint y gofyn sydd am danynt i ddiwallu uchelgais beirddion bychain dirifedi yr oes hon. Ac ymddengys i mi y gallai geifr, ceiliogod, llwynogod, a lloi Cymru benbaladr ymdaro yn lled gyfforddus am oes yr iaith Gymraeg ar a gawsant eisoes o englynion; a gobeithio fod englyn deg a chwech y Wiwer ddoe yn gorphen y rhestr. Nid yu unig mae lle i ofni fod llawer o'r mân bethau milodaidd hyn heb ryw lawer o deilyngdod barddonol, ond fod llawer o'u cyfansoddwyr yn rhy brysur yn hanner a hela cydseiniaid i gael amser i ddarllen a diwyllio eu meddyliau; gormod o awydd sydd arnynt i osod

ar gân yr hyn a wyddant i gael hamddeu i ddysgu yr hyn na wyddant ac felly parhant drwy eu hoes, fel ceffyl mewn chwimsi, yn troi byth a hefyd yn yr un man. Hwyrach fod pob Cymro yn brydydd ar un adeg yn ei oes, sef pan fydd yn teimlo 'yr iasau byw sy 'n dyrysu'r bardd,' a phan fydd ei galon yn dechreu agor yn y cyfeiriad carwriaethol. Ond bydd gan rai ddigon o synwyr cyffredin i ganfod nad ydynt yn debyg o ragori fel beirdd, a byddant yn cael nerth i anghofio yr awen gyda'u cariad cyntaf; ond y mae yn eglur fod eraill yn aros yn y cyflwr bachgenaidd a difarf yna drwy gydol eu bywyd, er mawr benbleth i feirniaid eisteddfodol a golygwyr newyddiaduron a chylchgronau Cymreig. Nid oes dim, efallai yn peri mwy o ddigalondid i ewyllys-wyr da yr eisteddfod na gweled cyn lleied, mewn cymhariaeth, o ymgeiswyr fydd yn ymafael yn y testynau rhyddieithol sydd yn gofyn darllen ac ymchwiliad. Y mae yn gystal genyf i a neb weled awdl neu bryddest dda, ond ymddengys y mân farddoni diddiwedd yma yn beth mor ddigrifol a chwithig i mi a gweled lluaws tref yn troi allan i chwythu *soap bubbles* neu i bysgota penbyliaid.

"Ond hwyrach fod ar law yr Eisteddfod wneyd rhywbeth i ddwyn oddiamgylch agwedd wahanol ar bethau yn y cyfeiriad yma, ac ymddengys i mi fod pwyllgor yr eisteddfod hon yn haeddu llawer o glod am yr amrywiaeth sydd yn eu testynau; un o'r rhai sydd genyf yn neillduol mewn golwg ydyw y traethawd ar 'Olion a thraddodiadau henafol Ynys Mon.' Eisiau mwy o destynau fel yna y sydd, a mwy o amser i gyfansoddi arnynt, ac i'r wlad gael ei pherswadio na wobrwyr oni bydd teilyngdod, neu ôl ymchwiliad a llafur ar y traethodau. Os rhyw ddeg neu ddeuddeng mis o amser a roddir, dylid peidio rhoddi gormod o faich i'r un cystadleuwyr.

"Er engraifft, gellid gwneuthur amryw destynau o'r un hwn, megis (1) Traethawd ar gromlechydd a henafiaethau



cyffelyb Mon; (2) Un arall ar gaerydd ac olion amddiffynseydd yr ynys; (3) Traethawd ar hanes eglwysi Mon; (4) Casgliad o enwau lleol rhyw ran o Fon; ac y mae hwn yn destyn o natur y busai yn ddymunol ei gefnogi yn mhob eisteddfod nes dihybyddu y defnyddiau; (5) Casgliad o chwedlau a hen goelion sydd heb fyned ar ddifancoll o'r ynys: mae eu hanes yn rhan o hanes yr hil ddynol, ac nid rhaid i neb edrych yn gilwgus ar y sawl sydd yn cofnodi pethau o'r fath, gan na bydd hyny, cyn belled ag y cyrhaedd, ond moddion i wneyd i'r rhai sydd yn credu ynddynt gywilyddio, os oes pobl o'r fath i'w cael yn Mon heddyw; (6) purion hefyd fuasai gwobr am Ddesgrifiad o feddfeini henafol yr ynys: hwyrach nad oes un o bob cant yn y gynnulleidfa hon wedi clywed erioed son am gareg bedd y brenhin Cadfan yn Llangadwaladr, ger Aberffraw, ac nid yw hono ond un. Nid oes ond ychydig fisoedd er pan ysgrifennodd un o'r hynafiaethwyr sydd yma yn beirniadu ar y testyn y soniais am dano, hanes darganfyddiad arch a gafwyd yn y Rhuddgaer, gyferbyn a Chaernarfon, yn dwyn enw rhyw un o'n cenedl ni oedd yn gynefin yn amser y Rhufeiniaid, neu yn fuan ar ol eu hymadawiad oddiyma, ag ymddangosiad gwyneb 'Mon a'i thirionweli'. Pe byddai angen am destynau y tu allan i'r cylch dan sylw, purion peth fyddai cynyg gwobr am Draethawd ar neillduolion y Gymraeg fel y siaredir hi yn Mon, a buasai yn ddymunol iawn pe dewisid testynau o'r fath yn fwy cyffredin yn rhanau eraill o Gymru.

"Yr wyf yn crybwyll y pethau hyn fel yn perthyn i ddos-parth o bynciau cymhwys iawn i gael lle go fawr yn ein heisteddfodau. Y mae pob modfedd o wybodaeth leol o'r fath y gellir ei chasglu yn Mon, neu unrhyw ran arall o Gymru, o ddefnydd a dyddordeb neillduol i efrydydd y gwyddonau cymhariaethol y cyfeiriais atynt eisoes, a gwaith da fyddai dwyn yr eisteddfod i gysylltiad byw ag un o symudiadau mwyaf pwysig yr oes, sef yr ymgais a wneir o bob cyfeiriad i dafu goleuni ar hanes boreuol gwareiddiad yn y rhan hon o'r

byd. Byddai hyny yn foddion i roddi bywyd newydd yn yr hen sefydliad drwy greu mwy o ddyddordeb yn yr ieuencyd yn haues eu gwlad. Arwynebol iawn ydyw llawer o'r sel y bydd rhai yn cymeryd arnynt ei deimlo mewn pethan yn dâl perthynas â Chymru; pa faint, er engraifft, o'r bobl sydd yn arfer crochlefain, 'Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg', sydd yn barod i wneyd rhywbeth tuag at goledd yr iaith ac at gyflwyno i oesoedd i ddyfod allweddau llenyddiaeth y Cymry? Hwyrach y cawu weled cyn hir, canys yr ydys yn deall fod y Cymro hybarch a dysgedig Daniel Silvan Evans wedi cysegru rhan fawr o'i oes i gasglu ynghyd ddefnyddiau at wneuthur geiriadur cyflawn o'r iaith a theilwng o'i roddi yn nwyllaw ieithyddwyr y wlad hon a'r Cyfandir; y mae y gwaith ar ben, a'r peth nesaf yw ei gyhoeddi, ac y mae yn debyg gan fod hyny yn gostus y byddir yn apelio at y Cymry am eu henwau fel tanysgrifwyr. Gobeithio fod rhif y rhai sydd yn caru y Gymraeg mewn gwirionedd, ac nid ar air yn unig, yn ddigon lluosog i alluogi yr awdwr llafurus i ddwyn ei waith mawr drwy y wasg, onide bydd yn rhaid iddo, mae yn ddigon tebyg, aros heb weled goleuni dydd hyd nes y cyfodo oes mwy goleuedig a hoffach o weithio na gwneuthur trwst a lluchio llwch i'r awyr.

"Ond cyn y gellir disgwyl rhyw lawer o les o'r eisteddfod, bydd yn rhaid cael diwygiad mewn amryw bethau; yn mhlith eraill rhaid cael mwy o drefn ar gynhal eisteddfodau a mwy o gysylltiad rhyngddynt â'u gilydd, modd y galler cyhoeddi'r testynau mwyaf pwysig yn nghynt nag y gwneir yn awr. Gyda'r eithriad o Eisteddfod Gadeiriol Mon sydd yn cael ei chynnal yn rheolaidd bob blwyddyn, ac un neu ddwy arall hwyrach, nid oes na threfn na chylch ar y cyfarfodydd hyn, ond eisteddfod y fan yma ac eisteddfod y fan draw ar draws eu gilydd, nes y mae yr hen sefydliad mewn perygl o gael ei wneyd yn fath o geffyl pren i gwacyddion lleol. Bydd pobl o bell yn synu yn aml pwy a ddichon fod wedi

deor y meddylddrych fod yn angenrheidiol cynhal eisteddfod yn y lle a'r lle, yn y mis a'r mis, ond byddir yn fynych yn cael lle i gasglu mai nid prif bwnc y pwyllgor fydd cefnogi llenyddiaeth a dwyn allan dalent, yn gymaint a hudo pobl at eu gilydd er clod a gogoniant i lenor dimai a bardd cocos y lle, ac er lles i dafarnwyr yr ardal a pherchenogion gwelyau gweigion. Naturiol i rai felly feddwl mwy o gael rhyw reffyn o Sais i ddifyru y llawws a rhigymau y mae segurwyr *Music Halls* y brif ddinas wedi alaru arnynt, na gweled gwynebau y Cymry sydd wedi bod drwy eu hoes yn llafurio er dyrchafu eu cenedl mewn llenyddiaeth, cerddoriaeth, a phethau eraill sydd yn addurn i genhedloedd o wareiddiad uchel.

"Ond pa fodd y gellir gwneyd pen am rith eisteddfodau o'r fath? A pha fodd y mae rhwystro y neb a fydd yn gychwyn Eisteddfod? Y mae y feddyginiaeth yn bur syml ac yn hollol yn llaw y wlad, o herwydd anaml yn y rhan hon o Gymru y byddai i neb anturio cyhoeddi eisteddfod, oni fyddai iddo yn gyntaf gael gan foneddigion y gymydogiaeth addaw swm digonol o arian i warantu dygiad yr amcan i ben. O ganlyniad dylai y rhai a fyddont yn myned i danysgrifio chwilio i foddllourwydd pa beth yw diben yr Eisteddfod a'r perwyl yr amcenir yr elw a all ddeillio o honi iddo. Ond y mae yn hollol wybyddus nad yw hyn yn ddigon, canys pa beth sydd i rwystro ffurfiad pwyllgor, y byddo pobl ddiogwyddor yn y mwyafrif ynddo, ac iddynt ranu arian y cyhoedd rhyngddynt eu hunain yn rhith talu am amrywiaeth o wasanaeth i'r genedl nes y byddo cynrych arianol yr anturiaeth wedi myned yn ddim neu y nesaf peth i ddim. Nid son yr wyf, deallwch, am bethau posibl ond anhebyg o ddigwydd, er na byddai yn ddymunol blino pobl Mon sydd yn arfer dwyn eu heisteddfod yn mlaen mor anrhydeddus a llwyddianus, a hanes pechodau pobl eraill. Y ffordd i ragflaenu y drwg y cyfeiriaf ato ydyw, i'r wlad beidio tanysgrifio heb gael sicrwydd digonol ar y penau canlynol. Yn gyntaf, mai aucan yr Eis-

teddfod y bwriedir ei chynal yw cefnogi llenyddiaeth a phethau eraill o duedd i ddyrchafu y genedl. Yn ail, fod y dibenion y bwriedir defnyddio cynyrch arianol yr Eisteddfod atynt yn hysbysedig rhagllaw. Yn drydydd, fod personau cymhwys wedi eu penodi i edrych drwy gyfrifon y pwyllgor ac i chwilio i briodoldeb eu treuliadau. Yn bedwerydd, ei bod yn ddealledig fod y pwyllgor yn rhwym o ddychwelyd eu harfan i'r tanysgrifwyr os ceir na bydd y cyfrifon y fath ag y gall yr *auditors* eu pasio. Rhyw delerau fel yna, ond wedi eu gosod allan mewn dull cyfreithiol a diamwys, a fuaswn i yn gynyg, ac os na cheid gan bwyllgorau Eisteddfodol eu derbyn, yna bod iddynt hwythau fod heb ddimai goch o arian tanysgrifwyr. Wrth gwrs ni byddid felly yn gosod un rhwystr ar ffordd y neb a ewyllysiai danysgrifio heb delerau yn y byd i wneyd hyny, os byddai arno awydd i ddangos ei gymwynasgarwch i bobl dda Tref y Cacwn, neu pa le bynag y dygwyddo yr yspryd rhith-eisteddfodol fod yn trwbllo, fel y dywedir; yn unig, bydded yn amlwg iddo na bydd drwy hyny yn gwneuthur dim yn uniongyrchol i gefnogi llenyddiaeth y genedl, a bydded yn ddealledig i bawb mai Eisteddfod Bara a Chaws trigolion Tref y Cacwn ydyw, ac nid Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol y Cymry. Oni cheir rhyw drefn fel hyn ar gylch yr Eisteddfod yn Nghymru bydd i oreugwyr y genedl droi eu cefnau arni a'i gadael i suddo i ddirmyg ac anfri.

"Ond hwyrach y dannodir i mi nad ydyw yn werth y drafferth i ni ddiwygio yr Eisteddfod er mwyn creu mwy o ddyddordeb yn y genedl mewn efrydiau o natur henafiaethol, gan nad oes iddynt bris arianol na marchnadol; ond dyna yn union y rheswm eu bod mewn perygl o gael eu diystyru a'u hanghofio, er ei bod yn anwadadwy fod diffyg dyddordeb ynddynt yn brawf o safle isel cenedl mewn gwareiddiad—dyna oedd barn yr ysgrifenydd Rhufeinig Tacitus, dyna farn pob dyn o ddiwylliad eto; ac nis gallaf feddwl am arwyddair mwy cymhwys a destlus i'r ganghen hon o'r Eisteddfod na'r

geiriau a ganodd ein hybarch fardd Gwilym Hiraethog flynyddau yn ol:—

“ ‘Olrheinïaf, holaf helynt  
Hanes a gwaith hen oes gynt.’

“Ond addefaf yn rhwydd nad wyf wedi cyffwrdd ond megys âg un gongl fechan o'r pwnc o gysylltiad yr Eisteddfod âg addysg yn Nghymru, ond nis gallaf anghofio fod pwyllgou yr Eisteddfod hon wedi gweled yn dda gysylltu ei hun âg achos addysg yn flurfiol a llythyrenol drwy addaw rhan o'i chynyrch arianol i gynorthwyo y coleg yn Aberystwyth, y sydd, fel y gwyddoch, wedi ei sefydlu gan ddynaid o fon-eddigion haelionus a llafarus dan arweiniad Mr. Hugh Owen, gwr o Fon, y gall gwyr Mon anturio dywedyd yn unllais o Borth Euthwy i Ben Caergybi am dano, na fagodd Mon mam Gymru erioed wladgarwr mwy, neu fwy dirodres a didroi yn ol. Ond hwyrach y gellid cysylltu yr Eisteddfod yn agosach fyth ag addysg y genedl, sef drwy ei gwneuthur yn foddion effeithiol i lenwi rhieni Cymru â brwdfrydedd ac awydd i yru eu plant i gael addysg yn y coleg hwnw a'r colegau a'r ysgolion ereill rhagorol sydd genym yn ein gwlad ar hyn o bryd. Pe buasai amser yn caniatau buaswn yn anturio eich anerch ar y pen hwn, er fod yn anhawdd dros ben cael dim newydd i'w ddywedyd ar bwnc mor adnabyddus. Yn mhlith pethau ereill nid anmhrïodol fuasai dwyn ar gof i chwi y byddai rhai o honoch gynt yn gwneyd esgus eich bod yn drwg-dybio dylanwad Eglwys Loegr yn ysgolion gwaddoledig Cymru, ond er pan sefydlwyd y Coleg yn Aberystwyth yr ydych wedi colli yr esgus hwnw, pa sail bynag oedd iddo; a'ch dyledswydd yn awr ydyw dyfod allan yn unfrydol i lenwi sefydliadau ein gwlad â'ch plant mor foreu ag sydd bosibl; ac os bydd awydd a gallu ganddynt i fyned rhagddynt gyrwech hwy i Rydychain, ac na ofelwch pa un a fyddo genych aur ac arian i roddi yn eu llogellau os gellir rhoddi dysg yn eu penau. Nid rhyw fynych iawn mewn cymhariaeth y bydd yr hen

athrofa hono yn cael llawer o glod na gogoniant ar ddwyllaw plant cyfoethogion y deyrnas. Ei hoff waith gan hyny ydyw cynorthwyo bechgyn tlodion i gyrhaedd enwogrwydd. A chofiwch nad oes gan neb yno hawl erbyn hyn i ofyn gair iddynt yn nghylch eu golygiadau crefyddol.

“Ond pe dygwyddai i ambell un o honynt ddewis yn y diwedd fyned yn offeiriad, peidied neb a ffromi yn aruthr: y mae yn ddiddadl fod yn well i'r genedl gael offeiriad dysgedig na rhai anwybodus o wehilion y bobl yn coledd a meithrin arferion isel a drwg anwydau gwehilion y bobl; a chofiwch o ba le y daeth Charles y Bala a chanwyllau eraill y Cymry. Gwnewch, ynteu, bob aberth i roddi i'ch plant yr addysg goreu a mwyaf trwyadl sydd i'w gael yn y deyrnas, gan adael iddynt yn y diwedd farnu drostynt eu hunain ar bynciau crefyddol. Nid oes genyf i un hawl i'ch anerch mewn capel nac eglwys, ond teimlaf fy mod yma yn sefyll ar dir canolog uwchlaw holl fariaeth yr ymraniadau crefyddol sydd yn ein plith, a chymeraf yr hyfdra o alw eich sylw at yr hyn a ddysgir gan Darwin ac ereill sydd wedi ymgydnabyddu yn fanwl â deddfau natur yn y byd anianyddol, sef mai ei harwyddair mawr a gwastadol ydyw 'The survival of the fittest', neu Oruchafiaeth i'r Cymhwysaf. Felly hefyd y mae, yn ol fy marn i, yn y byd moesol a chrefyddol; ac nis gall neb sydd yn credu yn Rhagluniaeth lai na chydsynio â mi yn ddifloesgni, y bydd yn y diwedd i'r ffurf hono o'r grefydd Gristionogol a brofo ei hun y fwyaf effeithiol i wneuthur lles i ddynolryw gael yr oruchafiaeth ar bob ffurf arall yn Nghymru a phob man arall o'r byd. Byddwch gan hyny yn esmwyth ar y pen hwnw, meddyliwch fwy am lwyddiant a dedwyddwch y genedl fel cyfangorph nag am fri a gogoniant unrhyw ran neu enwad neillduol o honi, ac ymwrolwch heb betrusder yn y byd i osod eich plant ar y ffordd i enwogrwydd; ond i chwi wneyd hyny ni bydd arnaf ofn na bydd i gynifer o honynt ei gyrhaedd fel na byddo angen byth mwy i neb sydd yn teimlo eiddigedd

dros ei genedl ymwregysu, dan amgylchiadau lled anffaf i wrthbrofi haeriadau anghariadus rhai o'r newyddiad Seisnig am ein distadledd, gan y byddai y Cymry yn fua debyg o dori eu nod a'u hargraph yn ddwfn ar lenyddiaeth byd, ac yn abl i herio gwaethaf tonau amser i ddileu o'd dywod hanesyddiaeth ein hen arwyddair a dyhewyd henaid—

“ ‘Tra mor tra Brython !’ ”

We regret, we repeat, our inability to give a full account of the many excellent speeches delivered at this Eisteddfod. On the last day Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. Henry Rice acquitted themselves admirably and to the great satisfaction of the audience.

We must not, however, close without presenting to readers the following graceful tribute to the Eisteddfod by Lewis Morris :—

#### PRESIDENT'S CHAIR, MENAI BRIDGE,

AUGUST 8TH, 1878.

The close-ranked faces rise  
With their watching eager eyes,  
And the banners and the mottoes flare above ;  
And without, on either hand,  
The eternal mountains stand ;  
And the salt sea-river ebbs and flows again,  
And thro' the thin-drawn bridge the wandering winds complain

Here is the congress met,  
The bardic senate set,  
And young hearts flutter at the voice of fate ;  
All the fair August day  
Song echoes, harpers play ;  
And on the accustomed ear the strange  
Pennillion rise and fall through change and counterchange.

Oh, Mona, land of song !  
Oh, mother of Wales ! how long  
From thy dear shores an exile have I been !

Still from thy lonely plains,  
 Ascend the old sweet strains,  
 And by the mine, or plough, or humble home,  
 The dreaming peasant hears diviner music come.

This innocent, peaceful strife,  
 This struggle to fuller life,  
 Is still the one delight of Cymric souls.  
 Swell blended rhythms still  
 The gay pavilions fill!  
 Soar, oh, young voices, resonant and fair!  
 Still let the sheathed sword gleam o'er the bardic chair!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Menai ebbs and flows,  
 And the song-tide wanes and goes,  
 And the singers and the harp-players are dumb:  
 The eternal mountains rise  
 Like a cloud upon the skies,  
 And my heart is full of joy for the songs that are still:  
 The deep sea, and the soaring hills, and the steadfast Omnipotent  
 will.

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## EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 3.

C R A F F D E R.

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A wna angall o ddengair,  
 Llunier i gall haner gair.

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## ADDRESS OF LORD ABERDARE AT THE BIRKENHEAD EISTEDDFOD, 1878.<sup>1</sup>

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I beg to thank the committee very heartily for the kind, the only too kind and flattering language that they have addressed towards me. When I look at this vast building and see the audience, many of whom are so far removed from me, I cannot but wish that like the hero in one of Dryden's poems, I had a voice like a silver trumpet. Unfortunately the change of weather we have had has visited me, and affected even those small natural powers of voice which I possess. I must ask, therefore, the consideration of those who have got one of the most difficult tasks I know of, and that is to listen patiently to a public speaker without being able to hear one word he says.

I am happy to have heard from all quarters how entirely successful the visit of this great Welsh institution to your English neighbours has been. The Welsh have descended, as they used to do a hundred years ago, from their mountains, and carried off the Saxon spoil in large quantities. On this occasion, I am happy to think that

<sup>1</sup> Several motives have urged us to give an enduring place to this speech in *Y Cymmrodor*; not the least of which has been the practical good sense it brings to bear on the Eisteddfod. Lord Aberdare speaks from a standpoint whence English prejudice and Welsh laudations are equally excluded. He holds and adjusts the scale with impartiality. It is well, occasionally, to have our weaknesses laid bare; and we, of all people, may well say with Burns :—

“ O, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us ! ”

the spoil has been willingly surrendered—(laughter)—and that it will be a satisfaction to the Saxon if they hear that it has been ample and in all respects remunerative. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I feel that in the language addressed to me just now there was, amongst other qualities, a great deal of Christian charity, because it is well known that some twenty years ago I took upon myself to utter rash and, perhaps, presumptuous words of advice to the conductors of Eisteddfodau—words that have not been, on the whole I think, very accurately represented, but which I spoke at that time with the most sincere desire that these Eisteddfodau might be, even more than in the past, a means of educating and elevating the people of Wales. (Applause.) At that time a great controversy was waging in the press, and whilst some persons fastened entirely upon the merits of the institution, others, with even less of justice, fastened entirely on its defects. I could not but admit that there were defects in Eisteddfodau. There are still, probably the most judicious supporters of this institution will admit, defects in the institution, but it is an institution full of life and growth; and being full of life and growth, it needs constant attention, in order to develop its full usefulness. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think it may be said of all the amusements of our people that they are, I am sorry to say, brutal, or innocent, or instructive, or even elevating. The brutal amusements, I am happy to think, are becoming less and less in their number. Bull-baiting and bear-baiting are things of the past, and if cock-fighting is practised—as I am afraid it is, not far from Birkenhead occasionally—it is done surreptitiously. I speak at any rate from official knowledge, which came to me as to practices in the county of Chester some years ago, when, I think, they were patronised not only by the common people, but even by a magistrate or two—(laughter)—who had given into the irre-

sistible attractions of what had been the amusement of his early youth. Well, they are disappearing. I am sorry to say some amusements of a brutal character still remain. We have still among us a good deal of dog-fighting, and we have still what I suppose must be considered a popular diversion amongst the most degraded of our classes, and that is, a little wife-beating. (Laughter.) As to pleasures in general, to my mind they are absolutely necessary to mankind. Life, in my opinion, would be intolerable if it were not relieved from time to time by its pleasures; and it is the duty of those who are more happily situated to do all they can to promote and to extend innocent amusements for the people. I know that perhaps the very greatest of modern Welshmen—who, however, had the misfortune to be born on the wrong side of the Wye—I mean Sir George Cornwall Lewis—once said that “life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements”; but when he said that, he had in his eye the frivolous amusements of fashionable life, in which he found but little pleasure. He had his own amusements and diversions, which were to him what an Eisteddfod, no doubt, is to a Welshman, or what an occasional game of cricket is to a country rector, who wishes to recall the happy days of Eton and of Oxford. It was during the time that he held the seals of the Home Office that he roused himself by writing a work upon the astronomy of the ancients, and it is reported that within a fortnight of the time that he took the seals of the War Office, some friend of his, on calling at the office, found on his desk a treatise on the “Defensive Armour of the Lycadonians”—a treatise which it must be presumed he was studying rather for amusement and diversion than for any assistance it might render him in providing proper arms for the English forces. But with respect to the Eisteddfod, it does not seem to me to fall within the third category I have mentioned, as an amusement which can be

turned into an instruction, and also into an elevation of the national character, especially if properly used. Now, if there is one expression in that very kind address to which I have listened with which I find fault, it is, perhaps, that I think the educational side of the Eisteddfodau is rather too much dwelt upon. It has its educational side; but let us be bold and manly, and say that it has also, and to a very great extent, and perhaps principally, the object of popular amusement. But we want to make even our amusements instructive and educational. No doubt it may be said that music is much more than an amusement; that, if properly followed, it may be made, like poetry or anything else, an instrument of education; but, on the whole, music as practised is a refining amusement, and I am happy to say that in my day I have seen a most extraordinary advance in the cultivation of music, and that advance throughout Wales has been very largely due to the Eisteddfodau, to the competitions, and to the means they afford to each choir of seeing what progress other choirs have made, and, above all, to the judicious and often courageous advice, such as has been tendered to the various choirs during this meeting by Professor Macfarren, and by other distinguished members of the musical world. I wish to say most emphatically that, living as I do in a thick population of the working classes, I have found the cultivation of music to have a most admirable effect on the people. In the village of Mountain Ash, which is a creation of yesterday you may say, we have a very considerable number of choirs, and I think I should hardly be exaggerating if I said that in a population of some 8,000 people there are at least 800 who devote themselves steadily to their improvement in the knowledge of music. I would also say that among those eight hundred there are hardly any who might not be considered as most excellent and credit-

think all those sort of disparaging comparisons are most injurious. No doubt a Welshman may be fairly proud of the Eisteddfod, but let him be proud without disparaging his neighbours. Let us be modest, and remember whatever natural gifts the Welsh may have, at this time Wales, perhaps from no fault of her own, does not hold a very distinguished place in the educational statistics of this country. Taking such means as we have of comparing the educational advancement of different parts of the country—I mean the signing of the marriage register, which is one, almost the only test we can apply—it appears that Wales and Lancashire, who are now brought together in this room, are at the very bottom of the list. A very eminent friend of mine suggested to me the reason why the Welsh showed so badly was on account of the intense national modesty of the brides and bridegrooms, who were well able to sign their names, but shrank from doing so in the excitement of that particular moment; and also because they were afraid of not doing it well, and therefore preferred not doing it at all. I have never observed among the defects of my countrymen any exaggerated sense of modesty. It seems to me they have always had a great deal of self-possession, much more so than the English; and I should say most Welshmen were more self-possessed than Englishmen. Englishmen have a more robust mind, but it is more slow. I cannot, therefore, accept that solution. I believe that in matters of education England, on the whole, is considerably in advance of Wales, and that these are comparisons which it is useful to make. It is not for us to exalt ourselves for the possession of certain advantages, but to institute a natural comparison, in order to see in what points we are wanting, and to see that those points are reduced to the lowest limit; and I have no doubt myself that the progress which will be made during the next ten or

twenty years in national education, under the Elementary Education Act of 1870, will soon place the people of Wales in a creditable position, as compared with other parts of the country. I wish I could say as much for our higher education, because there arise difficulties which we have been able to overcome with respect to popular elementary education. The country, rich and all alike, have generously put their hands in their pockets to provide a system of national education for the poorer classes, for those who needed assistance. But we cannot expect them to do so, except perhaps in a very limited degree, to provide education for the richer and easier classes. What has been the result in England? Enormous sums have been left by generous persons from time to time for endowing grammar schools; and the result has been that the country is pretty well covered with a network of schools, many of which have fallen into neglect, but which, by the judicious legislation of past years, have been reformed. Wales has its share, but a much smaller share, and the provision made for what are called the middle classes of the country are very inadequate. Our higher classes have no difficulty in going to the best public schools in England, but you cannot expect the children of our struggling middle classes to cross the border in the same manner as the children of the richer classes. If we want to have an effective system of middle class education, we must provide it for ourselves; and remembering that after all that is the class that on the whole directs the industry of the country, and even directs the morality of the country—for we look to that class for the supply of all our most energetic business men, and we look to that class for the main supply of our ministers of religion—it is of the highest importance that those men should have the means of an excellent education. But not only have we no means of educating them in our schools or preparing them for a higher

education, but the means of higher educating themselves have up to this time been most lamentably wanting. It is quite true that primarily for the benefit of the Church of England in Wales the college of St. David's, Lampeter, was founded by Mr. Harford, an Englishman, but that was for young clergymen. It is also quite true the trustees of that establishment have nobly and generously thrown open their college to all who go there, whether they wish to enter the church or not, and they are enabled to do so without any interference with their religious belief; but we know that it has received the stamp of a Church of England college, and practically I believe three or four at the outside go to St. David's, Lampeter, for the purpose of receiving a good lay education. Then an attempt has been made, which I hope will be a successful attempt, and I hope that a second will soon be made, to found a good secular college at Aberystwith. It is by the extension of such colleges as that at Aberystwith that I look for the intellectual elevation of my countrymen, and for full justice being done to our natural abilities. Let me put before you, as a question which is only one among many—what are the difficulties that the Nonconformist ministers of our country have to go through who wish to provide themselves with a good education, in order that they may command influence with their flocks? What can they do? Few of them can afford to go to the good schools in England. In Wales, the schools are by no means sufficient to give them a good education up to the time they enter a university. They do as they can. They struggle on, and present themselves to a theological college, go through three or four years of such instruction as they receive there, and are then entered on the ministry. A certain proportion of them, at least generally the most distinguished of them, strive by winning scholarships founded by generous persons to obtain the means of going to a Scotch

university, and you will find that a large proportion of the educated clergy in Wales have received their education at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Why? Because in Scotland there are eminently popular institutions. They are made to take those up who have been educated at the national schools of the country, to receive them at the early age of fifteen or thereabouts, and to complete their education by nineteen. Now at the English universities, on the contrary, the position is quite different. The education begins in the English universities at nineteen and finishes at about twenty-three, and no man has the slightest chance of obtaining the honours, the distinctions, and the rewards of the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who up to the age of nineteen has not received the very best education which this country is capable of giving him. Well, how can we expect the poorer classes, out of whom so many of our Dissenting ministers are drawn, to find the means of an excellent education up to nineteen, and then to send them all to universities like those of England? There is nothing more striking—and I say it has occurred to me long ago, but I was glad to see the other day that the point had again been referred to in the interesting controversy that is now going on with respect to the future of Jesus College—there is nothing more interesting, and at the same time more distressing, than the comparison between the literary position of Wales two hundred years ago and its present one. There is a book well known in the literary world, Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, which I think was published about one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, which contains an account of the men who had distinguished themselves at the university of Oxford. Turn over the pages of that book and you will hardly turn over one in which you will not find the name of one or two or three Welshmen. The preparation of Welshmen who attained distinction at Oxford in those times is truly astonish-



ing, and very difficult of explanation. But one advantage, at any rate, they had then which they have not now, and that is that education, not being so prolonged as it is at present at the universities, they were enabled to go from the country grammar schools to Oxford at the age of fifteen, and to complete their education at nineteen. All those means of education are now withheld, and there is probably at this moment not only in the whole Dissenting community of North and South Wales hardly a single minister who has availed himself of the advantages of those great institutions, while a very large proportion of the clergy of the Church of England in Wales have also been unable to pursue their studies there. Well, now, this is a great national misfortune so far as Wales is concerned, and it behoves us, it seems to me, to bring home to our people the means of a cheap education, one suited to their present position and to their future objects in life. And that can only be by providing them with a higher education, which shall cease, so far as the public teaching is concerned, at the time when the teaching at the English universities begins. That has been the object of the excellent men who bestirred themselves to found the college at Aberystwith; and when I use that epithet you will at once understand that I am not taking any credit for being one of those men, because I joined the movement after it had already attained considerable success. But it seemed to me a wise and excellent plan, and I hope, old as I am, to live to see the time when, not only the college of Aberystwith shall have received a very large extension, but when similar colleges shall have been founded in various parts of Wales. Is it not monstrous—does it not reflect disgrace upon the Principality which, once poor, has become almost as wealthy as any other part of the empire—that Scotland has its four universities, each of which contains many schools, whilst Wales has only one college set aside for general

teaching in secular knowledge, unless we also include Lampeter, which to a certain extent now fulfils those conditions, but it is subject to the observations I have ventured to make upon it. This matter having been brought fairly before the Welsh people, will they allow it to remain where it is? I have seen predictions, I cannot understand why, that even this first attempt at Aberystwith is about to fail. Ladies and gentlemen, do not believe it. It will not fail. (Applause.) It shall not fail. (Renewed applause.) On all sides we are receiving marks of sympathy—practical marks of sympathy. Every year we are receiving benefactions of generous persons; every week almost we are receiving some notice that at some future time there will be something for this struggling institution in South Wales. I believe all we want to do is to understand what our objects are; that we are not supplanting Oxford or Cambridge, not preventing Welshmen from going to Oxford or Cambridge to get an education; that we throw no impediment in the way of enjoying the advantages of Oxford and Cambridge; but that what we are doing is to bring home to the hearths and homes of our own people the means of possessing an education equal to that which is given to the people of Scotland and Ireland. There is sometimes a danger that institutions like these Eisteddfodau should divert the mind from the really serious and hard work of education. We are apt to think that because we have this sort of literary institution among us we are doing great things; but, ladies and gentlemen, much as I sympathise with all these efforts, believe me, the amount of work and the amount of talent required for winning a prize at Eisteddfodau is not that which will qualify a man for the arduous work of life. One likes to see the effort made; one likes to see the exhibition of talent; but we know very well that real education implies heavy, long, steady, and continuous labour, and without that nothing can be done; and



it is just the means of that steady continuous labour in higher education in which Wales is entirely wanting. Now I confess that I rose fully prepared to pass from the subject of Eisteddfodau into the subject of national education in Wales; but I did not intend to divert your attention so long from the proper objects of the Eisteddfod, in which amusement is joined with instruction, to these more serious subjects. The reason why, after the long interval of twenty years, I have consented once more to preside at an Eisteddfod, was my sentiment of gratitude to the people of Wales for the feeling they have shown at recent Eisteddfodau towards this effort we are making to improve education in Wales. (Hear, hear.) The Carnarvon Eisteddfod forwarded to us a sum of no less than £600. (Applause.) At other great Eisteddfodau—I forget at this moment the names—similar sympathy and liberality has been shown. I say nothing about the present Eisteddfod. Let those who conduct it act as they think right. I hope it will be a profitable one. I have no doubt that the money, whichever way it is employed, will be useful for the benefit of the people of Wales; but, having seen at these Eisteddfodau marks of sympathy with a true liberal education in Wales, I could not, when my friend Mr. Robert Jones and other gentlemen asked me to preside at this Eisteddfod, refuse to show my respect for an institution to which I am so much beholden. (Loud applause.)

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## Reviews of Books.

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LECTURES ON WELSH PHILOLOGY. By PROFESSOR RHYS.  
2nd Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

ITS great publishing houses are some of the marvels of London. The intelligence they bring to bear on the conduct of their business is such as the outer world has little conception of. Experience, it is true, aids them in avoiding rocks and shoals; but without a keen insight into the future, its tastes and requirements, they would but ill discharge their duty to themselves or to the innumerable readers of their publications. Through their extraordinary acumen certain houses have acquired the confidence of the public; and the value of a book is enhanced or depreciated by the name of the firm on its title-page. In the first half of the present century, the name of *Pickering* stamped a book with high value, and it still continues to do so. Auctioneers of literary property and second-hand booksellers record it in their catalogues almost as they do that of *Elzivir* or *Aldus*. In the present day the names of publishers such as the Longmans and John Murray, not only give an additional value to a publication, but greatly increase its circulation.

We doubt, however, that among them all there can be found a more enterprising publisher than Mr. Trübner. While the larger houses consult the prevailing taste, and sail down with the popular current, responding to the exigencies of the million, Mr. Trübner, as though he looked with indifference on both profit and popularity, confines his energies to the exigencies of science, literature, and language. Would the philologist, ethnologist, antiquary, or scientific scholar find the works essential to his craft, he wends his

way to Mr. Trübner, almost without fear of disappointment. As a proof of our statement, we have now on our table three works of high character, but which must necessarily be confined in their circulation to the class for whom they are specially intended—Mr. Rhys's *Lectures, Letters and Papers on Philology* by Lord Strangford, and a *Dictionary of English Etymology* by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Of Mr. Rhys's *Lectures* we have already spoken when his first edition appeared. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work to every Cymric student. Like a subtle key, despite innumerable and intricate wards through which it turns, it unlocks the mysteries of Celtic philology and reveals the rich treasures of etymology hidden in our grand old tongue. But we must refrain, that we may notice some of the peculiarities and additions contained in this new edition.

The larger extracts from Latin, without expunging the original text, are translated into English.

Mr. Rhys had been challenged by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville on the subject of ancient British numismatics, on the supposition that they made against his theory of the classification of the Celts; but, as far at least as the coins are concerned, Mr. Rhys has turned the tables on his opponent, following very much in the direction of Dr. John Evans's book on the coins of the Ancient Britons.

But as we begin to enumerate the changes and improvements in the present edition, we find we are overwhelmed with their number. They occur on almost every page. Though in themselves small and sometimes of a trifling character, they form a whole of considerable importance. Most advance has perhaps been made in the early Brythonic inscriptions. The number of epitaphs has been increased—several of them are quite new—while the readings of others have been completed. Mr. Rhys seems to have been very anxious to render the minutiae of his book as perfect as

its more important parts. These, while costing perhaps an infinity of trouble, will be appreciated only by the exact philological student. We trust that many an edition will be called for, when this second one shall have been exhausted.

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A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. By HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD, with an Introduction on the Origin of Language. 3rd Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

THIS is an excellent edition of a very valuable book, which has been carefully revised and enlarged. We notice it, however, for its Celtic, and more especially for its Cymric etymologies. Mr. Wedgwood has made considerable advance in this particular field of enquiry; though, in common with all English etymologists, he has still much fallow ground to break up. The want of a more thorough knowledge of the Celtic family of languages keeps our lexicographers in continual thralldom. They search for roots anywhere rather than where they would be patent to them. Space precludes us from giving instances; but we must mention one as a testimony of our indictment. We turn, in Mr. Wedgwood's *Dictionary*, to *Bastard*, of which he speaks as follows: "Apparently of Celtic origin from Gael—*baos*, lust, fornication." But there he stops. Of the latter syllable, *tard*, he gives no explanation; but a mere tyro in Celtic etymology would see at once that it is nothing else than an Anglified form of the Cymric *bas*, base, and *tarddu*, to spring from. *Bastard* being simply base-born.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE LATE VISCOUNT STRANGFORD UPON PHILOLOGICAL AND KINDRED SUBJECTS. Edited by VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD. London: Trübner and Co. 1878.

THESE papers are very interesting; and in some parts touch upon Cymric philology and phonology. In a letter addressed

to Mr. Freeman, which will be found at page 160, Lord Strangford makes some original remarks on the terms Celtic, Gwyddyl, Gael, etc. We can only call our readers' attention to the book itself, which, like everything else that comes from the pen of Lord Strangford, is worthy of a careful study.

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THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH: A HISTORICAL ESSAY.

JOHN PRYCE, M.A., Vicar of Bangor. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1878.

THIS is an excellent History of the Early Church in Britain and written in a broad loving spirit. We congratulate Pryce, not only on the lucid, masterly style in which the history is couched, but on the admirable arrangement of facts and dates. He has been not only industrious, painstaking in dealing with the subject, and we trust reward will be a very numerous class of readers. The notes which are as extensive as the text, are very interesting, and will repay a careful perusal.

But what strikes us as most admirable in the book is the care with which the author refers almost every incident to the source whence he has derived it. He leaves nothing unproved. And what a host of witnesses has he summoned to bear testimony to his narrative. They are almost a legion. We trust to recur to this book again.

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JEREMIAH: AN ORATORIO. By JOHN OWEN (OWAIN ALAN). London: C. Jefferys, Berners Street.

THIS work is interesting as a duoglott; the words are in both Welsh and English. The oratorio—and some of the melodies are very beautiful—testifies to the hand of a master. The rhapsodies of the old Hebrew prophet are excellently expounded by the music of Mr. Owen.

THE ART JOURNAL for January 1856, June 1856, January 1864, January 1867, and January 1870.

IN a work like the *Cymmrodor*, dedicated to Art as well as to Literature, it would be unpardonable not to give prominence to the many high-class works of art that have sprung into life under the chisel of our national artist—Joseph Edwards. And yet we feel that we are treading on delicate if not dangerous ground,—such is our love for the man, for his high character and noble, loving heart, and more especially for his self-sacrifice in the cause of some whom he deems it a sacred duty to assist, though not bound by either ties of relationship or gratitude.

Our review must necessarily be of a retrospective character; but it is with no little pride that we draw attention to three or four beautiful examples that have been fitly represented by exquisite engravings in the *Art Journal*. Two of these appeared in the year 1856—"Religion Consoling Justice", and "The Last Dream". These pictures are full of pathos, which is again enhanced by the delicacy wherewith they have been worked out. A delightful tenderness floats about them. His "Vision", which appeared in the same journal in 1864, is remarkable for the grace of its figures and their artistic grouping. The "Angel of Light"—January 1870—is, however, our ideal of the genius of the sculptor.

We are afraid, we repeat, of being deemed too eulogistic of a national artist. Let the *Art Journal*, then, speak for us. The following paragraph, to which our attention has been called just as we were going to press, appeared but a few weeks ago, and will be found at page 174:—

"A Bust by Joseph Edwards, although a work of considerable merit, will be little noticed among the crowd in the sculpture passages at the Royal Academy. It will not be so when it reaches its destination in South Wales. It is the



bust of an eminent and largely-gifted Welsh scholar, Thomas Stephens, and is produced as a compliment from his countrymen, admirers as well as friends of the author of *The Literature of the Cymry*. The Welsh are proverbially clan-ish—we cannot say what word they would use to denote the resolution with which they help one another—and that is surely not a fault. They may well be proud of their countryman Joseph Edwards. There are artists who will make as good busts, but there is no living sculptor who can produce monumental work so pure, so refined, so essentially holy. There seems to be in his mind and soul a natural piety that manifests itself in his work; an out-pouring of a lofty religious sentiment; a true conception of what is just and right. There is no one to whom we would so instantly assign the task of perpetuating in marble what is lovely and of good report; he gives a sweet repose to death, and makes the change a sure indication of happiness. Perhaps that is the highest, as it is certainly the holiest achievement of the sculptor's art. If we desired evidence to confirm our opinion as to the genius of Mr. Edwards in this especial and most important branch of art, we should refer to several engravings given in the *Art Journal* during years past. The artist is in the prime of life. Yes; Wales may well be proud of the Welshman, Joseph Edwards."

---

### Notice of forthcoming Book.

It is with no little pleasure that we announce a new work by our talented countryman, Mr. Lewis Morris. What gives us peculiar satisfaction is, that it will be a Drama on a Welsh subject. Its title is GWEN, and it will be dedicated to the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P. If we mistake not our readers will find that Mr. Morris has, in this new poem excelled all his previous achievements.

THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE  
**REV. GORONWY OWEN,**  
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*The Work is illustrated with lithographed facsimiles of the hand-writing of the Bard, and of his friend LEWIS MORRIS (Llewelyn Iddia o Fon).*

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Prebendary Coleridge, writing to the Editor, on receipt of the last part, says—"I have now received the whole of your beautiful and excellent edition of the Works of Goronwy Ddu."

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The Celtic Professor at Oxford thus writes of the work:—"I have as yet only seen the first volume, but to judge from that, the success has been such that it would have been a most serious loss to our literature and our reading public if the present edition had not been undertaken. The notes are of all kinds, textual, philological, and critical, as the case may be, and form altogether most interesting and instructive reading."

"I had almost forgotten to say that the first volume closes with an interesting appendix and a useful vocabulary. It is needless to add that no lover of Welsh literature or student of the Welsh language can do without this elegant and finished edition of Goronwy Owen's Poetical Works."

J. RHYA.

Writing of this Work, the author of our best English-Welsh Dictionary calls it—"The standard edition of the Works of Goronwy Owen."

D. SILVAN EVANS, B.D.

In an article upon the work in "*Y Traethoddydd*" for January 1876, one of the most talented of Welsh critics observes—"Mr. Jones has put us under renewed obligations by bringing out the first part of Goronwy Owen's Works in a form remarkable for its beauty, and, what is of far greater weight, we do not know that we have ever seen a Welsh book printed with so few errors."

Again he says—"No Welsh author, so far as we can remember, has been so honoured as Goronwy, in having so able an editor to write so large a body of notes to his work."

LEWIS EDWARDS, D.D.

Oddiwrtch y Parchedig Howland Williams.

"Dylai Gwaith Goronwy Owen, yr hwn a olygwyd gan y Parch. Robert Jones, B.A., Rotherhithe, fod yn llaw gwerus a bouheddly; canys y mae yn un o dryswau gwerthfawrolaf yr iaith Gymraeg; ac wedi ei ddiwys allan yn ysbennydd."

H. WILLIAMS (Hwfa Môn).

One of the editors of the "*Greal*" writes thus—"Allow me to congratulate you on the appearance of this splendid edition of our great poet."

H. CHRISTY WILLIAMS.

A dignitary of the church in Wales thus writes to the editor—"Had I possessed such a book as this edition of Goronwy Owen in my early days, I should have been a better Welshman now."

A vicar in the Diocese of St. Asaph writes—"This is the most interesting Biography that I have ever read."

"*Llais y Wlad*" has—"The notes written by the editor are valuable, and worthy of the poet. The price of the book is nothing if compared with its intrinsic worth."

"We are indebted, as a people, to the learned and enterprising editor for bringing out that which the nation may well be proud of."

LOLO TUDOR-LAWYR.

Further notices of the Work are given in "*Y Traethoddydd*" for October 1875.

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FOR 1878.

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EDITED BY THE

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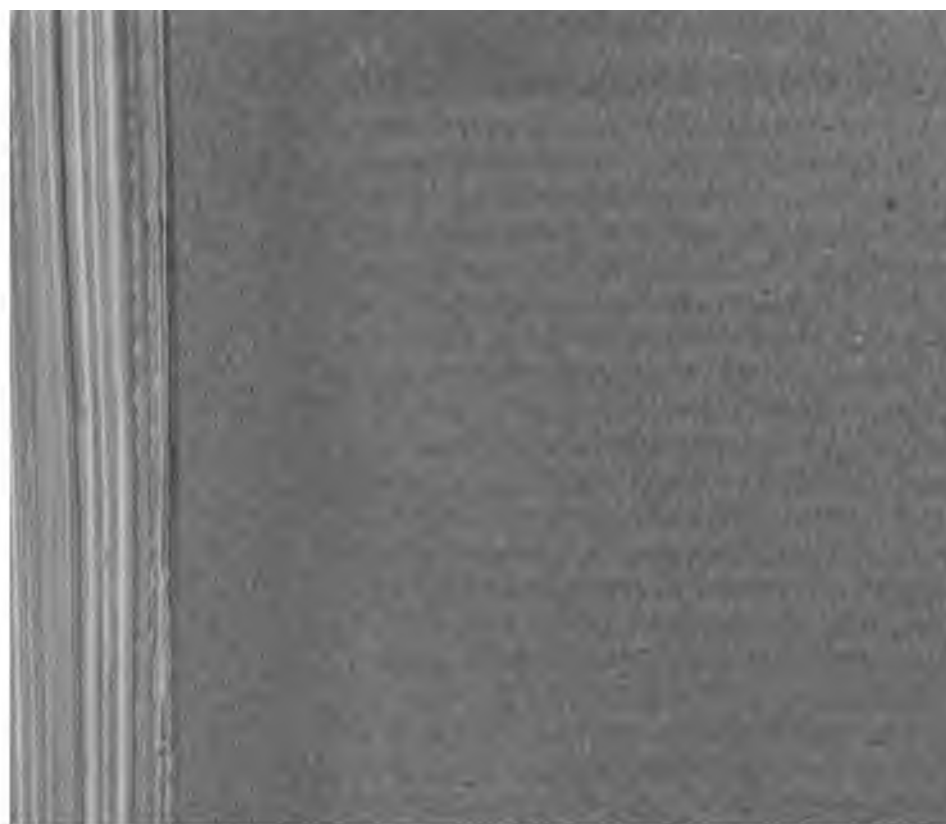
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# Report

OF THE

## COUNCIL OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION,

*For the Year ending the 9th of November, 1878.*

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DURING the year ten new members have been admitted.

By the lamented death of Mr. John Griffith (Gohebydd), the Society has suffered a loss they can hardly hope to repair. The proposal to revive the Society in 1873 was made by him. He also rendered valuable assistance in organising the revived Society; and ever maintained a deep interest in its welfare and progress.

Reference was made in our last Annual Report to a decision to obtain a Medal for the Society, which might be awarded for the encouragement of certain objects coming within the scope of the Society's aim. The Council have the gratification of announcing that one of their Members, Mr. Joseph Edwards, has designed a Medal of singular merit and appropriateness, which the Council have unanimously adopted. A full description of this design will, in due time, be communicated to the Members.

Four Papers, of great interest, were read before the Society during the past year, namely :—

1. By Professor McKenny Hughes, M.A., "On the Prehistoric Races of Britain." Chairman, J. Ignatius Williams, Esq.

2. By Professor Rudler, F.G.S., "On the Mineral

Wealth of Wales." Chairman, the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., Vicar of All Saints', Rotherhithe.

3. By John Thomas, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia), Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen, "On the National Music of Wales." Chairman, Major W. Cornwallis West, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire.

4. By Professor Cowell of Cambridge, "On Dafydd at Gwilym." Chairman, B. T. Williams, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

With *Y Cymmrodor* for the past year there were issued to the Members the remaining portion of the reprint of Wyllyan Salesbury's *Dictionary*, and a large selection of the *Works of Iolo Goch*, Poet Laureate of Owain Glyndwr, as well as a continuation of the *History of the Cymmrodorion Society*.

Arrangements were made with the Committee of the Birkenhead Eisteddfod for attaching to that Eisteddfod a "Cymmrodorion Section", in connection with which Meetings were to be held, and Papers read on subjects embraced by the objects of this Society. The management of the Section was delegated by the Council to a Committee composed of the following gentlemen:—Professor T. McKenny Hughes M.A. (Chairman); Mr. Stephen Evans; Mr. Ivor James; Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.; Mr. Lewis Morris, M.A.; Mr. Hugh Owen; Mr. T. M. Williams, B.A.; and Mr. Howe Thomas, who acted as the Honorary Secretary of the Section.

At the first meeting of the Section, Sedley Taylor, Esq. M.A. of Cambridge, delivered a Lecture "On the Acoustic of Music." This Meeting was fairly attended; but the attendance subsequently was not such as to encourage the holding of further Meetings during that Eisteddfod. The Council do not, however, doubt that the work of the Section may be resumed at the next National Eisteddfod with the confident hope of success.

The Council desire to express their strong sympathy with

the efforts which are being made to oppose the proposed alienation from Wales of those Scholarships and Exhibitions at Jesus College, Oxford, which, in accordance with the Wills of the Founders, have hitherto been restricted to natives of the Principality; and they have pleasure in stating that a Meeting of the Members of this Society will shortly be convened to consider the subject, and to determine on the best measures to be adopted for protecting the rightful heritage of the Welsh in connection with the College in question.

A Statement is appended to this Report, shewing the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society during the past year. The total Receipts (with the balance brought forward from the previous year) amounted to £206 13s. 8d., and the Expenditure to £197 0s. 4d. There is, therefore, a balance of £9 13s. 4d. standing to the credit of the Society.

Signed, on behalf of the Council,

STEPHEN EVANS,

7, *Queen Victoria Street*,  
9th November, 1878.

*Chairman.*

---



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Watkins, Jonah, Esq.,	Llandovery

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## THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION.

*Statement of Receipts and Expenditure,*

FROM 9TH NOVEMBER, 1877, TO 9TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.
To Balance from last				By <i>Y Cymmrodor</i> ...	112	6	6
year ...	16	4	2	„ Printing & Station-			
„ Subscriptions ...	190	9	6	ery ...	16	16	6
				„ Hire of Rooms and			
				other Expenses of			
				Lectures ...	16	18	0
				„ Secretary's Salary			
				and Expenses, in-			
				cluding Arrears for			
				1877 ...	35	0	0
				„ Postages and Petty			
				Expenses ...	15	19	4
					197	0	4
				„ Balance in hand ...	9	13	4
					£206	13	8
	£206	13	8		£206	13	8

Examined and found correct.

Nov. 20th, 1878.

HOWEL THOMAS.

